

The ARMENIAN REVIEW

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SPECIAL

THE KREMLIN AND
THE VATICAN

By Vahan Navassardian

also

H. Pasdermadjian
Rouben Zartarian
H. Kurdian
Alexander Khatissian
G. Samuelian
Hrand Ermoyan
Vahan Cardashian
Herant K. Armen
Vaughan Hekimian
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"Armenian Life Abroad"

Poetry, Defense of Van, Book Reviews

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The **ARMENIAN** **REVIEW**

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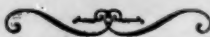
VOLUME TWO, NUMBER FOUR-8

WINTER: DECEMBER, 1949

THE KREMLIN AND THE VATICAN

By VAHAN NAVASSARDIAN

(Translated by N. Beglar)



For the Kremlin, Britain and the United States are not the only formidable enemies. There is also the Vatican. The very fact that Moscow has set up its gigantic propaganda machine against this bastion of Christianity is proof that in the Vatican it sees no less a deadly foe than these two countries. As proof of the Vatican's might, a prominent communist, O. Artourov, quotes two foreign authors. The first of these, the French writer Marguerite Jouve, says the following:

"The Catholic church is the best organized and the most powerful of all international forces. It is more international than any other institution. For, the church is everywhere. It will enter the hut of the Lapp and the abode of the Bushman. It will pitch its tent on the sands of Africa and along the banks of the Ganges. It will find its way into the royal palaces, and at the

same time it will penetrate the ranks of the workingmen." (1)

The second witness, Thomas Morgan, the American Protestant journalist has this to say:

"In all likelihood, the Vatican is the world's most well-informed international organization. For, day and night, every kind of information, whether good or bad, keeps flowing into the Vatican from the remotest corners of the world." (2)

The Vatican has a history of over 1500 years. According to 1948 statistics, there were 329,775,663 Catholics throughout the world. Of this number, 203 million lived in Europe, 109 million in north and south Americas, and the remaining 19 million in

(1) O. Artourov, "The Vatican and Its Policy," 1947, Moscow, p. 8

(2) *Ibid.*, p. 8.

other parts of the world.

The Catholic Church has approximately 1,300 administrative centers, 41,000 clergymen, 66,000 teachers, and 46,000 missionaries. In heathen countries alone, there are about 45,000 chapels, 41,000 parochial schools, and several universities. The Catholic church has 70 cardinals and more than 1,000 high ranking clergymen.

In the United States, out of a population of 150 million, 26,075,697 are Roman Catholics—almost one fifth of the total population. There are 225 Catholic colleges and universities, 278 religious seminaries, and more than 9,000 lower schools. In 1948, more than 41,000 clergymen and 14,905 churches administered to the spiritual needs of the faithful. The Roman Catholic church is the largest single church in the United States.

In North America alone over 47 million persons profess the Catholic faith. The church publishes approximately 350 newspapers and periodicals, with an estimated total subscription of 10 million.

The Vatican has ambassadors and diplomatic representatives in 39 countries, and 25 countries have Papal nuncios. Over 40 countries have diplomatic representatives with the Pope, the head of the independent and sovereign State of Vatican, covering an area of 44 hectares, and with a subject population of approximately one thousand.

The Papal Secretary of State heads an august body of officials. The archives at his disposal can match the archives of any great power, in quality of content and numbers.

A special Academy of Vatican trains young clergymen for diplomatic service. In addition, various institutions in Rome instruct the students in the fundamentals of religion in the light of science. In his speech before the Academy of Sciences, delivered on December 6, 1939, Pope Pius XII solemnly declared: "Faith is a friend of science, and

consequently, the church is the friend of science. The church respects the methods, the principles, and the freedom of science, and interferes only when it becomes necessary to save science from making mistakes against Faith."

The preceding facts have been adduced in order to show how acute and intense is the struggle which the Kremlin is waging against the Vatican. The church has never had a more inveterate and deadly foe than the Bolshevism of today. Bolshevism would destroy all the churches and the shrines, and would exterminate every believer. In those countries where physical destruction is impossible, it will try to bore from within, injecting the virus of infidelity, and corrupting the clergy.

Lenin has said, "Religion is the opium of the people. Religion is a typical intoxicant of the spirit. Religion is one of tyranny's many methods." (3)

To save the people of the Soviet Union from this opium, the Stalin Constitution included the following article (124): "In order to insure for the citizens the freedom of conscience, the church in the USSR is separated from the State, and the school is separated from the church. Freedom of religious worship and freedom of anti-religious propaganda are recognized for all citizens." (4)

This freedom which is granted to all gives carte blanche to anti-religious propaganda, but it does not give the same freedom for religious propaganda. Even the clergy are denied the freedom of propaganda and preaching. As a matter of fact they cannot utter a word. On the other hand communist propagandists can go about from morn till dusk, branding religion as opium and as an intoxicant.

(3) Lenin, "Complete Works," Vol. 10, 1947, Moscow, p. 66.

(4) "Constitution of USSR," Foreign Language Publishing House, Moscow, 1944.

Since Bolshevism has stood as an avowed and deadly enemy of the church, naturally the latter has a right to wage a relentless war against it. This right equally belongs to the most powerful of all Christian churches—the Catholic church. And yet, for quite some time, the Catholic church did not exercise this right. For reasons beyond comprehension, the church was lenient toward Bolshevism. It was lenient not only in the Soviet Union where every defender of religion was at the mercy of the hangman, but also outside the USSR where religion enjoyed every freedom. What is most noteworthy of all, the Vatican too was most lenient toward Bolshevism. The most powerful and the best organized, the most influential and universal of all churches, the Catholic church, refrained from waging an active fight against Bolshevism. And the more cautious the Vatican was, the more aggressive became Bolshevism.

A few examples will prove this point.

On April 10, 1922, upon the initiative of David Lloyd George, the Congress of European Nations was opened in Genoa. The Soviet Union was a participant in this Congress. On three different occasions, April 7, 29, and May 9, Pope Pius XI appealed to the Congress. In his appeal of May 9, he said, "At this historic hour, as you examine the question of taking Russia back into the family of nations, it is the wish of the Holy See that religious interests in Russia are guaranteed." In His view, this guarantee envisaged the freedom of conscience, the restoration of all confiscated church property, the right of representatives of the church to free and unhampered travel in the Soviet Union. And although these demands were unusually modest, they were enough to incite the Soviet to launch a most vicious fight against the Vatican, branding it as an accomplice of the imperialistic powers.

On February 16, 1946, Pope Pius XII ordained 32 cardinals. This was the signal

for the Kremlin to mobilize its gigantic propaganda machine all over the world. Raucous warnings were issued that the Vatican was preparing to make war on the Soviet. The general alarm also made mention of the Armenian Catholic Cardinal Aghajanian. "The foreign press," wrote Communist Sheinman, "considered the ordaining of the Armenian Cardinal Aghajanian as a step directed against Soviet Armenia. Thus 'Foreign Affairs' pointed out that Aghajanian had been ordained with the consent of Britain and for the purpose of starting a movement on Turkish soil directed against the Soviet Union." (5)

Another communist writer had this to say on the subject:

"Most noteworthy of all are the Pope's ordinations in the East where, to date, there had been only one Cardinal who lived in Syria. To this is now added Cardinal Aghajanian, the Patriarch of a small Armenian community. The foreign press regarded the ordaining of Aghajanian as a measure to try to stop the liberation of Armenian provinces brutally seized by the Turks." (6)

According to Sheinman, Aghajanian was ordained Cardinal in order to start a struggle in Turkey which was directed against Soviet Armenia. According to Artourov, he was ordained to hinder the liberation of Turkish Armenian provinces. Further statements of the Soviet press in regard to the ordaining of the remaining 31 cardinals confirmed the preceding declaration. Every one of these cardinals had been ordained with a view to tightening the encirclement of the Soviet Union.

Up to February 19, 1946, the total number of the cardinals was 38. The Pope had every right to raise this number to 70. If

(5) M. M. Sheinman, "The Vatican Between Two World Wars," 1948, Moscow, p. 193

(6) O. A. Artourov, "The Policy of the Vatican," 1947, Moscow, p. 24.

the Pope wished to spare himself the Soviet crusade, two ways were open before him. Either to refrain from ordaining new cardinals, or to leave the choice of the candidates to the Bolsheviks. It has been the contention of Moscow that the Catholic world never had any regard for religious considerations, that it never worried about matters of the spirit. The Vatican was always motivated by considerations of political and material gains.

Referring to M. Ertzberger (1875-1921), a German leader of World War I, former foreign minister, and a delegate to the Paris Peace Conference, Sheinman says:

"In his Memoirs Ertzberger has recorded a noteworthy detail. In 1916 he went to Turkey to negotiate with the Turkish government for the expulsion of French Catholic organizations from Turkey and their substitution with German organizations. Ertzberger was in close contact with the Vatican where he had lived during the first years of the war. It follows, therefore, that his mission to Turkey was not without the Pope's consent. In Turkey, Ertzberger also mentioned the Armenian Question, drawing a distinction between the Armenian Catholics and the Armenian Gregorians. He took the former under his protection. He did not object to the extermination of the Gregorian Armenians, in as much as, as he pointed out, they were pro-Russians. In his memorandum to the Turkish government in February of 1916, Ertzberger said that, despite the orderly attitude of the Armenian Catholics, and their protestations of loyalty, they had suffered the same fate as the Gregorian Armenians." (7)

"After the October revolution," Sheinman continues, "with the cooperation of Archbishop Smets of Tiflis, the Vatican began to inundate Soviet Armenia with its agents, sent in the guise of archaeologists and

paleographers." (8)

When there is so much mistrust on the part of the Bolsheviks in the matter of Armenian policy, an item which plays a secondary role in Soviet politics, it is not difficult to understand how egregious and altogether out of proportion this enmity is, as applied to Catholic Poland, Catholic Czechoslovakia, or the rest of the Catholic world.

At the sixth Congress of the Union of Soviets, in 1931, V. M. Molotov made the following comment on Vatican policy: "This picture of international life I draw would not be complete if I were not to mention one state which is more closely associated with the Middle Ages than with the present century. It is not difficult to guess that I refer to the Vatican, a state which in recent years has been trying to interfere in international politics. This interference has no doubt been in the interests of the capitalists, the imperialists, the warmongers and those who conspire against the Soviet government." (9)

This is the interpretation given to every move the Vatican has made ever since. In March of 1941, Osservatore Romano, the Vatican organ, wrote: "The Pope does not interfere in either ideological or bloody discussions. He is the father of all." (10). On June 2, 1940, the Pope declared to his cardinals, "Our fatherly love extends equally to all our daughters and sons." (11). The Kremlin regarded these statements as tantamount to cooperation with Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy as against the Soviet Union. What the Soviet Union really wanted of the Vatican was to wield its influence against the rest of the world to the benefit of anti-

(8) Sheinman, *Ibid*, p. 43.

(9) Shorthand Report of the Sixth Congress of the Union of Soviets, Moscow, 1931, p. 36.

(10) Sheinman, *Ibid*, p. 36.

(11) *Ibid*, p. 140.

(7) M. Ertzberger, "Memoires," pp. 81-83. Quotation from Sheinman, *Ibid*, pp. 42-43.

religious, atheistic, and Godless Moscow. This policy continues to this day under various forms.

In opportunism, Bolshevism is unrivaled. On one occasion Lenin said to his colleague V. Voytinsky: "The revolution is a difficult business. You cannot carry on a revolution with gloves and manicured fingernails. Our party is not a boarding house for virgins. You cannot appraise our party by bourgeois morals. The villain himself is sometimes useful to our party through the sheer fact that he is a villain." And, to complete the thought, he added: "If the Central Committee of the Communist Party is to succeed, it must have talented writers, good organizers, and some intellectual scoundrels." (12)

And while Bolshevism is unscrupulous and ruthless in its methods in dealing with an enemy, it is equally flexible in striking a pose of friendship when occasion demands. Exactly one year after the Armistice, on May 7, 1946, Molotov arrived in Paris to take part in a meeting of the Big Five. His arrival was accompanied with great pomp and fanfare. In those days the innocent and simple-minded peoples of the world were still full of rosy hopes. The Russian community of Paris threw a reception in honor of Molotov, Soviet Foreign Minister, and member of the Politburo. At this reception, replying to the welcoming words of Constantine Zambroghitsky, the head of the Russian church in Paris, Molotov said: "The church must always stand with all the Russian people." And, turning to the Monk Svetozarov, he added: "We Russians must always stick together." (13)

These statements were something new then. Here was an influential member of the Politburo, pleading that the Russian church be with all the Russian people, in-

cluding the Bolsheviks, and conversely, admitting that all the Russians, including the Bolsheviks, were with the Russian church.

The same Molotov insisted that all Russians should stand together as a solid, united front, because the essential thing was not their differences but their sameness, meaning their social or party differences as opposed to the national oneness. No one had ever heard such words from the lips of a Bolshevik. It proved the flexibility of the Bolshevik, to what low levels Bolshevik opportunism is capable of descending.

When in June of 1948 Gottwald was elected president of the Czechoslovakian Republic, to win the sympathy of the Catholics, he visited the church of Saint Vita where he was greeted by Archbishop Beran, the spiritual head of nine million Czechs. The latter led Gottwald and his entourage to the altar where he sang *Te Deum*, as if in consecration of the new President. No former president of Czechoslovakia, either Masaryk or Benes, had ever made such a pilgrimage to St. Vita. Gottwald rewarded Archbishop Beran for his courtesy by imprisoning him. Today Beran is acclaimed as a national hero for having courageously stood against Nazi Germany and for his continued fight against all tyrannies.

On the eve of the Italian Constitutional Assembly elections, Palmiro Togliatti, the head of the Italian communist party, in his bid for the Catholic vote, declared: "We have never done it, and we shall never do anything against the Catholic faith which is the faith of a majority of the people. Having fought against Nazi Germany and the Fascists, we stand as having fought for the preservation of religious freedom." In other words, Togliatti claimed to have fought for the same religion which Lenin and Stalin characterized as opium and a spiritual intoxicant.

When in 1929, the Lateran agreement between Mussolini and the Vatican made

(12) M. Mikhailov, "Portrait of a Dictator," *S. Vestnik*, New York, Nos. 8-9, September, 1948.

(13) "R. Novosty," Paris, May 17, 1946.

an end of the Pope's "voluntary prisoner" status and restored the Papal state, the Kremlin immediately regarded the act as a challenge to itself and started a violent campaign against both the Vatican and the Fascist government. As late as 1948 this rancor lingered. "The Lateran Agreement," Sheinman wrote, "was in reality an agreement for the establishment of a military alliance between the Vatican and the Italian Fascists." (14)

And yet, incredible as it may seem, the same Bolsheviks ratified the Lateran agreement, undoubtedly by the consent of the Kremlin, by the votes of their deputies in the Italian Constitutional Assembly. This was done in order to win the sympathy of the Italian people. "It was the wish of the communist deputies," wrote the communist Artourov, in justification of the act, "to be with the Italian workers. They passed, therefore, the 7th article of the Constitution, thereby confirming the 1929 Lateran Agreement." (15) As late as March 25, 1947, the Bolsheviks had heaped every imaginable abuse on that agreement, but finally they ratified it because "they wished to be at one with the Italian Catholic workers." The word "worker" here is really a gem. It would seem it was trying to save the word "believer." As if the Lateran Agreement had a social basis and that it should be directed against the Catholic "non-workers", as opposed to Catholic "workers."

The same tactics were used in the case of the Armenians. After the assassination of Catholicos Khoren I, the Supreme Head of the Armenian Church, Archbishop Gevorg Cheorekchian, the Vicar of Etchmiadzin, was summoned to Moscow where, on April 19, 1945, he was accorded the unique honor of meeting Stalin. Approximately two months

later on June 16, 1945, Stalin's representative I. Poliansky, Bolshevik Minister of Church Affairs, made a warm and sentimental speech about the Armenian church, at a National Church Convention in Etchmiadzin.

"From the very beginnings of the Armenian nation," Poliansky said, "this people which has seen so many failures, has suffered so much, and has lost much, the Armenian Church has always stood by the people, has helped revive its national autonomy, has insured its children in national consciousness, and has contributed to the nation's cultural advancement." (16) This supreme appreciation of the role of the Armenian church no doubt explains why the various Polianskys have reduced the Armenian churches into a graveyard. This also must explain why the Armenian clergy has been annihilated.

The fight between the Kremlin and the Vatican comprises the entire Soviet orbit, including Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Eastern Germany and the entire Soviet Union. The salient features of the fight itself are:

1. All Catholic institutions must be brought under state control.
2. All Catholic newspapers and periodicals are either stopped or reduced to a minimum.
3. An effort is made to disrupt the Catholic Church from within by enlisting pro-Soviet priests who oppose the Pope.
4. Mass arrests. Hundreds of clergymen have been incarcerated in the above-mentioned countries.
5. Catholic organizations are deprived of the right to free communication with one another, especially with the outside world.

One of the early victims of this struggle between the two powers was Archbishop Beran of Czechoslovakia. After having cour-

(14) M. Sheinman, "The Vatican Between Two Wars," 1948, Moscow, p. 63.

(15) O. Artourov, "The Policy of the Vatican," 1947, Moscow, p. 25.

(16) "Sovetakan Hainstan," 1945, June 17

ageously defied Hitler, after suffering persecution and imprisonment, Beran was eventually forced to challenge the Kremlin. In their appeal to the Czech people, Beran and his loyal bishops asked the people not to knuckle under the persecutions but to fight for the defense of their sacred Christian rights, as equal citizens of the state. Naturally, the Bolshevik authorities saw to it that this appeal should not reach the people. Addressing the Catholic clergy, the Communist Premier of Czechoslovakia, Zapotocky said, "We, the Government and the Party, have never asked your prayers. We do not need your prayers. But when the State requires overtime work, and when that work is done voluntarily, whether on Sundays or holidays, then we cannot allow you to preach and say that work on such days is sinful. Through your seditious propaganda, you harm not the government but the State." (17)

During the trials of Cardinal Mindzenty in Budapest and the Protestant ministers in Bulgaria, Foreign Minister Kalarov of Bulgaria, a former secretary of the Comintern, in a speech before the Constituent Assembly of that country, declared that the Catholic clergy were subject to the Vatican, a foreign authority, and therefore, they should be regarded as an organization of spies. Thus, according to Kalarov, all connection or communication with the Vatican was national treason. There could be no other conclusion. No religious organization within the Soviet Union or the so-called "Peoples' Democracies" could establish ties with any center outside the Soviet orbit. Specifically, no organization could receive orders from outside. The blow was aimed at the Catholic church in particular, in as much as all Catholics are subject to the Pope. Kalarov was telling the Catholic clergy to renounce the faith and to sever all ties with the Vatican.

The fight, however, did not end there. The

Kremlin's objection to religious leadership was the most violent when that leadership came from outside. When the leadership came from within, the Kremlin was its staunchest defender. Interference from without was branded as treason, from within, it was sacred and never treacherous.

None could understand this diabolical game as well as the Armenians. Bolshevism had obliterated the Armenian church and had wiped out the clergy. The institution which exists today, the Seat of the Catholicos of all Armenians, is but the shadow of the one time influential and august religious center. And yet, the Bolsheviks drag the miserable corpse as a medium of sowing the communist seed among the Armenian communities abroad. The church is being used as a political instrument, in spite of article 124 of the Stalin Constitution, and article 99 of the Armenian National Constitution, both of which declare the separation of the church from the state.

The Bolsheviks contend that the church and the state cannot interfere in each other's spheres, that the church cannot carry on political activity, that it cannot replace the state, that the state cannot carry on religious activity and cannot replace the Church. And yet, in entire Armenian history there never was a period when the state so ruthlessly interfered in the affairs of the church as now. This interference may be divided into two major periods: the first, from October, 1917, to September, 1939; the second, from September of 1939 to the present. During the first period when the church was still strong, and when the Soviet Union generally was shut out from the outside world, busy with its internal enemies, the Soviet authorities interfered in religion by destroying thousands of church buildings and by liquidating the clergy. In those days the Soviet authorities used the red propaganda to persecute the "opium" and the "opium addicts." In those days the fight was relentless.

During the second period when the church

(17) "N. R. Slovo," June 26, 1949.

was utterly prostrate, and when the Soviet Union was concentrating its energies on the outside enemies, Moscow's interference was confined to converting the church into a political weapon, designed to make the outside world believe that the church was now friendly to the Soviet. During this period the Soviet used its propaganda to glorify the "Opium" and the "opium addicts."

In the Armenian case, the second period began in 1945, when Stalin summoned the Locum Tenens of the Armenian See to Moscow and granted him an interview. The Moscow radio made favorable comment on this interview. Two months later, on June 16, 1945, the Armenian National Church Convention assembled in Etchmiadzin, with 122 delegates from all parts of the world. The Vicar-General who on April 19 had traveled to Moscow, on June 22, was unanimously elected Catholicos of All Armenians. The new Catholicos, in contravention of the Stalinian and Armenian constitutions which forbade the merging of church and state, on November 27, 1945, submitted a memorandum to the Big Three, suggesting a solution of the Armenian Question.

It should be noted that the November 27 memorandum was presented, not by the President of the Armenian Republic, not by the government of Armenia, but by the Armenian Catholicos. The legal representative of the Armenian national claims, both for the outside world and the republics of the Soviet Union, was not the state, but that which had been separated from the state—the Armenian church.

Once entrenched in his new role, the Catholicos slowly began to confirm the impression that he was a political, and not a religious functionary. On the occasion of the 500th anniversary of the founding of the autocephalous Russian Orthodox Church, Catholicos Gevorg VI made a political speech in Moscow. The speech was delivered in an auditorium only a few steps away from Stalin's residence. In this speech the Cath-

olicos plainly admitted his political role. "It has become the duty of all Armenian Catholicos," he said, "to stand as the defender of our ideal of a national state, of our national emancipatory movement, and as the champion of Armenia, the Armenian church, and the Armenian people." (18)

Armenians of the dispersion are nowhere recognized as a nation, they are generally known as religious communities. By controlling the Mother Seat of Etchmiadzin Bolshevism can penetrate those communities, sowing the seeds of communism. "The defense of the Armenian Case," wrote Catholicos Gevorg VI in his pastoral letter No. 43, addressed to the various communities of the dispersion, "particularly rests upon the shoulders of the Armenian clergy, preferably on the higher ranks of that clergy." (19)

Let us now take a look at the manner in which the defense of the Armenian Case was carried out by the Armenian Catholicos. At the 1945 National Religious Convention in Etchmiadzin, the Armenian Catholicos, under the pressure of the NKVD, issued a despicable statement against the Vatican and the Pope. On the occasion of the 30th anniversary of the "Great October Revolution," the organ of the Mother Seat published an abusive excoriation of the "Anglo-American Imperialists," of the Vatican, and the "blind lackeys of the imperialists, the Dashnaks." "The Soviet Union's growing might, its rapid cultural and economic strides have discomfited the enemies of the Soviet into an impotent rage," the article continued. "These enemies, whose dream is world domination, are preparing a new war against the mighty Soviet Union." (20) In his new year's pastoral letter of 1948, after having branded the Pope as "the solitary warmonger in the Vatican," the Catholicos went on to say that, upon the Pope's orders, the religious leaders

(18) "Etchmiadzin", July - August - September, 1948, p. 8.

(19) "Honassaper," April 30, 1947.

(20) "Etchmiadzin," January-February, 1948.

of the Latin peoples have planned "to reduce the Armenians of the dispersion to cannon fodder and to slavery." The Catholicos' shift was obviously also aimed at Cardinal Aghajanian. (21) On the 31st anniversary of the "Great October Revolution," the organ of the Mother Seat wrote:

"While our great Soviet fatherland is making rapid advances in the cultural and economic fields, the approaching catastrophe on the other side of the ocean gives no rest to the notorious heroes of capitalism—the worshippers of the almighty Dollar. They see their only salvation in organizing fresh international massacres. For this purpose, they are feverishly arming their great or small satellites."

Defining the attitude of the Armenian people, as led by the higher ranks of the clergy, in the forthcoming gigantic international encounter, the organ of the Mother Seat wrote: "We are fully aware that the patriotic Armenian clergy of the dispersion, whose sacred duty it is to fight in the name of the Armenian church and the Armenian fatherland against all the enemies of Armenia and the Armenian church, will give a well-deserved answer to all the traitors, and will work hand in hand with all the pro-Armenian and pro-Soviet organizations of the dispersion, in combatting the enemies of Armenia and the Armenian church, thus frustrating the efforts of their enemies and utterly isolating them." (22)

It is for this "religious" propaganda against the worshippers of the Dollar, the Vatican, and the Dashnaks, that the Armenian church which officially has been separated from the state, has obviously been united with the state today as the sole defender of the Armenian Case.

The Paris communist organ "Dzayn Parizi," in its editorial of March 2, 1949, stated: "The truth is that Catholicos Gevorg VI

does not occupy any different position at Etchmiadzin than that held by the Archbishop of Canterbury vis-a-vis the Anglican Church; or that held by the head of the Catholic Church in Paris. In all the so-called democratic republics and the monarchies of Europe, the churches coordinate their policies with the policies of the government."

It is no secret to us that in the free countries of the world the church generally "harmonizes" its policies with that of the government. But that is not the point here. The important thing is the testimony of the communist organ in which it is freely admitted that the Catholicos of the Armenians harmonizes his policies with the Bolshevik policies of Moscow and Erivan, and by the same token, he orders his "patriotic religious leaders of the dispersion," in turn to harmonize their policies with those of the Mother church.

For a clear and accurate comprehension of Kremlin's attitude toward the Vatican, one must clearly understand the Kremlin's attitude toward the Armenian Mother Seat. This is the unfailing test. For, while observing the relative magnitudes, it should always be kept in mind that Etchmiadzin is a Vatican in its own rights, and the Catholicos of the Armenians is but another Pope. The Vatican has an existence of over 1500 years; Etchmiadzin goes farther back. Armenia was the first country in the world to espouse Christianity as the state church. 1647 years ago, in 302 A.D., Armenia nationalized the Christian religion and gave it a national spirit. Today, the Armenians are neither Catholics or adherents of the Orthodox Church, but are Armenian Gregorians, one of the oldest Christian churches in the world.

The Kremlin fully realizes the worth of the small center represented by the All-Armenian Mother Seat in Etchmiadzin. It knows that over one million of its children live abroad, scattered in the four corners of the world, each in his adopted country, each a citizen of the adopted country and an

(21) "Etchmiadzin," May-June, 1948, p. 14.

(22) "Etchmiadzin," October-November-December, 1948.

asset to his community. And since both the Vatican and Etchmiadzin are identical in essence and form, a parallel of the differences in the policy of the Kremlin toward both is interesting.

Bolshevism holds that the dioceses of the Armenian dispersion should be firmly tied with Etchmiadzin, and under its direct control. But Bolshevism violently opposes Vatican's control of the Catholic dioceses within the Soviet Union, dioceses over which Bolshevism has no control. Bolshevism insists that Etchmiadzin should be the guide of the spiritual life of the Armenian communities abroad. It insists that these communities should be under the direct control of the Catholicos. But Bolshevism is reluctant to see the Vatican have any say in the religious life of the Catholic communities within the Soviet orbit. If a direct link is established between Etchmiadzin and one of the religious communities abroad, Bolshevism regards it as natural, just, and understandable. But when the Vatican tries to establish contact with a Catholic community inside the Soviet Union or its periphery, Bolshevism immediately broadcasts that it is an attempt of espionage, intrigue, and treason.

Bolshevism orders the Armenian clergy of the dispersion to establish contacts with Etchmiadzin and to obey its orders without question. Otherwise, the clergy is immediately branded as "agents of Anglo-Americans." But the same Bolshevism prohibits the Catholic clergy inside the Soviet Union establishing contacts with the Vatican, and taking orders from the Pope. When the clergy fails to obey this order, it is branded as traitors and foreign spies. Even the pastoral letters issued by the Pope are considered as seditious political literature aimed against the Soviet Union.

On the other hand, all the pastoral letters of the Armenian Catholicos which blandly

speak of the fight which the clergy of abroad should wage against "the worshippers of the Dollar," the "Anglo-American warmongers," the Vatican, and the Dashnaks, are regarded by the Bolsheviks as purely Christian and religious in spirit. When the Armenian Catholicos excommunicates the dissident clergy of the dispersion, who refuse to obey his order, Bolshevism regards it as an act of justice. But when the "Progressive" Catholics are excommunicated by the Pope, the Bolsheviks regard it as an act of treachery.

The Bolshevik Janus has two weights and measures of justice. Uttered by the lips of this modern Janus, the same words and phrases may have entirely different meanings, depending on the occasion and the circumstance. In the Soviet Union men are called liars, hirelings, ignoble, opportunists, traitors, etc., when in reality they are honorable men, truthful, noble, incorruptible, men of principle, great patriots and faithful servants of the fatherland. The same is true of the clergy. In the Soviet Union, Catholic religious leaders are branded as traitors, when in reality they are good men, avowed and loyal servants of the Faith and their spiritual leader. They all are "Cosmopolitans," that new enemy which was created by the Soviet authorities.

Bolshevism is determined to frustrate every effort for world unity. It is equally the enemy of the unification of the church. Bolshevism sees the specter of its own death in every effort at international friendship, unification, understanding, and cooperation. That is the reason why it is doing its utmost to destroy one of the strongest bastions of the Christian faith—the Vatican, which is trying to fortify itself against Communism.

The longer the agony of Bolshevism, the longer will linger its death. By the same token, the more virulent will become its fight against the Christian faith, the Vatican in particular.

COV ARAKEL

By ROUBEN ZARTARIAN
(Translated by James G. Mandalian)

The house of Cov Arakel was adjacent to ours, a pitiful hut consisting of a dark dank first story room which in winter served as a living room, with the sole advantage that, having no immediate contact with air, it was comparatively warm, with little need of fuel. The attic had two rooms, dilapidated and useless, which for years had been vacant. In summertime, there was the roof where they partook of the evening dinner, offered thanks, and retired for the night.

Arakel was of course the man's name, and Cov, which means cow, was the moniker which had been pinned on him by a city wit, sort of sarcastically, in one word giving a complete picture of the old man, the languid, lifeless and dumb look of his big, round eyes, the unsteady shuffle of his fat and sluggish legs, and the stuttery enunciation of his faint, faltering voice. He would have passed unnoticed all year long were it not for the cold snowy days of the winter. His wife was a chore woman, washing clothes and doing odd jobs at the homes of the wealthy, practically all the twelve months of the year with the exception of a few weeks when she acted as the landlady of her own house. It was Arakel who kept vigil over the four walls until the evening, sitting there at the front yard, smoking his pipe, shoing the flies off his face, and chasing the hens which pecked along into the house, or, exasperated, driving away the street's hungry dog who, dragging his nose over the ground and sniffing, crawled over the threshold to pick up some fallen crumbs of bread.

Changeless and motionless, he sat in this position until evening, waiting for his wife

who usually brought along a bowl of hot soup hidden under her apron, or a loaf of fresh bread if she happened to return from a baking errand.

Besides the two of them, the husband and the wife, there was their son, a tall youth with precisely the cow eyes and the cow look of his father, as slow-moving and cowl-like, who from his childhood had become an apprentice of a blacksmith and who still was an apprentice at the age of 30-35. When he came home in the evenings, however, he put on some high airs like a wise and seasoned oldtimer, and usually posed as referee in the customary squabbles of his father and mother. As a matter of fact, these confabs between husband and wife were no rare occurrences, and took place at least twice a week, when Cov Arakel, sitting there with nothing to do, suddenly thought he had a right to meddle in his wife's affairs and to make unwitting observations on the doings of his wife. Naturally, the wife could not stand this, and despite the maternal tenderness and affection which she cherished toward her much older husband, her patience would give out, and she, in turn, would speak up, shout at him, and defend herself against his constant carplings.

To us, who still were children at the time, these family rows seemed comical and aroused our mischievous curiosity. We would listen from the roof top or through a crack of the door, and sometimes, as I remember, when the argument was hottest with no sign of coming to an end, and particularly when Cov Arakel's stuttering voice became dominant, we used to mimic them out loud, or throw stones and gravel inside

the door. At such instances there would be an interruption and their anger would turn towards us. Finally, under the shower of their threats, we would run away.

There would be a temporary lull, but the wife would resume her nagging while Arakel, now thoroughly incensed, would sizzle in his anger until evening when their son Martiros arrived and took in the whole situation. This was so simple and easy that they would start the fight all over again, this time supplemented by a third voice. What was most striking of all, the wife would slowly give in, her anger would subside, and relaxing by degree, she would turn to the defense of her husband as against her son who always took her side in these altercations. A few hours later they would make up, again they would turn into butter and honey, just as if nothing had happened.

In our city winters are severe, cold and windy, especially after January when the sky becomes white and descends upon the ground, and the crooked narrow streets are piled up with the snow reaching up to the rooftops, so much so there are times when the passers walk on a level with the roofs and if perchance they make a misstep, they will suddenly find themselves on someone's roof top. Each morning they clear the flat rooftops with shovels, dumping the ten inch thick snow onto the street below, blocking the passages, and making it difficult for men or beasts of burden to crawl through the foot-wide narrow tracks.

"Don't dump it, don't dump it," shout the passers, looking up to the roofs, for fear they will be buried under, a thing which is a frequent occurrence.

Being the lowest hut in the city, Cov Arakel's house would be verily buried under the snow, almost lost from sight by the rising glaciers, so that it was necessary to cut out a new snowy stairway from the top to the door below in order to keep a free passage into the house. To be absolutely fair, it

should be stated that the lowness of the hut was not entirely at fault. The neighboring urchins, partly in fun, and partly being acquainted with the irascible nature of Cov Arakel, deliberately dumped the snow of their rooftops in the direction of the hut, and presently there would burst out a throat-piercing howl from down below. Cov Arakel, who was a Hadji in his own rights, that is to say a pilgrim who had visited the sacred tomb of Christ in Jerusalem—although they seldom coupled that ambitious title with his name—would start to shout, protest, and swear at them, but who was the one to listen to him? His answer would be a dead silence, or an occasional chuckle which flew from the roofs, while down below, from amid the depths of the snow, there was seen a head, an angry flushed face with big red eyes, a mouth which moved and was contorted, and a stick which waved upwards, threatening, and pounding on the snow, and standing there stone still. Yet the snow kept pouring down in big scoops into the street, always in Cov Arakel's direction, piling it thick, and burying him out of sight.

To Cov Arakel the winter was an evil and the snow a scourge, because he had concentrated his whole affection, his care, and his entire life on that small hut, that last human nest which was his home. He was worried that the accumulated snow would hurt the walls of his hut, would soak and ruin them and, God forbid, one day the whole house might collapse. He who would not let even a hen enter the threshold, he who used to yell a thousand times at any one who tramped over his roof, he who, if he was not afraid of sinning and if his hand could reach the place, would even have scattered the sprigs which the birds had laid in the eaves under the roof, by what sort of patience, what kind of human reasoning, could permit this snow to lie beside those walls for long months, to soak in, to hurt the plaster, and assuredly undermine the foundation of the

house?

And he was right. It was said that once, for a number of years, he had been a servant at a wealthy house, had been used to gathering crumbs the greater part of his life, had saved his pennies, until finally, one day he was able to make ends meet and had saved enough money to purchase his present hut and to get married. Undoubtedly, it was at this time that, together with the *Aghas*, the big shots of the city, he had sojourned to Jerusalem where he had seen the Light and had become a *Hadji*, the title that designated his pilgrimage to the Holy City. But when we opened our eyes, we always saw him in this immutable age; the same Cov Arakel; his age did not advance one inch and nary a hair of his head turned gray.

When there was a lull in the snow and the rooftops were cleared, in the daytime there naturally was a pause when the streets were empty of all men except the women; the men folk having gone to their business in the market place; and Cov Arakel, standing there in front of his door, holding a shovel with a broken handle, sluggishly plied his tired and exhausted muscles with all the self-sacrifice of his body, plugging away at the piles of snow, first of all to carve out a path from his house to the street if possible, a thing which might last a day or two, in as much as his shovel scarcely touched the snow, scarcely scooped up a wisp with each stroke; and then, what was most important of all and the most toilsome, he had to clear the piles around the walls in order to clear up a path which would last whole weeks. This did not take into account the unexpected. Scarcely half through his work, or about to finish, and presently, the next night, the horizon would be overcast with an ominous darkness, and the next morning there would be a fresh blanket of snow, fresh piles, and new work. He had to start it all over again with incomparable patience; and thus, after each snowfall, un-

til March, or let us say until April, the rains and the floods would cut loose, washing off the pavement of all snow and ice. The scourge of these spring floods was a sort of cutting joke coming direct from heaven, because the infuriated flood, accumulated and now let loose from the higher streets, rushed in inside the lowly threshold of Arakel and flooded the entire lower story.

But even in his advanced age, this old man had a dauntless and indomitable energy. In the bleak cold, when a man's spittle freezes in mid-air, he was there in front of his door, protected by his shabby, bedraggled clothes, armed with a pitiful shovel, and toiling, stubbornly digging through a pile of snow two to three times his height, tapping his frozen feet on the ground, blowing on his numbed hands, just so the walls would not get soaked and he could rest easy that his house was secure. Late in the evening he would waddle in, when the candles were lit, when the biting wind of the night began to whistle and the snow began to harden into sharp, clear crystals.

Inside was dark like a dungeon where, in the daytime, when unassisted by a light, you could not see your finger even if you stuck it in your eye. In a corner of the room, resting on a few square mats, was a fireplace stand for four where, from morning till eve, there were scarcely two sparks under the smouldering ashes, until late in the evening the wife came home and put on a few coals of fire to warm up the room. And of a truth, the fire was superfluous, in as much as there was no one in the house besides Arakel whereas he never left the street.

"A plague on your house, man, enough is enough," his wife would upbraid him. "Come in now. Do you think they will bury your head under that plague-take-it threshold of yours?"

And half coaxing half threatening, she would take him in like a child who did not

want to separate from his toys. However, early the next morning, after his church prayers "in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost," the man was again in front of his door, wrapped up in his interminable toil, half leaning on the handle of his shovel, widening the passage between the wall and the snow, and at intervals, in moments of rest, stretching his waist erect, in order to survey the wall from top to bottom, to see if the sun was not shining on the plaster.

"Barev! Hello, Hadji," the passers-by would greet him, "God grant your soul its reward," especially at those times when he had completed his work around the walls and had started clearing the side walk, filling up the ruts, smoothening the track, and fixing up the steps. And there, leaning against the handle of his shovel, he would take a deep righteous breath, would extend a childish joyful look from expanded eyes at the greeter, proud and self-contented in his innocent simplicity, as one who had just completed a virtuous task.

* * *

One day the neighbors learned that Cov Arakel would hold an engagement ceremony for his son. The affair naturally was an event for the entire section of the town. The women began to chew on the news and interrogated sister Mariam, the mother of Martiros, who would apologize to her questioners:

"What was I to do, mother dear, sister dear? The boy is young, he is of age now. The neighbors have been pestering me. God grant we came across a daughter of Adam who could come to us, herself rejoice and make us happy too. What else have I to live for, mother dear, sister dear? Thank the Lord our record is clear. I will do the toiling, let her do the enjoying."

And the boy was engaged to the daughter of Partal Gogo. Like them, this Partal Gogo too was a poor man who spent his time spin-

ning a spool in the streets and raising pigeons, an occupation which was held as shameful in the provinces, who for years had been sulking, had never stepped inside the church, so much so his seat in the church had been occupied by another man.

That wedding became the wedding of the whole ward, attended by not only the close neighbors and acquaintances, but even the wealthy members of the section, represented by their gift-bearing servants. Was not the son of their fellow-worker getting married? Some of them took along a bottle of raki (whiskey) each, or a pumpkin full of wine, and sat down at the feast, others took along some new pillows and piled them up in the bridegroom's chamber, all in all, they made up for what was lacking. Once again the smoke curled up from Cov Arakel's chimney; who had seen such a miracle before then? All the residents of the ward were invited to the wedding, young brides and girls kept hurrying in and out from the rooftop laughingly.

The bridegroom had become Martiros Agha now, a title of distinction. He wore a long coat of blue wool over a new *Chitareh* shirt, a costly homemade textile of rich cloth. He moved and walked ponderously, calling on the distinguished guests to invite them to the wedding in person, carrying with him a red apple for each from his father and mother, as the token of invitation according to the custom of the land. At times he would brush off his sleeves, blowing on his arms and collar; would stand still and gaze long on his new shirt, like one who admired himself, and with the exultation of one looking in a mirror and approving his magnificence.

Cov Arakel was officially a *Hadji* now. "Hadji Arakel Agha" was ensconced at the upper end of the room, leaning against a soft pillow, yet, in spite of his wife's and son's secret instructions before the wedding

to present a tranquil front, he was fretting inside seeing so much of a crowd tramping back and forth in his house. His heart skipped a beat each time they pounded heavily on the floor, or banged the door open and shut.

At the solemn moment of "Dress the Bridegroom", as was the custom, the best man leads the bridegroom to his father to kiss his hand, who in turn must kiss his son's forehead, put the hat on his head, while the groom's squires sing, "*Mer nereni tzarn eh tzaghker*. Our pomegranate tree has blossomed." Deeply moved, and with filial respect, Martiros approached Cov Arakel, knelt before him, and asked for his hand to kiss. It was a solemn moment. All were silent. The mother was weeping from joy, as well as Cov Arakel who felt himself in his seventh heaven, a sort of exceptional honor. Lord God! That moment was worth a whole eternity to that despised poor family.

After the nuptials, the bride stayed at the house, head bowed low, and humbly docile. Was she herself not accustomed early to poverty? Had she not been humbly conforming? But you see, her good fortune did not last long, neither for her nor for the bridegroom. A few months later, when the autumn was gone and the first colds of the winter started, the groom had a sharp coughing spell, he breathed with difficulty, his heart wheezed and choked him. It is true that his cough had bothered him each winter; he was a sickly lad to begin with, but that year his condition was aggravated. In vain they offered him potions of hot mint, made him sweat, put him to bed; but all to no avail. He went from bad to worse. He had an accursed trade, in heat and cold, in all seasons, standing there before a burning furnace, pounding the iron with a heavy hammer, sweating and chilling alternately, and often, when perspiration was pouring all over his body, he kept drinking water,

water, to cool himself. His sickness had furtively crawled upon him, slowly taking hold of his heart, and now, after the wedding, it had burst forth with all its fury, felling him to the ground. Inside the house where no one understood the condition of the patient nor knew anything about first aid, where the dampness, the faulty conditions of nourishment or comfort were enough to break a sound man's health, it was hard to imagine that a patient so far gone could ever rise to his feet again.

And that was precisely what happened. Toward spring, the boy died, having turned to bone and skin, his cheek bones jutting out, and his face pockmarked and sunken.

Cov Arakel wept in a piteous voice, with no visible marks of bitter anguish on his face, his eyelids scarcely squeezing out two tear drops every few moments. It was more like the sobbing of a strange animal, a sort of inarticulate anguish which resembled crying. The mother was distracted and beat her breasts, plucked her hair, beat her head against the wall and mourned; while the bride, already estranged as it were from both the house and the family, withdrew to a corner, pressed her handkerchief against her mouth, and cried silently, pouring her tears in her lap. Not even a sound, a faint cry came out of her lips.

After that death which definitely wrecked the family and closed up the home, Cov Arakel's existence and the home became senseless, but there was no tongue which did not utter: "That hapless old man enjoyed the sun of his son; why should he keep on living longer? What other sun is there for him to enjoy?"

After staying with her in-laws for a few months, the bride went to her mother's home, got married again, and left the town. Again the husband and the wife were left alone, and Cov Arakel, as usual, as if nothing had happened, once again concentrated his attention and care on his house, this time

wholly detached from the world. During the sad somber days of winter, always shovel in hand, he kept digging the snow, throwing it aside bit by bit, widening the passage, tenderly caressing the walls of his hut. But the house left the impression of a graveyard where the aged couple, soundless and noiseless, entered each night to sleep until the dawn of light. The hinges of the door did not squeak, they turned easily as the white-haired old man stepped out, like an accursed specter, to watch over that ghostly, silent and half-ruined house, to watch so it could stand, so it could live on after all the others had left the place, so it would not come down.

* * *

By a whim of nature, it so happened that Arakel was the last survivor of that blighted family. Years later, for a long time he and the house were left alone when his wife died and even the cat wandered away from the stricken roof, to seek the shelter and the pity of a stranger family.

"Lord have mercy, your misfortune is great," commented the neighbors ruefully. Because no one knew why this superfluous human shadow kept alive ownerless, masterless, insensible and lost, even the thought of death having escaped his memory. A strange family, posing as a close relative, claimed the inheritance of the last remnants of this poverty-stricken house, the house and the contents, until finally the neighbors made a compromise, yielding half of the house to the church, and the other half to the claimants, provided they would take care of Arakel until he died.

Thus he was severed from his house as the skin is severed from the body, or the finger nail from the flesh. That day Arakel was a complete blank, silent and senseless, staring at the people. When finally they took him by the arms and led him out, he was crying with his childlike eyes, such as he had not cried when he followed the bier of his son and wife. His home had been

wrecked that day, and he went away in pain, in a sort of incurable spiritual ache. That beloved hut which he had cherished with all the tenderness of his soul was being turned over to strangers, to tenants who would look upon it like strangers, with no care for the dislodged plank, the cracked plaster, nor for the snow which piled up next to the wall in winter. Where was his old home now? As if shrunk into himself, a lone mournful man, he was sobbing, crying now, swaying as he walked, bending before the wind, the wreckage was spreading, threatening himself too.

After he left his home, Cov Arakel's strength slowly declined, as if a menace was hanging over his head. But again, each bleak morning, he kept going to the church, just to be able to pass by his old home and gaze at it. There, standing at the corner of the church, he would lean against his long cane, devouring the deserted home with his ravenous eyes, watching the roof, then the eaves, the window, the walls, as long as it was not covered by the snow and he could watch it from top to bottom. He would shake his head, would mumble some incoherent words, would frown, then would utter a word of rebuke to the tenants, finding them bad people, heartless and conscienceless for having treated his beloved home so callously. He would not even take note of the passing churchgoers who, the overflow of their prayers still under their mustaches, put their hands on their breasts and greeted him, "*Voghormi Astvatz*," "God be merciful." The cold wind kept whistling, biting him like a snake, turning his face blue, his hands tucked in his shirt, his legs bare, and yet he did not seem to mind it, so absorbed was he with the disconsolate condition of his house, so wrapped up in its walls with which he had woven a long life. At last he would turn around, always shaking his head, troubled and mournful. And this was repeated each morning and evening, without

reflecting that life had already melted away like a piece of ice, with scarcely a chip left which, in its turn, would melt away and disappear. Still his mind was glued to that house, as if the carpenter and the brick layer had just completed their work, were walking out, and he would step in and take possession of it, to live there and to perpetuate the generation; his heart eternally young, eternally invincible, he still kept loving his beloved, with the faith of the old days, the love and the confidence of the old days.

One morning they said Cov Arakel had died. There was nothing surprising in the news, but after all death was death; it was the face of a long, long acquaintance which was being lost, which would go to his grave, never to return. There were a few who attended the funeral, those who wanted to accompany the casket more for the sake of their own souls, all of them aged like him, or those who had no shops in the market place, derelicts and failures in business. That day was the last day Arakel would

pass by his old house. Early at dawn, they had brought his body to church, having been reluctant to keep it at a house where no loved one would shed any tears over him. And when the casket loomed out from the corner of the church, from where he used to gaze so fondly at his house, for a moment, the gaze of all turned to the same spot, his old home, as if gazing for him whose eyes were darkened now. There was a ray of sunlight on the walls, a red sweet sun, illuminating the roof, and the tips of the eaves. The neighboring hens were cackling, pecking and scratching the ground heedlessly; here and there fresh grass cropped up from the dampness, waving gently in the breeze; the poor ownerless house, how changed, how mournful it looked!

"God have mercy on his soul," commented the women from the windows and the rooftops, gazing at the passing casket, "Poor man, raise your head and look at your house once more, before you go to your rest."

SONNET TO A BELOVED OF YESTERYEAR

*I doubt not you, as I, recall,
And wonder why, our hearts did dance
In wild delight if there should chance
A flicker of a touch to fall
Between us. Yet I swear now all
The arts of passion Psyche descants
— From you — would chill me. Our romance
Is dead. Ah, unfair, that! Some small
Dim shadow of our love still casts
A pattern on my thought. From you
I learned of latent gems amassed
In common things. A ballad grew
From noises of the street. The past
Was grey: you poured in tints of blue.*

ELIZABETH DERANIAN

AN OUTLINE OF THE ECONOMIC HISTORY OF ARMENIA

By H. PASDERMADJIAN

From Urartu to the Kingdom of Armenia

As is known, Armenia appeared in History as the heir of Urartu, that pre-Armenian kingdom which played an important role in the north-eastern corner of the Middle East from the 9th to the 7th century B.C. and victoriously resisted the onslaught of the Assyrians, the great conquerors of that age.

The kingdom of Urartu was the seat of a relatively advanced civilization, remarkable for the development it reached in the fields of irrigation, road building, architecture, the use of metals, and the art of ceramics. The gardens surrounding the city of Van are to this day irrigated by the canals built under the reign of King Menuas of Urartu (8th century B.C.) (1).

The arrival in the country of the Armenians, an Indo-European people, towards the end of the 7th century B.C., marks the beginning of the history of Armenia proper. These conquerors, however, had less than a century at their disposal to establish their domination in the country, as in the 6th century B.C. Armenia was included in the Empire of the Persians. The country became one of the provinces or satrapies of that huge Empire.

The rulers of that Empire attached a

great importance to the maintenance of the irrigation systems in their possessions. This seems to have been one of the main tasks of the satraps, i.e. the provincial governors, as the economic possibilities of the various provinces, their capacity to pay tributes, were directly connected with proper irrigation.

As to the tributes to be paid by Armenia, Herodotus records that Armenia, which formed the 13th satrapy, had to pay 50 talents (the equivalent of 1 million dollars) a year and a contribution in kind. As Armenia was far-famed as a horse breeding center, this contribution in kind took the form of horses. Strabo mentions the figure of 20,000 colts as representing the yearly tribute of Armenia to the king of kings, i.e. the Emperor of the Persians (2).

The inhabitants of ancient Armenia, worthy inheritors of the tradition of Urartu, distinguished themselves in various fields of production. Thus Herodotus refers as follows to one of their products, "I want to speak here of another marvel, the boats which are used to travel to Babylon. They are made of skins and are of round form. They are produced in the port of Armenia which is situated above Assyria". (3)

As is known, the collapse of the Empire of the Persians under the blows of Alexander the Great opened the way to the indepen-

(1) C. F. Lehmann-Haupt: *Armenien und Mesopotamien*. Berlin 1900, p. 93,

(2) Strabo, XI, 14, 9.

(3) Herodotus, I, 194.

dence of Armenia.

In the course of the 2nd and of the 1st century B.C., Armenia experienced, under the kings of the Artaxiad dynasty, whose most famous representative was King Tigranes II, a period of power and greatness.

The military power of Tigranes II, who was one of the great conquerors of the Middle East, was partly based on the economic resources of Armenia. First these excellent horse-breeding centers which made Armenia famous and provided her armies with an excellent cavalry, the foundation of the military power of Tigranes II. Then the mineral wealth of the country represented by its mines of copper, lead and other non-ferrous metals, an industry or rather a handicraft of working metals, to which one must add the gold mines of Kaballa (Chabin-Karahissar) which are mentioned by Strabo. It is to be noted that in ancient times and in the Middle Ages, weapons and industrial goods were mainly made of non-ferrous metals (especially copper) of which Armenia has always had good supplies. It is only recently, i.e. in the course of the last centuries, that iron and coal have become the foundations of the economic and military power of nations.

To come back to Tigranes II, one may point out that his conquests gave him further resources. He found in Syria, especially in Antioch, the capital of the Seleucids, immense wealth. Furthermore, his occupation of Northern Mesopotamia provided him with other sources of revenue. In this country, poor in water, there were natural halting places for the caravans. By occupying them and levying tolls, Tigranes II created for himself further sources of revenue (4).

The extent of the resources at the disposal of Tigranes II is demonstrated by the undertakings which marked his reign, his great public works and the creation of a new capital, Tigranocerta. The location of this won-

derful town was a testimony to the foresight of Tigranes II and to his sense of economic potentialities. As noted by Charlesworth, Tigranes II understood that, placed in that position, the town was destined to become a great commercial center between the East and the West, dominating a great new trade route, the one directly linking North-West Persia with Cilicia (5).

Armenia between Rome and the Parthians

In the course of the eventful centuries which extended from the death of Tigranes II (56 B.C.) to the accession of the Sassanians in Iran (228 A.D.) Armenia was situated between the power of Rome, which dominated the Mediterranean world, and the Parthians, who were the masters of Iran. In spite of the continuous wars between these two great powers, as a matter of fact the two world powers of that day, Armenia remained a prosperous country. This was due to the privileged geographical position of Armenia, which made her an unavoidable trade link between the East and the West, and also to the enterprising spirit of the Armenian merchants who undertook hazardous journeys into the interior of Asia.

Strabo mentions the role of Armenia as a country of transit (6), and Mommsen notes (7) that the Armenians had regular trade relations not only with the West and its great markets of Cilicia and Cappadocia, but also with the Caucasus, Scythia, as well as, across the Caspian Sea, with Central Asia and the Far East, making them the middlemen between West and East.

One may add that during the periods when Rome was at war with the Parthians, the economic importance of Armenia became even greater, because then the trade between the Mediterranean world and Cen-

(5) M. Charlesworth: *Trade routes and commerce of the Roman Empire*, Cambridge 1924, p. 101.

(6) Strabo, XI, 5, 6.

(7) Mommsen: *Römische Geschichte V*, Berlin 1919, p. 357.

(4) K. Eckhardt: *Die armenischen Feldzüge des Lucullus*, Klio, Leipzig, 1909.

tral Asia and the Far East could only take place through Armenia, as the only route remaining open, at least as long as the Armenians did not side with the Parthians.

These exchanges between the Western world and Asia through Armenia mainly consisted of silk, rice, spices, aromatic products and precious stones, which came from Central Asia, India and the Far East. The Roman Empire paid for these imports in money silver and gold coins, or in manufactured products, luxury products easy to transport on account of their relatively high value and small volume, as for example perfumes and jewelry from Egypt (8).

All the eastern part of the Roman Empire became the natural middleman and transit land for these exchanges and derived from this trade great profits, of which Armenia got her share.

As to the products of Armenia herself, they were similar to those of Asia Minor, of which Armenia represented the extension. They consisted of metals extracted from the mines, metal goods, woolen goods (Asia Minor was the center of the wool industry of the Roman Empire, while Syria and Egypt were the centers of the linen industry), rugs and carpets, wine, leather. It is necessary to point out that the Eastern part of the Roman Empire, i. e. Egypt, Syria and especially Asia Minor, represented the economically most advanced half of the Roman Empire. It is from the Near East that Rome has borrowed nearly the whole material side of her civilization.

Armenia herself was especially noted for her wealthy deposits of copper, lead, gold and silver, which were the foundations of a metal working industry whose fame extended throughout the Ancient World (9).

Asia Minor also exported great quantities

of cereals, which supplied Greece and Italy with some of their needs, but considering what the ancient historians tell us about the difficulties experienced in supplying the Roman legions with wheat during their campaigns in Armenia, it seems unlikely that Armenia proper had, at that time, an exportable surplus of cereals.

One may also note that the great roads constructed in Asia Minor, for military reasons, by the successors of Nero, had also great economic significance.

By means of the road Artaxata—Eligia—Trapezus (Trebizond) and of the road Satala—Melitene, easy communications were established between Armenia on the one hand, the Black Sea, Asia Minor and Cilicia, on the other. The trade relations between the Western world and Central Asia used more than ever the great land trade route via Armenia, the North of Iran and Turkestan. The merchants of the Empire crossed Armenia regularly in order to reach Tashgurkan and there buy the silk of China.

Armenia Under the Domination of Sassanian Persia and the Arabs

During the reign of the last Armenian kings of the Arsacid dynasty, as well as under the domination of the Sassanians (the dynasty which ruled Iran), Armenia continued to play an important economic role, remaining a transit place and warehouse in the flourishing caravan trade between West and East. According to a treaty entered into between Byzantium and the Sassanians after the partition of Armenia, the towns of Artaxata, Theodosiopolis (Erzerum) and Nisibis became exchange centers and were granted a kind of monopoly of the trade in silk.

During the 6th century the Byzantine Emperor Justinian tried to break this economic importance of Armenia and the Sassanians, by opening a new road for the trade of silk, through Abyssinia. But this attempt did not succeed. The well-

(8) Rostovtzeff: *Social and Economic History of the Roman Empire*, Oxford 1927, p. 66.

(9) Macler, F.: *Quatre Conférences sur l'Arménie*, Paris 1932, p. 54.

known Byzantine historian Procopius mentions the Armenian town of Dvin as one of the main centers of the trade between Europe and Asia. This privileged position of Armenia as the great warehouse in the silk trade was, however, somewhat affected by the introduction of silk-worm breeding into Syria. The development of this industry in the Middle East brought about a decline of the trade between Europe and Inner Asia. According to Procopius and Theophanes it was a Persian monk (i.e. an Armenian or, more probably, a Nestorian) who brought the first silkworms from Centar Asia to the Near East around 550 A.D. and thus made possible the development of this new and important industry.

During the 3rd and 4th centuries A.D., the transit trade was partly in the hands of the Jews who had emigrated to Armenia after the dispersal of their people. The Jews were numerous in the Armenian towns, where they formed an important part of the middle class, the Armenians being mainly noblemen or peasants.

However, during the desperate wars of Armenia against the Sassanian King Shapur of Iran, in the course of the second half of the 4th century, a great change was brought about. These wars caused the devastation and the ruin of the Armenian towns. They lost part of their importance as market places, at least as regards the home trade and the exchanges within the country. One witnessed the development of a relatively primitive economy based on autarchy, in which each region, one may say each village, tried to be self-sufficient. Furthermore, the Sassanian king Shapur, when he occupied Armenia in the course of these wars, forced the Jews to leave the Armenian towns, many of which were ruined and devastated, and to settle in Iran, where the King intended to concentrate the trade and develop handicrafts (10).

After these events Armenia was, thanks to her position, still able to play a role in the transit trade between Europe and Asia. But the home trade was reduced to a minimum following this rise of an economy based on autarchy, where every village, nearly every family, had to produce for itself all the goods it needed. This evolution, together with the state of unsafety due to the wars and revolts which marked the 5th century, brought about a reduction in the number and the importance of the towns.

After the fall of the Sassanians in Iran Armenia came under the domination of the Arabs. The latter, who had an insatiable thirst for money, levied on all the countries placed under their domination tributes which were increasingly high, and that had to be paid not in kind, i.e. in the form of goods and articles, but in money. Thus towards the end of the 8th century Armenia had to pay a yearly levy of about 13 million dirhams (the equivalent of about 2.5 million dollars, a very great sum for that time).

These great demands of the Arabs, as well as the fact that they required the payment of the levies in money, obliged the Armenian noblemen and peasants to abandon the economic system based on an autarchy and to start to produce marketable surpluses of agricultural and manufactured goods which they sold in the market places, so as to obtain the money necessary to pay the levies (11).

Thus one witnessed the development of the market places, i.e. a revival of the towns. It is from this time that a number of new towns date, as for example Kars, Bitlis and Akhlat, which appear side by side with the older towns like Van, Artaxata and Theodosiopolis. Thus one of the consequences of the great demands of the Arabs was the great development of the Armenian produc-

(11) A. Sorian: *Die soziale Gliederung des armenischen Volkes im Mittelalter*, Leipzig 1927, p. 68 and 73.

(10) Faustus of Byzantium, IV, Chapter 55.

tion in all the lines: agriculture, mines, handicraft, and industry, a development which was to reach its culmination later on, under the Armenian kingdom of the Bagratids, and which provided the material means serving as the foundations of the glorious civilization of the kingdom of Ani.

Armenia became gradually, thanks to the industry and the ability of its inhabitants, a country which the Arab historians mention as one of the richest and most productive parts of the Arab Empire (12). The country exported to Bagdad and as far as Syria and Egypt, cattle, cereals, fish, and salt. The gold deposits of ancient times seemed now to be exhausted, but the silver mines of the country provided the precious metals necessary to pay part of the tributes (13).

In the field of industry Armenia became the center of production of textiles and dyes which obtained a great reputation in the whole Near East. Its woolen goods, silk goods, as well as its rugs and carpets became famous. The center of the textile industry was Dvin (14), while the center of the chemical industry, the place where dyes were produced and the fabrics dyed, was Artaxata, a town that the Arabs called the "town of the red color" (Karyat al Kirmit). It is also the word Armenia which gave its name to a number of shades, as for example carmine (15).

The Armenian Kingdom of the Bagratides

In the course of the 9th century Armenia recovered her independence and lived through this great period which extends up to the 11th century, representing perhaps

(12) M. Chazarian: *Armenien unter der arabischen Herrschaft*, Straßbourg 1903, p. 68.

(13) Chevond: *Histoire des guerres et conquêtes des Arabes en Arménie*, translated by Chahnazarian, Paris 1856, p. 149.

(14) H. Thopdschian *Armenien vor und während der Araberzeit*, Berlin 1903, p. 52.

(15) W. Warfield: *The Gate of Asia*, New York 1916, p. 280.

the most national period of the history of Armenia, the one in which the country had the most marked consciousness of its national heritage. It is during these two centuries that the essential features of a civilization characteristic of the Armenian nation, were established.

This period was also marked by great economic development. A civilization as glorious as the one of the Armenian kingdom of Ani, the wonderful buildings which it left behind, could not have been erected without a corresponding material support.

Agriculture, freed from foreign encroachments and ensured a relative safety, passed through a wonderful period of expansion. "The country developed with industry, irrigated by means of a complete system of canals, produced all agricultural commodities in abundance. It was very wealthy in cereals and exported wheat as far as Bagdad. It produced excellent wines and in its orchards one found the fruits of the northern and southern climates, apples and chestnuts growing besides figs, olives and sugar cane. The country produced wool, silk, cotton and the dyestuffs necessary to dye them in rich colors. Armenia possessed much grazing land and her cattle and horses were renowned. The rivers and the lakes produced fish like the *tarax* of the lake of Van, the trout of the lake of Sevan, the *sourmali* of the Arax river" (16).

We have already pointed out that one of the effects of the Arab domination and of the heavy tribute which had to be paid in money was to bring an increase in the exchanges and in the division of labor, as well as an increase in the population and importance of the towns (17). These towns and the Armenian handicraft and industry, liberated from the former crushing tribute,

(16) J. Laurent: *L'Arménie entre Byzance et l'Islam*, Paris 1919, p. 38-40.

(17) A. Sorian: *Die soziale Gliederung des armenischen Volkes im Mittelalter*, Leipzig 1927, p. 74.

passed through a period of unique development. Armenia became one of the most important industrial centers of the Near East, and that at a time when the Near East was economically the most advanced part of the world.

This Armenian production was mainly concentrated in towns like Ani, Van, Kars, Dvin, Karin (Erzerum), Akhlat, Lori, Kerkri, Manazkert, Bitlis, and Navasa, which reached an advanced stage of development and prosperity.

The most important industry was the textile industry with the production of woolen and silk goods, shawls, veils, handkerchiefs and rugs. One finds the praise of the woolen goods of Dvin or of the handkerchiefs of Mayarfaikin in the writings of the Arab writers (Ibn Hauquel, Sherif Namel). The chemical industry was represented by the production of dyestuffs and the auxiliary processing activities which are connected with the textile industry. The dyestuffs produced in Armenia were renowned (18). One found also in Armenia a well developed metal industry. Thus Marr has identified in the ruins of Ani remains of copper smelting installations. One must also quote here the making of copper articles as well as the manufacture of arms (the blades of Karin and Ani had a great reputation), the leather goods as well as jewelry (19).

Finally there was the building trade, that national industry of Armenia throughout the ages, with its auxiliary productions (stone quarries and lime kilns.)

Armenia exported to Byzantium and Bagdad, the two greatest consumption markets of the world at that time (Byzantium had one million inhabitants, Bagdad over one million) her high grade textiles, woolen goods, shawls, handkerchiefs, rugs, ribbons, laces, as well as jewelry and leather goods.

Among the commodities exported from Armenia one may also mention salt, cereals, wine, wood, cattle, horses, furs, honey.

The Armenian king Sembat I made a trade agreement with the Byzantine Empire. The exports to Byzantium mainly took place through the seaport of Trebizond. Those to Bagdad went through the route Van—Bitlis—Mosul or Dvin—Nakhitchewan—Tabriz.

Furthermore, in addition to this national production which nothing can replace as it is the only safe foundation for the prosperity of a country, Armenia continued, thanks to her position, to be one of the crossroads of the great commercial exchanges. The main trade route between the West and Central Asia and the Far East continued to pass through Armenia. From Turkestan came raw silk of China (which was worked in Armenia and other Near Eastern countries), silk fabrics, lacquers, tea, which were forwarded, through Armenia, to the Near East and to Europe either from the port of Trebizond or through the roads crossing Asia Minor and ending in Constantinople or Cilicia. Through Persia, or Iran, Armenia received the products of India and Indonesia, spices, pearls, precious woods. There was a rival route, the one ending in Egypt, but it involved the unloading and reloading of the cargoes (as the Suez Canal did not exist at that time). Furthermore, this last route had to cross the Red Sea which was infested by pirates.

Even the exchanges between Bagdad and Byzantium, the great commercial traffic which took place between these two great metropolises, the largest and wealthiest towns of the world at that time (if one does not consider China) took place partly through Armenia, by means of the road Mosul—Bitlis—Karin (Erzerum) or the road Tabriz-Karin. It is also through Armenia that passed the trade between Bagdad and Georgia and the trade between the

(18) Taraijanz: *Das Gewerbe bei den Armeniern*, Leipzig 1897, p. 24.

(19) H. Thopdschian: *Die inneren Zustände Armeniens unter Achot I*, Berlin 1904, p. 45-46.

capital of the Arab Empire and South Russia and Scandinavia.

This last trade made great advances in the course of the 10th century, when the Scandinavian vikings abandoned their former purely plundering expeditions and created, thanks to their daring and enterprising spirit, a great new trade route, linking the Black Sea with the Baltic along the great rivers of Russia. The river Dnieper became the backbone of this new trade route, and the towns of Kiev and Novgorod its main warehouses. The products of Central Asia, of the Arab Empire and of the Byzantine Empire started thus to appear in Scandinavia and on the coasts of the North Sea. Some of these products, those coming from Central Asia and Bagdad, had to cross Armenia before reaching this new trade route.

The Kingdom of New Armenia

As is known, the Armenian kingdom of the Bagratids fell under the joint onslaught of the Byzantine Empire and of the Turks in the course of the 11th century. But Armenian energy and will-power were able to create on the coast of the Mediterranean, in Cilicia, a new Armenian State, called Lesser Armenia or New Armenia, to replace the one which had disappeared on the borders of the Arax. This New Armenia came into being as a small feudal State in the course of the 11th century, was elevated to the rank of a kingdom by the genius of King Leo II in 1199, and continued to exist as an independent State until 1375. It played an essential role in the economy and the commercial exchanges of the medieval world. Its geographical position, its natural resources, the industrious and enterprising character of its inhabitants, as well as the skillful policy of its sovereigns, all these factors have contributed to make of the kingdom of New Armenia an active production center and one of the most important market places, one may even say the most important market place of the time, in the

trade between the West and the East.

Immediately after the arrival of the Armenians the production of Cilicia started to increase at a rapid rate. It consisted mainly of the cultivation of cereals and cotton, the breeding of silkworms, and the breeding of horses. The mines of Cilicia yielded various metals, among which one may especially mention iron, while the forests provided plenty of wood.

New Armenia also became an important textile center, mainly for the production of woolen and silk goods. It exported also leather and furs (20).

But besides this production in the country itself, the economic importance of New Armenia also was enhanced by the transit trade which soon made of Armenia a great trading center and an important warehouse. New Armenia was located on an important commercial thoroughfare, the road linking Syria with Constantinople. Another great trade route, the one linking Central Asia to the Mediterranean through Iran and Armenia proper, ended also in Cilicia. Finally another major road was the one connecting Cilicia with the Persian Gulf. It was through these two last roads that the products of Central Asia and India reached New Armenia in order to be re-exported from there to the other Mediterranean ports and to Western Europe.

There was a rival road coming from Asia and ending in Egypt, at Alexandria, but precious spices like pepper, cloves, and mace preferred the overland route through New Armenia. These were at this time products of relatively very high value for their weight which meant that the higher transportation cost of the overland route did not affect so much the final price, while in Egypt these products had to pay very high transit duties. Furthermore, one preferred for very sensitive products like these the

(20) W. Heyd: *Histoire du Commerce du Levant*, Leipzig 1923, I p. 367 and II p. 82.

transport by land to the transport by sea, in the course of which their flavour risked being affected by salt air (21).

But the possession of these natural advantages would not have sufficed by itself to transform New Armenia into a great transit center. It was also necessary to attract the merchants of the West into New Armenia and to facilitate their stay. King Leo II showed himself equal to this task. Already in 1201 he received the first ambassador of Genoa, Ogiero de Pallo, and signed a treaty granting to the citizens of that famous commercial town all the privileges likely to attract them into the country in order to carry out their commercial pursuits. Thus the merchants of Genoa were free of customs duties (which amounted on average to 4% of the value for the imports and the exports), and all other duties. King Leo II placed also at the disposal of the Genoese a number of sites in the towns of Sis, Mamistra and Tarus for erecting there the houses of their permanent representations, warehouses, churches, etc.

Six months later King Leo II received the ambassador of Venice, Jacopo Badoaro, who met with the full powers granted to him by the famous doge Enrico Dandolo. The ambassador received concessions similar to those already granted to the Genoese.

Later on merchants of other States or towns opened trade establishments and warehouses in New Armenia. One may mention among them business houses from Florence (including the famous house of Bardi), merchants from the South of France (especially from Montpellier) as well as Catalans.

"The Kings of Armenia", writes Heyd, "supported by all their means the progress of commerce. They liked to see the Western nations compete among themselves for a place in their State. They estimated that the general feeling of sympathy of the Chris-

tian world towards New Armenia was not enough. They thought it necessary also to reinforce these feelings by means of common material interests. They realized that without the active assistance of the maritime powers of the West, New Armenia, surrounded on all sides by Moslem States, would not be in a position to resist the onslaught of her enemies".

In fact, after the 13th century, and following the destruction of all the States established by the Crusaders in the Levant, New Armenia had become the last remaining bridgehead of the Western World then existing on the Asiatic continent. This situation made New Armenia the target of the Moslem States which wanted to destroy the only possible base of operation for a European army, in case the Christian world again planned the conquest of the Holy Land. On the other hand, this situation made of New Armenia the last commercial center remaining for the trade between West and East. The major part of these exchanges was from that time concentrated in New Armenia. This the more so since the Vatican had prohibited European merchants to visit Moslem ports (22).

The main port of New Armenia, Lajazzo, witnessed an extraordinary development. The Arabian historian Aboulfada speaks of Lajazzo as a famous port, the meeting place where all merchants came by sea or by land. At the time of Marco Polo, Lajazzo was the only starting place for all European merchants or travellers intending to penetrate into the interior of the Asiatic continent. It was at Lajazzo that Marco Polo came in 1271 to start with his brothers one of his famous travels. He tells us that this port was a commercial center of the first order, where one found "a variety of spices, silk goods, golden brocades and all kinds of other merchandise brought from the interior of Asia", and that the merchants of Genoa,

(21) Heyd, II, p. 78.

(22) Heyd, II, p. 80.

Venice and other countries came there to deliver the products of the West and exchange them for those of the East (23).

New Armenia thus became the greatest commercial center of the Near East. The merchants of the West came there in order to buy spices, perfumes, dyestuffs, silk goods, muslins, rugs, cotton-goods, pearls and chinaware. They delivered in exchange gold, silver, metals, arms and the articles of the woolen industry of Flanders and Tuscany.

One witnessed the creation, for the first time in history, of an Armenian fleet which played its part in the maritime trade between the Near East and Italy. Thus Alishan has found in the records of the Senate of Venice several references to these Armenian ships (24).

But from the beginning of the 14th century on, the situation of the kingdom of Armenia, which had to face single-handed the onslaught of the Sultans of Egypt, became increasingly difficult. The Sultans were bent on destroying the prosperity of Lajazzo, so as to divert to Egypt the trade with the West. They attacked several times the kingdom of New Armenia.

By the treaty of 1285 they levied already a tribute of one million dirhams. Later on, in 1323, they exacted half the revenue of the customs duties and of the salt-marshes of Lajazzo and Portella. In order to meet these great expenditures the kings of Armenia were obliged to find new resources by creating a number of new taxes (tolls on bridges, roads, port dues, etc.) (25).

In the course of the wars of New Armenia against the Sultans of Egypt Lajazzo was three times occupied and plundered, and finally fell into their hands in 1347. Its ruin thus preceded by about thirty years the fall of the kingdom itself.

Armenia Under Turanian Domination

The conquest of the Near East by the Turks was one of the greatest disasters of history. It is this conquest which has transformed into poor and half deserted lands countries which in ancient times and during the Middle Ages were considered the wealthiest in the world. The Near East has endured for centuries the consequences of this disaster and one can foresee that at least one hundred years of strenuous efforts, supported by all the resources of modern science and technology, will be necessary to recreate and rebuild what the Turanian domination destroyed.

As stated by Professor Vaegeler, "Centuries ago the Near East was a fertile and densely populated region because, thanks to the industriousness and skill of its inhabitants, in this vast region which extends over Turkey, Armenia, Kurdistan and Iran, the lack of rain was countered by the development of a wonderful system of irrigation and by the utmost utilization of the surface and underground waters. Then the Mongol and Turanian invasions came, exterminating the major part of the inhabitants, depopulating these regions, suppressing the most civilized elements. Under a climate as dry as the one of these regions it was inevitable that as soon as the irrigation system was destroyed or even simply neglected, the forces of nature would destroy vegetation. Furthermore, the water from the atmospheric precipitations, when no longer retained by the vegetation or canalized and distributed by the irrigation system, found its way through fissures and gradually expanded them and contributed at the same time to the gradual sinking in the level of the underground waters. Thus a real vicious circle was created. The decimated population was no longer in a position to assure the upkeep of the irrigation system. Then, in turn, the transformation of large regions into deserts prevented these countries from having a population numer-

(23) *Le livre de Marco Polo*, Paris 1865, I, p. 15, 18, 34.

(24) Alishan: *Hai-Venet*, Venice 1896.

(25) Heyd, II, p. 89.

ous enough to carry out the work of economic rehabilitation. This state of things explains why agricultural production in these countries was concentrated more and more on sheep breeding, as a sheep requires only about one quarter of a gallon of water per head per day (as against 10 gallons in the case of cattle). But while in an irrigated country one may settle in the Near East a family on a holding of 10 acres, the use for sheep-breeding of half-deserted, non-irrigated, land necessitates over 200 acres to sustain a family."

Armenia shared during this period the fate of all the countries placed under Turkish domination, and her history during these centuries (from the 12th to 18th century A.D.) is one of continuous decline in the economic field. To the ruin of agriculture by the destruction or neglect of the irrigation system as well as by deforestation must be added the decline of industry and commerce as a result of perpetual insecurity and of the paralysis of transport.

The Armenian economy was obliged to abandon the principle of division of labour which had produced such outstanding results under the Armenian kingdom of the Bagratids and to return to the regime based on autarchy which it had known in early Middle Ages, a system where each village, nearly each family had to be self-sufficient, producing not only its food but also most of its clothing and appliances. In such a system exchanges and international trade were bound to drop to a minimum.

The only important production which survived was that of raw silk in the Eastern part of Armenia, i.e. the region under Persian domination. Raw silk produced in Karabagh, Gandja and Shemakha was well known on the markets and exported to Europe where it was much in demand on account of its reputation (26).

This period was nevertheless character-

ized by a terrible impoverishment of the towns and the land. It is from this time on that parts of Armenia and Asia Minor have assumed that aspect of desolation which forms such a contrast to the descriptions of these countries left to us by the writers of ancient times.

With the formation of the Ottoman Empire, in the 15th century, a measure of organization replaced the complete chaos which had characterized the former centuries, those in which these countries were in the hands of wild and primitive tribes like the Seljuk Turks, the Mongols and the Turkomans. But the organization of the Ottoman Empire had been designed so as to lay the whole weight of taxation on the Christian subjects of the State (who became the only productive elements), making it thus possible for the conquering race to live as parasites.

From the point of view of industry and commerce one must say that some external factors contributed, in addition to those which we have already described, to the economic decline of the Near East. These factors were the destruction of Bagdad by the Mongols in the 12th century, the decadence of Constantinople after its occupation by the Turks. Thus the two great consumption centers where the products of Armenia and of the whole Near East, during the preceding centuries, found a ready market, were eliminated or much reduced in importance. Furthermore, the development of a new route to India and the Far East by the Cape of Good Hope, reduced the importance of Armenia as a transit land and a warehouse in the exchanges with Asia.

Thanks to the trade traditions of the country, to the enterprising spirit of her merchants and to the ancient ties which had been established, a traffic was still maintained between India, Iran and Europe through Erzerum and Trebizond. Erzerum thus remained an important trade center. "This

(26) Heyd, II, p. 670-672.

town", writes the well-known French traveller Tournefort at the beginning of the 18th century, "is the warehouse of all merchandise coming from India and Iran, such as silk, cotton, spices and printed cloth".

The Armenian merchants maintained, under the most trying conditions, the great tradition of the preceding centuries. Their work involved real expeditions extending over years into the interior of Asia, where they were exposed to all kinds of dangers, either on the part of nature or from wild and uncivilized populations. This required a considerable degree of courage and physical endurance which were, at that time, associated with the term trader. Tournefort reports, for example, rigours of the seasons. "We have seen several of them, crossing large rivers with water up to their necks, in order to set fallen horses again on their feet or to save their bales of silk or their friends. Nothing is more edifying than to see with what spirit they help each other and foreigners in these caravans" (27).

Another famous French traveller and explorer of the 17th century, Tavernier, pays a similar tribute to the Armenian merchants. "Strong and tireless people capable of undertaking the longest travels. They are more adapted to this calling since they are very thrifty and sober" (28). Tavernier tells us that the Armenians exported to Europe the silk goods of Persia (Iran) and the spices of India. They brought back in return cloth from Great Britain and Flanders, notions and hardware from Nuremberg, glassware from Venice, etc.

Through their merchants and caravan leaders the Armenians have played during centuries the same role in Western Asia as the one played in the same regions by the

Greeks at sea (29). Thus the Armenian caravan leader has become a classical type, the forerunner of the Argentine "capataz". As pointed out by Varandian, the plough and the caravan have been the two powerful levers of the Armenian civilization, the two characteristic features of the creative spirit of the race.

It is also during this period that Armenian merchants created trade corporations and opened permanent trade establishments in Europe (as for example in Amsterdam and Leghorn), in India and Indonesia. They dominated what was one of the greatest overland trade routes of the time, the caravan route linking the Crimea with Flanders, whose terminus was Bruges.

Their enterprising spirit made up for the failures of the Turkish administration. Thus they organized and operated the service of supply of the Turkish army.

It is not commonly known that the famous East India Company was in fact the successor of an Armenian Company which had also wide powers (30). The Armenians then became precious auxiliaries of the East India Company and were most helpful as interpreters, guides and agents during its early period of existence (31).

In France the greatest builders of French economic power showed their interest in the Armenians. Jacques Coeur sought their cooperation for reviving the French foreign trade (32). Richelieu in his letters patent of June 24th, 1635, authorized them to do business freely in France. Colbert, in a report which is still in the archives of the French Ministry of Marine, stresses the importance of the Armenians for the development of French commerce (33).

(29) M. and N. Buxton: *Travels and Politics in Armenia*, London 1914, p. 175.

(30) M. Ormanian: *L'Eglise Armenienne*, Paris 1910, p. 165.

(31) Buxton, p. 30-31 and 194-197.

(32) F. Macler: *Autour de l'Arménie*, Paris, 1917, p. 5.

(33) E. Lavisse: *Notre politique orientale*, *Revue de Paris*, 15 mai 1897.

(27) Tournefort: *Relation d'un voyage du Levant*, Paris 1707, p. 393.

(28) Tavernier: *Les Six Voyages*, Paris 1679, p. 465 and 467.

In Poland, the Armenians who settled there after the loss of Armenia's independence played also an outstanding economic role. As stated by F. Macler, "In Lemberg, the Armenians were masters of the trade with the East. The organization of caravans was a kind of Armenian monopoly and the whole Polish commercial world from Danzig and Cracow and even the German merchants from Nuremberg, profited by these undertakings. It was the Genoese who created the great trade route Caffa (the main town of the Crimea at that time) —Lemberg—Cracow—Nuremberg—Bruges, but it was the Armenians who developed this route. After the decadence of Caffa and the ruin of the Genoese, the route from Lemberg to the East went to Andrinople through Jassy. The leader of a caravan was always an Armenian. He had absolute powers in the same way as the captain of a ship. These Armenian caravan leaders spoke several foreign languages. They were well armed and brave, as travelling in the East at that time was not an undertaking devoid of perils. Their knowledge of the East also made the Armenians the diplomatic interpreters of the Polish Government. Besides these official interpreters, there were special Armenian companies whose aim was to facilitate commercial undertakings and which accompanied the diplomatic legations. They were exempt from duties and taxes in the same way as the diplomatic missions. The Armenians of Lemberg imported mainly luxury goods like rugs, embroideries, engraved arms, jewelry. These articles were first imported from the East, but later on the Armenians started to manufacture them on the spot, i.e. in Lemberg itself. They were excellent craftsmen and they have contributed to the introduction in Europe of a number of new oriental designs, especially in the goldsmith line" (34).

Armenians may be found playing a part

(34) F. Macler: *The Armenians of Galicia*, *Revue des Etudes Armeniennes*, Paris 1926.

in the development of the economic life in several countries. In France they contributed to the introduction of silkworm breeding under the reign of Henri IV. Later on an Armenian, J. Althen, developed the culture of madder in the south of France and thus supplied the French textile industry with one of the dyes which achieved the reputation of the old Armenian textiles (35). The French town of Avignon has erected a statue in honor of this daring innovator. Another, less positive contribution is represented by the opening of the first cafe in Paris by an Armenian named Pascal, in 1672 (36).

In Russia, when Catherine II started to colonize the south east of Russia (for example, the region of Rostov), she used Armenians from Crimea for that purpose. Their achievements as pioneers may be judged by the inscription on the walls of the famous Catherine Hall in Moscow, where it is written about them, "They converted deserts into towns." (37).

The Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries, Up to 1914

At the beginning of the 19th century Russia rapidly extended its frontiers in the direction of the south, penetrated into Transcaucasia and annexed that region as well as the eastern part of Armenia (which became Russian Armenia). Under Russian domination, in the course of the 19th century, Transcaucasia underwent a remarkable economic development. Thus, on the eve of the first world war the standard of living of the population of Transcaucasia, while low when compared with Europe, let alone the United States, was nevertheless relatively much higher than in the neighboring countries

(35) See P. Achard: *Note sur Jean Althen et la culture de la garance, Avignon 1843.*

(36) J. Mathorez: *Quelques Armeniens ayant vecu en France avant 1789. Revue des Etudes Armeniennes*, 1922.

(37) Berberow: *Russen uber Russland, Frankfurt, 1906, p. 641.*

(Persia, Western or Turkish Armenia, Asiatic Turkey). The order and the security established by the Russians, their work of equipping the country with means of communication (highways, railroads, ports), finally the liberty which they left to private enterprise, this private enterprise which, in the course of the 19th century, everywhere in the world was the very backbone of progress, all these factors contributed to ensuring the rehabilitation of the country.

On the other hand, the development of agriculture was hindered by the system of large estates that the Russians maintained in their new possessions, as prevalent in Russia proper. Thus the number of peasants who owned their farms was too limited. Large expanses of land were owned by the local nobility, and this meant that too many peasants were reduced to the status of tenants, without the stimulus of owning their own farms.

Furthermore, in several regions, as for example in the Karabagh, there was a continuous conflict between the way of life of the Tatar nomads and that of the Armenians who were settled farmers. The Armenians occupied mostly the land located halfway between the plains and the pastures in the highlands. Twice a year the Tatar nomads tried to cross the Armenian areas, and this gave rise to a number of conflicts (38).

Nevertheless the development of the means of communication stimulated agricultural production and the exports of agriculture produce (mainly cattle, cereals, wine and silk) increased markedly. Towards the end of the 19th century the increase in population and in local consumption put an end to the export of cereals, but the culture of cotton started to be developed on an increasing scale and added a new product to the exports, while the improvement of communication with Russia, through the

construction of the railroads, made possible the export of perishable goods like fresh fruits and grapes.

The region of Kars was the center of production of cereals, while besides cereals, cotton, rice, wines and all sorts of fruits were cultivated in the valley of the Araxe. The wonderful fruits of the region of Erivan, especially grapes, apricots, apples and melons, were known for their excellence. Cattle breeding was extensively carried out throughout the country. Karabagh was renowned for her horses. Mulberry was cultivated in the regions of Erivan, Nakhitchevan and Karabagh, and silkworm breeding flourished.

However, as in the whole Near East, the methods used in agricultural production were primitive. For example, the three-course rotation system of culture was ignored, and meadowland and natural pasturage were practically the only forms of fodder procurable. Also the cultivation of potatoes and fodder roots was negligible.

From the industrial point of view the most important development was that of the oil (petroleum) industry (39). In other lines the production of Transcaucasia, including Russian Armenia, remained in the nature of handicrafts, the only establishments working on an industrial scale being found in the cotton ginning mills, some lines of the food industry, and in the mining industry, for example the copper mines of Allaverdi and Zanguezur, which in 1914 employed about 5,000 workers and produced around 5,000 tons of copper a year (i.e. 20% of the total production of the Russian Empire in those days), and the salt mines of Kolp, Kaghisman and Nakhitchevan with a yearly production of about 25,000 tons.

Cotton cloth, rugs, leather, earthenware and blacksmith's work may also be men-

(38) C. Koefoed: *Halvtreds Aar i Rusland*, Copenhagen 1945, p. 107-108.

(39) C. S. Gulbenkian: *La peninsule d'Apcheron et le petrole russe*, *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Paris, May 15th, 1891.

tioned among the productions of Russian Armenia, but they were carried out in small establishments.

The main exports of Russian Armenia were cotton, copper, salt, high-grade building stone, cheese, wines and brandies, silk, rugs, fruits and dried fruits. The main imports were fuel, sugar, cotton goods and metal wares.

In another part of Transcaucasia, in Baku, the oil industry underwent a startling development in the second half of the 19th century and in the first decade of the 20th. Nowadays, when the oil industry has reached a great development in most parts of the world, one is inclined to forget that Baku was for a long time the greatest oil center in the world, ensuring to Russia for a number of years the rank of the greatest oil producer in the world, being outstripped only by the United States on the eve of the 20th century.

The town of Baku, which had 15,000 inhabitants in 1870, reached the figure of 250,000 inhabitants (of whom 60,000 were Armenians) in 1914. This oil industry of Baku was developed by industrialists and capitalists of various nationalities, but among them the Armenians occupied the first place. By their industrialists, engineers, foremen and workers the Armenians, especially those originating from the Karabagh and Zanguezur, played the role of pioneers in the creation and the development of the Transcaucasian oil industry.

Armenians were also in the forefront in the development of other natural resources of Transcaucasia (manganese, copper, caviar).

In the field of commerce proper the Armenians also played, up to 1914, an outstanding role in the expansion of the Russian foreign trade, especially in its relations with the Near East (40). They appeared on the

Russian markets, selling there the products of Transcaucasia (raw silk, cotton, fruits, skins, furs, caviar) and of Persia (rugs, perfumes) while in the Near East (Transcaucasia, Persia, Asia Minor) they offered tea (which they bought at the trade fair of Nijni Novgorod) and the manufactured goods from Russia, Europe and the United States (textiles, metal goods, hardware, chinaware, glassware, tools and machines). The Armenians were also the pioneers of the Russian trade in Central Asia (Turkestan) (41).

In fact the economic development of Transcaucasia in the course of the 19th century and during the first decades of the 20th, has to a great extent been the outcome of the enterprising spirit and industriousness of the Armenians (42). The French Senator Victor Berard, a well-known authority on Eastern questions, stressed in 1905 this contribution in following words, "The agriculture and the trade of Transcaucasia owe their progress to that pioneer of Western civilization, the Armenian. If nowadays Batum, Tiflis and Baku are placed on a trade route of world importance, this is perhaps first of all due to the expansion of the oil industry, but without the Armenian who has been the auxiliary of Western enterprises one may wonder whether Russia could have derived so much profit from these natural resources." (43).

However, this great economic development, in which the Armenians took so great a part, benefited the centers of Batum, Tiflis and Baku, rather than the Armenian provinces of Transcaucasia.

As a matter of fact, through their annexation with the Russian Empire, the Armenian provinces of Transcaucasia, especially repre-

(41) See H Norman: *All the Russias*, London 1902, p. 242.

(42) See Paul Rohrbach: *Vom Kaukasus zum Mittelmeer*, Leipzig 1903, p. 12 and 13.

(43) V. Berard: *L'Empire russe et le tourisme*, Paris 1905, p. 92-93.

(40) See Brayley Hodgkiss: *Round about Armenia*, London 1896, p. 62 and 169.

sented by the region of Erivan, lost part of their former importance. In the past the region of Erivan had derived part of its prosperity from the fact that it was located on two important trade routes, one linking Tabriz (capital of Persian Azerbaijan) with Tiflis (capital of Georgia), and the other linking Tabriz with the Black Sea through Erivan, Erzerum and Trebizond.

But the first of these trade routes, the one linking Tabriz with Tiflis, was materially affected by the high customs duties levied by the Russian commercial policy in order to reserve the Transcaucasian market for the production of Russian industry. As to the second of these trade movements, it switched to the route Tabriz—Bayazid—Erzerum, so as to establish a direct connection between Persia and Turkey, thus avoiding Russian territory (44).

Only the development of industrial production in Russian Armenia itself could have counteracted this detrimental evolution. But as Russian Armenia was in an outlying position, and as the Russian railroads linked Russian Armenia with the remainder of the Empire only at a relatively late date—the beginning of the 20th century—the Armenian industrial enterprises were created and developed mainly in the remainder of Transcaucasia and in South Russia, rather than in Russian Armenia. Thus it was that these regions, more than Armenia, profited during the 19th century by the results of Armenian enterprising spirit and labor.

As to Turkish Armenia, while it could by no means compare with Transcaucasia, or even Russian Armenia, in point of economic development on the eve of World War I, it nevertheless was a credit to Armenian industry. Working under the most appalling conditions, at the mercy of a corrupt and incompetent government, and subject to systematic plunder and loot, the Armenians

nevertheless constituted the only really constructive element in Turkish Armenia.

A few years of peace and respite were sufficient for the Armenian peasants to develop a region, until the next devastations of the Turks and the Kurds. A French traveller, Deyrolle, has described his astonishment on seeing the results of the work of the Armenian peasants in following terms: "We are heading towards Akhlat, crossing a plateau admirably cultivated, where the wheat is so fine and so well sown that I could imagine myself to be in one of the most wealthy parts of France, on a model farm in the middle of an agricultural country which has reached the most advanced stage of technical developments" (45).

Cereals (mainly wheat, barley and millet) were cultivated throughout Turkish Armenia, but the main production centers were the fertile plains of Erzerum, Bassen, Alachquert, Mush and Khnis. However, the lack of transportation did not permit the development of cereal exports on a large scale. Tobacco was grown in the region of Trebizond, i.e. on the Black Sea coast, as well as in the regions of Mush, Bitlis, Van and Diarbekr. Cotton and rice were produced in Cilicia, hemp and flax in other regions, while extensive fruit orchards and vineyards were found in nearly every district. Citrus fruits and pomegranates were cultivated in the Black Sea region and in the southern districts of Diarbekr and Bitlis. Fisheries were found on the shores of the Black Sea (Trebizond) and of the lake of Van. Excellent fish was also available in the mountain streams and the Tigris.

Throughout large portions of the country there were extensive ranges of mountain pasture, often at a considerable distance from the farms, on which live stock was kept for several months in the summer. The raising of live stock was of great importance

(44) P. Muller-Simonis: *Du Caucase au Golfe Persique*, Paris 1892, p. 60.

(45) T. Deyrolle: *Voyage dans le Lazistan et l'Arménie*, *Le Tour du Monde*, Paris 1875, p. 286.

throughout the whole country. It may be said that in the mountainous regions cattle raising was the main source of revenue.

As to the handicrafts and industrial products of Turkish Armenia, it may truthfully be said that they were entirely controlled by the Armenians.

The main cotton and wool production centers were in the region of Van. They used as raw materials wool and mohair produced in the country itself and raw cotton imported from Persia. This industry employed about 3,000 people in the towns of Van and Chatakh, a remarkable number considering the stage of economic development of the Near East at that time.

Sivas was also an important center in the manufacture of cotton goods and woolen cloth, while Diarbekr was a well known textile center which, besides cotton and woolen manufactures (employing about 2,000 people), had a well developed silk industry using as raw material silk produced in the region or imported from Syria and Persia.

Woolen cloth was also produced in Mush and Bitlis, and Sivas and Tokat had a number of establishments engaged in the printing and dying of cotton goods. Mention should also be made of the manufacture of rugs in the regions of Van, Mush, Baibourt, Diarbekr, Sivas and Caesarea.

The town of Erzerum was the center of the food industry (flour mills and production of jerked beef, the so-called pasderma), of leather, and especially the metal industry. The skill with which the craftsmen of Erzerum worked leather was so well known that they received skins to be treated even from Russia and Persia. Diarbekr and Tokat were also important leather producing centers.

As to metal works, the craftsmen of Erzerum enjoyed a reputation dating back to ancient times. The manufacture of arms, hardware, cutlery, and copper works were lines in which the Armenian craftsmen of Erzerum excelled. Cutlery was also pro-

duced in Sivas, while copper-smithing was in Erzinjian, Diarbekr and Tokat. Copper was supplied by the mines of Arghana-Maden, while raw iron had to be imported from abroad.

Mention should also be made of the art of goldsmithing and the manufacture in which the craftsmen of Erzerum, Van, Trebizond and Diarbekr competed against each other for the first place in excellence.

Trebizond and Van had a number of soap-producing establishments; Trebizond had also several sawmills, while potteries were operated in Sivas, Tokat and Gumush-Khan.

The great drawback of the country, besides a political regime where the Armenians were subject to incessant persecutions, was the absence of means of communication. The country had not a single railroad and the few existing roads were left in such a state of abandon and deterioration that nearly all transport had to be carried out on mere trails. This transport had to take place by means of *arabas* (two-wheeled carts drawn by bullocks or buffaloes) or of pack animals (horses, oxen, donkeys and camels). The average freight cost was of about 20 cents per ton-mile as against less than 2 cents per ton-mile with railroads. Thus the freight rate between Erzerum and Trebizond reached the exorbitant price of \$75 per ton.

A consequence of this transport problem, coupled with the small resources in timber, was the scarcity of fuel.

The mining wealth of the country (copper, coal) was not exploited, except for the salt mines of Mush-Bitlis region and the copper mines of Arghana-Maden.

In the midst of this backward country the Armenian centers, for example towns like Erzerum, Van, Diarbekr and Sivas, played nevertheless a vital role. As noted by Elysee Reclus, the well-known geographer: "By the culture and the state of mind of their Armenian inhabitants, these towns were like

outposts of the Western civilization in the midst of backward Turkish and Kurdish populations, which often were still in a nomadic stage."

Toynbee has compared the vast dry region which extends from the Balkans to Central Asia, and which includes the Middle East, to a sea, and the nomadic peoples living in this part of the world to the sea-faring peoples of other regions of the world. But in the midst of this "dry sea" some islands where people lived by cultivation have been built by intense work and irrigation. The Armenian plateau was one of these islands.

By virtue of their industry and thrift the Armenians were the cultural and progressive elements of this part of the Middle East. It was this achievement which led the best in-

formed authorities on these regions, a James Bryce, a Buxton, a Chantre, a Lynch, a Rohrbach, to predict for Armenia a future which would make of that country a kind of Switzerland of the Near East.

A great and sincere friend of Armenia, the former Italian prime minister Luzzati, wrote in this connection that "an independent Armenia will not only be the vanguard of Western civilization in the Near East, but the center of the economic rehabilitation of this part of the world, which needs material restoration as much as moral restoration. A nation which works and prospers is more important than a thousand masters in educating by her example poor and ignorant neighbors. This is what confers such importance on the mission of Armenia."



RELATIVITY

A Short Short Story

By DIKRAN AKILLIAN

Outside the rain came in gusts of wind, and when the wind didn't blow it drizzled with a monotonous rhythm. Steam covered the diner window, and now and then a man seated alone in a booth would wipe the steam away and peer into the murky night. He would wait until he saw the headlights of a car sweep down the glistening highway, watch the red tail-lights fade from sight, then turn around and sip his coffee.

"Give me another cup of coffee."

The counterman looked up from the racing sheet he was studying and slowly poured a cup from the coffee pot.

"Not much of a night, is it," he said, and put the cup on the table.

The seated man looked around the empty diner and said: "It's all of a night," and stirred sugar into his coffee.

The counterman scratched his head and tried again. "I meant it was pretty bad out. Lousy weather."

The man stopped stirring, and looked up. "I realized quite well that you were talking about the weather."

The counterman said, "Okay," and went back to his racing sheet.

The man in the booth got up and walked to the counter.

"You see," he said, lowering his voice as though he were going to say something highly secretive, "everything is relative. Absolutely and without a doubt relative."

The counterman picked his teeth with a toothpick. He started to say something, but stopped, changed his mind and said: "All I

said was it wasn't much of a night."

"Exactly. And relatively speaking it's not. But here's the catch." He stared into the counterman's face, and continued, "the relative is variable. Absolutely variable. Most people realize that things are relative, but they forget that the relative is variable."

The counterman closed his racing sheet, and began cleaning the counter with a rag.

The man on the other side of the counter watched the circular movements of the rag as though hypnotized.

Finally the counterman stopped, and said: "Look mister, don't make an issue of it. You're getting me nervous." He glared at the man, gave a stubborn spot on the counter a healthy swipe and said, "If it wasn't such a stinking night I'd throw you out!"

A smile crossed over the man's face and became tense again when he spoke. "Hah! You prove my point." He lit a cigarette. "You say it's a bad night. It can be true, provided you compare it with a night that it did not rain, the moon was out, and the wind was a gentle whisper instead of a shriek. Undoubtedly and unknowingly, your comment on the weather was from just such an observation. But . . ." Here he stopped and tapped his forefinger on the counter, then continued, "you forgot one important factor. You forgot that the relative is variable."

He inhaled deeply on the cigarette, carefully ground it out on the clean counter, and walked out into the howling night.

THE END



(FIGURE 1)

(Left Panel) Miniature of Nectdanibos (rt.) and of Ter Asdvadzadour (lt.) —From "Romance of Alexander," 1544; the John Ryland's Library, Manchester, England. (Right Panel) Frontispiece of "Romance of Alexander," 1544, the John Ryland's Library, Manchester, England.

THE ROMANCE OF ALEXANDER

Armenian MS. No. 3 of The John Ryland's
Library of Manchester, Eng.

By H. KURDIAN

During a short stay in Manchester, England in 1946 I had the privilege of seeing a small but very important collection of Armenian manuscripts in the John Ryland's Library. I am deeply grateful to the learned Librarian Dr. Henry Guppy who was kind enough to help me in every way in the study of these manuscripts.

The Ryland collection includes a manuscript copy of the "Romance of Alexander" in Armenian. This is an important specimen of ancient Armenian secular literature, translated from the Greek into Armenian some time in the Sixth Century A.D. and has reached down to us by transcriptions, the oldest of which does not go farther back than the XIVth Century A.D. A recapitulation of the earlier copies now extant will be of interest to present day scholars in view of the fact that more than one American university professor is now engaged in the fascinating study of the original text.

The oldest, although undated and fragmentary, copy of the Romance of Alexander now constitutes one of the gems of the extensive collection of the Armenian Mekhitarist Institute of St. Lazzaro, Venice, Italy. This rare copy, poorly patched up and rebound in later years, includes highly inter-

esting miniatures evidently executed with some Byzantine influence. Place and date of the execution remain unknown because of the lack of colophon. A substantial part of the book has been torn off and is missing, the space having been filled with blank paper. Although much earlier dates have been attributed to the manuscript, I very much doubt if it goes farther back than the second part of the XVth century. However, I will not dwell on the subject here. I will merely accompany this article with a few sample miniatures taken from the several copies mentioned in this discussion.

The second oldest illustrated copy is in my possession in Wichita, Kansas, U. S. A. It was written in 1526, by the Scribe Markara at the Gate of "Soupp Astvatzatzin of Kharapasda," near Lake Van in Armenia, excellently illustrated by the renowned XVIth century Armenian poet and illustrator Grigoris Aghtamartzy (Catholicos Gregory of Aghtamar). However, many years ago, vandals had torn off many illustrated pages of this valuable copy and had sold them to various collectors. Fortunately, I was able to recover some of these lost pages and replaced them in the book. At present only 19 leaves are missing, most of which

WE REGRET that Mr. Kurdian's interesting study—'Wasiric Dynasty of Badr Al-Jamali, the Armenian, during the Fatimid Caliphate'—publication of which was commenced in the previous issue of THE REVIEW, is being temporarily broken off. Personal circumstances prevent the author from continuing the series at this time. Publication of Al-Jamali's story will be recommenced at a later date.



Romance of Alexander (1544 A. D.)
The John Ryland's Library, Manchester, England

have been located, and I hope I will be able to restore them some day with the assistance of the present owners. Thus, my copy becomes the oldest, and almost complete, of all the Armenian illustrated copies of "The Romance of Alexander."

The third oldest illustrated copy is in the possession of the Armenian St. James Convent library. It was written by the same scribe ten years after the writing of my copy, and is illustrated by the same Grigoris Aghtamartzy, but only a few of the illustrations are completed. The rest of the manuscript is without illustrations, although their space is left blank.

This makes the Rylands copy the fourth oldest illustrated copy in existence. Unfortunately, the copy is not complete. About eight or ten leaves are missing which no doubt included some illustrations. In its present form, the manuscript includes 119 miniatures. As early as 1892 this manuscript which at the time was known as No. 3 of Lord Crawford and Balcares manuscripts, received the attention of Armenian scholars. In 1892, Father Hagovbos Vardapet Tashian of the Mekhitarist Congregation of Vienna published a learned exposition in Armenian entitled "Usumnasirutiunner Sdouin-Galistenar Varoutz Agheksantr." (Study of Pseudo-Callisthenes Conduct of Alexander).

On pages 156-160 the great Armenian scholar discusses the present John Rylands copy. He derives his information from an article by Father Soukias Vardapet Baronian of England, and published in *Handes Amsoria*, an Armenian periodical of the Vienna Mekhitarists, 1891, No. 2 page 2. However, in the same periodical, 1892, No. 1, page 21, another Armenian scholar, Mr. Karapet Basmajian, pointed out the fact that in the colophon the place of the execution of the miniature is given as "Souliman Astir," which should read "Souli Manastir," which proves that the manuscript is not the original as the colophon indicates. Obviously the

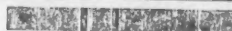
colophon was copied at a later date. This assumption is wrong and I will be able to prove later that the Rylands Library copy is really the original of the Zacharia edition and was written by him in 1544.

The Rylands copy also received the attention of Garegin Archbishop Hovsepien, now Catholicos of Cilicia, in chapter XI of the first volume of his "Ghaghpakiankh kam Proshiankh," a monumental Armenian study in three volumes. Unfortunately the learned scholar made some grave errors in identifying the place of the manuscript. In a footnote on page 242 he states that the manuscript is at Manchester "City" Library, catalogued No. 2, the property of John Rylands "Bookstore," and previously owned by the family of Lord Crawford and Balcares. To prevent any future discrepancies and errors in regard to this famous manuscript I present here all the small notes pertaining to the scribe and the colophons translated into English, supplementing them with necessary information.

The Rylands copy of The Romance of Alexander bears the number 3 of the library's Armenian collection. It is written on velum, single column, in Armenian "Col-orair" (round letters), and is decorated with 120 illustrations. Following are the various colophons:

P. 2b under the elaborate full page colorful miniature, representing on the right "Necdanibos studying the stars," as the three line inscription on the upper part states. On the left obviously is the receiver of the manuscript, Patriarch Astvatzatour of Constantinople. Underneath the miniature appears the following note in Armenian: "The receiver of this book Ter Astvatzatour Patriarch, God remember him." (See illustration 1). The Scribe's principal colophon on p. 182a.

The colophon proper: "Glory to the all-powerful Lordship of Jesus our God. Who enabled me, weak-spirited and sinner Zacharia



"ALEXANDER AND DARIUS AT WAR"

The Romance of Alexander—1544 A. D.

The John Rylands' Library, Manchester, England

ria Bishop, unworthy seeker of the truth, to reach the end of the history of Alexander the world conquerer. Which was written at the behest of the blessed, gracious and learned teacher Ter Astvatzatour Patriarch who now occupies the chair of father principal John Chrysostom in Constantinople, in exalted honor, and receiving his authority from our Holy Creator. It was his wish that this testament be written for his enjoyment, and thereafter as a memoir to be preserved in the church for him and for his parents, his father Yaghoub and his mother Mahboub, the Lord Jesus Christ have mercy on their souls, and to let this be enjoyed for many days by Ter Astvatzatour the purifyer. And I, empty of all good and sinful Bishop Zacharia, a student of the gracious Catholicos Grigoris, and master of Hovsep who this year passed away to join the immortals, to my great grief and anguish. And I saw the desire and the love of our brother (Ter Astvatzatour), I accepted the assignment, and with the help of God, completed (this book) with writing and golden illuminations, and decorating it with many colors, all for our dear brother Ter Astvatzatour poeticos. And now, whosoever shall come across this writing, observe and benefit from it in any way, graciously remember in your prayers and aimed requests Ter Astvatzatour the overseer, and me the departed sinner Bishop Zacharia, the writer and the illuminator of this book. This was written in the Armenian year of 993 (1544 A.D.) at Souli Manastir during the tyrannical reign of Sultan Suleiman. And you, who come across this book, I beg of you not to hurl any insults, but utter the blessings of the Lord."

Souli Manastir, which is the name of one of the sections of Constantinople, appears to be divided to read "Souliman astir" in the manuscript. This irregular division of the proper name was made by the scribe because on the upper line, just above the words "Souli Manastir," the lower leg of the Ar-

menian capital letter "C" (kim) had dropped far down. Thus, when the scribe wrote the next line, he was obliged to break up the name *Souli Manastir* into Souliman astir. However, the Armenian scholars like Rev. Baronian did not pay any attention to this obvious fact and wrongly assumed that the scribe Bishop Zacharia would have known better than to misdivide the name of the place where he was writing the manuscript. Therefore, they assumed, he could not have been the author of the present manuscript but someone else who years later copied the original of 1544, colophons and all, and not knowing better, he copied the name wrong.

However, this is not true. The Rylands copy is the original handwriting of Bishop Zacharia, and it was written in 1544. The first full page miniature (illustration 1) with the border inscription, and the various contemporary colophons written by the scribe and the receiver leave no doubt about it. The manuscript has come down to us in perfect form, and if it were a copy of the 1544 original, no doubt the copyist would have left some reminders of his identity which are completely missing.

Immediately after this the scribe continues. "From the Scribe Zacharia" in verse:

"From my sinful fingers receive, my renowned Doctor-Master,

At your request it has been completed by me a sinner.

In gold and many colors it was illuminated and truthfully designed,

This Alexander the wonderful, handle this tenderly,

Preserve it with love and care for the enjoyment of your person,

So it will not be soiled, this priceless jewel, for the sake of our Godmother.

Because I am solid in sin, and hope with your prayers

To erase my sins in lordly manner, which are



ROMANCE OF ALEXANDER (1544 A. D.)
The John Ryland's Library, Manchester, England

unnumbered.

If you are benefited by the things in here,
and the book pleases you,

Remember me, your sinful servant, and beg
mercy for my sins.

He who gave birth to man by the virgin,
washed the sins from the beginning,

He will not remember your sins, and among
the saints He will class you.

My graceful Ter Astvatzatour, I beg of you
earnestly,

You are the enjoyer of this book, remember
me in good faith,

The Scribe Zacharia, the unexpert illustrator;
Do not blame me for my faults, for this was
the best I could do,

And remember my beloved Master Hovsep
Aghtamartzi,

Who passed away this year, leaving me
prostrate with grief,

Utter a prayer, I beseech you, for him and
for me,

For he was a sweet teacher, good, and un-
failing in the art of the Word."

Immediately below, and in a smaller hand,
there is another verse entitled "From the
Receiver Ter Astvatzatour Vardapet."

"Pure and free from the diseases of sin,
pious and saintly,

Superb Scribe, source of intelligence, foun-
tain of grace."

The verse ends with: "When you depart
from Stumbol (Constantinople, Istanbul),
and you part with unworthy me, take this
as a souvenir from Astvatzatour Vardapet."
The acrostics of this verse form the word
"Zacharia."

Who is this scribe and illuminator Zach-
aria? We have already seen that he mentions
in the first main colophon of this manuscript
the names of Krikoris and Hovsep Agh-
tamartzy as his teachers. In another manu-
script of Sharakans (Hymnals) dated 1576

A.D., he again mentions his teachers Gri-
goris and Hovsep.(1) Finally, there was a
second copy of the Romance of Alexander
from the pen of Zacharia. This copy has
been lost to us, however, the Mekhitarist
collection of Vienna (2) has a volume which
is copied from this lost number. The later
copyist fortunately also copied Zacharia's
colophon which throw additional light on
Zacharia's identity. In this colophon we are
told by Zacharia himself that he wrote the
second copy "in the great city of Rome,
near the Pope of the Franks who sits on the
throne of the Apostles Peter and Paul, this
copy corrected from the books of the an-
cients for the edification of the readers, deco-
rated with gold and illustrations, and with
verses for the glory of the Savior, and bring-
ing it to Armenia as a gift to the great. . . .
Essaia and my lord brothers and fathers of
the dynasty of Proshiantz."

Thus we are able to establish the identity
of Zacharia as the great XVIth Century Ar-
menian poet Zacharia of Gnounik (Gnoun-
etzi), sometimes known as Ghujutzy" and
"Lumetzy." His poetical works were pub-
lished by Father Nerses Vardapet Akinian
of the Mekhitarist Congregation of Vienna
in 1910.

Unfortunately we have no information in
regard to the birth date and the childhood of
Zacharia. We know that he was a member
of the great Ghaghbagian or Proshian family
and was a bishop of the ancient Armenian
district of "Ghounik" now known as the dis-
trict of Amouk or Bergri near Lake Van.
He must have studied at Aghtamar (an
island in Lake Van) under the tutelage of
Hovsep Aghtamartzy and Grigoris Agh-
tamartzy, both great masters, as we shall see.
He is first introduced to us in history as a
Bishop busy writing the copy of the Ar-
menian version of "The Romance of Alex-

(1) Library of Etchmiadrin, No. 1613. Now
removed to Erivan, Armenia.

(2) Mekhitarist Library of Vienna, No. 57A.



"Alexander"
Romance of Alexander
Mekhitarist Collection
Venice, Italy
(Circa 1450-1500)



**"Building of City of
 Alexandria"**
Romance of Alexander
Jerusalem Collection
(Dated 1535)



"Alexander and Queen Kantake"
Romance of Alexander
Mekhitarist Collection
Venice, Italy
(Circa 1450-1500)



ROMANCE OF ALEXANDER—1525

(Kurdian Collection)

(Left) "Alexander and Queen Kantake." (Right) "The Banquet of Alexander and Queen Kantake."

ander," now in the Rylands Library of Manchester. The writing and the illustrations of this work were completed in the year 1544 A.D. for his beloved friend Ter Astvatzatur, Patriarch of the Armenians, Constantinople, Turkey. In 1549 we find him in the Island of Lim (Lake Van), penning an Armenian gospel and illuminating it for one Hakop. (3)

Finally, we have a third manuscript from his pen dated 1576, again written in Lim. (4) This is all we know about him. One of his verses dated 1532 states that he was away from home, but we can't definitely say it was at this time that he visited Constantinople or Rome. There is no date of his stay in the latter city.

We have no way of knowing when Zacharia died or where he was buried. His two teachers, Grigoris and Hovsep of Aghtamar were also renowned in the XVIth Century as teachers, poets, and illuminators. Grigoris was born about 1480-1490, and after a prolific life as a poet, scribe, illuminator and illustrator, he died about 1545. He was Catholicos of Aghtamar from 1530 to 1545.

Hovsep Aghtamartzy has a somewhat

more obscure biography. Very little is known about him. The date of his birth is not known, however judging from the name Aghtamartzy (of Aghtamar), he must have been born near Aghtamar and raised in that famous Armenian island in Lake Van. We have very little survivals of his poetical works, however we have a number of manuscripts which were illuminated by him. He taught the art of writing, poetry, illumination, etc. to a number of great Armenian scribes of his era, such as, Grigoris Aghtamartzy, Zacharia Gnounetzy, Sarkis Ghizantzy the elder, etc. According to the colophon of the Rylands manuscript, he died in the year of 1544 A.D. This is the only source which throws any light on the biography of Hovsep Aghtamartzy.

As we have noted above, the receiver of the Zacharia manuscript was Ter Astvatzatur, Patriarch of Armenians in Constantinople. Astvatzatur was Patriarch from 1537 to 1550.

About Zacharia's illuminations and illustrations of this manuscript I cannot say much here, inasmuch as I am working on a detailed publication of the work, in a comparative study of the text, including the illustrations, with the Romance of Alexander copies in Venice, Jerusalem, Manchester, and my collection.

(3) Former Library of Etchmiadzin, New Catalog, No. 362. (Now removed to Erivan, Armenia, USSR.)

(4) Ibid, No 1613.

CHRISTMAS

*No castles rise in Carcassonne
Nor, even near Madrid,
With treasures like the Christmas toys
Our little attic hid!*

DIANA DER HOVANESSIAN

REMNANTS OF THE TURKISH GENOCIDE

The following eye witness information in regard to the scattered remnants of the 1915 Turkish mass deportations in the interior of Turkey is taken from "Azdak", Armenian language newspaper of Beirut, Lebanon, as based on the testimony of recent travelers to the Armenian provinces of Turkey.—ED.

Ever since the Turkish genocide of 1915 in which the Armenian provinces of Turkey were wiped clean of their entire Armenian population by both deportations and mass murder, the general assumption has been that today no Armenians live in these provinces. The little that was salvaged from that national catastrophe is represented by the approximately 40,000 Armenians who now live in Istanbul. The remnants in the interior provinces are so few and scattered that they have been generally regarded as negligible.

After a lapse of 35 years, however, curiously enough, these scattered remnants have retained their national *consciousness* and still tenaciously cling to the fond hope that some day things will be better for the Armenians. These are found chiefly in the cities of Sebastia, Karin (Erzeroum), and Ankara.

In Sebastia proper and the neighboring towns there are 300 Armenian families, without counting those who do not recall their Armenian origin or deny it. On the accepted average of five members to the family, this would make about 1500 individuals in and around Sebastia; on the average of the provincials, the number would be 2,000. These are generally scattered, but even then the blood bond has tended to bring them together, a circumstance which is resented by

their Turkish compatriots. The latter call the Armenian section "Giavour Mouhalesi", which means "The Infidels' Ward."

There are women of Armenian origin, now the wives of well known Turks, who never hide their origin when they meet an Armenian compatriot and curse their fate as they recall the cause of their misfortune—the great massacre. The Turkish children of such mothers generally are kindly-disposed toward the Armenians and try to be helpful to them in every way underhandedly. And there are others who categorically deny their origin.

Generally, the Armenians are goldsmiths, tailors, and millers. They are cleaner than their Turkish neighbors whose envy they incite by their thrift and initiative. Living in an oppressive atmosphere, they haven't even the faintest idea of freedom and they listen with astonishment when someone tells them that there are other Armenians in the world who have their churches, their schools and their press. They listen to the most trifling news about Armenians with the voracity of the sun-burnt soil which absorbs the water, and the most flickering Armenian hope is enough to make them proud that they are Armenians. When they say "we have heard but we can hardly believe it," tears roll down the eyes of the bravest of them.

As a rule, they have two names each in order to avoid provoking the anger of their Turkish neighbors. The first are familiar Armenian names which they use among themselves; the other are Turkish names. They relate that when they go to the villages on business, without knowing the identity of the man they are talking to, they often feel instinctively that he is an Armenian and they open their heart to him. They are very open hearted and hospitable. Many of the oldtimers speak good Armenian, but the young generation do not know beyond the words "bread and water". Outside and inside the homes they speak Turkish with such fluency they cannot be distinguished from the Turks themselves. Their children study in Turkish schools but when they finish elementary school and are ready for high school suddenly they feel the awful "sin" of their origin. They find the doors closed to them on various pretexts and myths, but the real purpose of which is to shackle their intellectual development, and eventually to liquidate the pitiful minority by intellectual emasculation.

As authentic proof of the once prosperous Armenian section of the city, the seven churches of Sebastia still stand intact in their unique Armenian style. The Monastery of St. Nishan has been converted into a military depot, but the rest, with the exception of one which has been completely destroyed, have been converted into government storehouses and military stables. The domes of the churches have been stripped of their crosses, the cross-marked doors have been replaced by common doors, and all the Armenian inscriptions have been erased. Everything which is reminiscent of Christianity and Armenians has deliberately been destroyed. There is not one Armenian school; there are only a few former teachers who dread the idea of teaching Armenians.

Marriages generally are consummated among themselves. To begin with, they all

know each other, and according to the eastern custom, the girls are married off before twenty. They have even preserved the tradition of bethrothing the infants of the cradle. There are cases of marrying a Turk, either freely or forcibly. While a Turkish youth may think he has a right to an Armenian girl, the Armenian youth cannot even think of marrying a Turkish girl. Any such attempt would be punishable by lynching.

The wedding ceremony is carried out in the following manner. The relatives of the two sides meet in a home. Sometimes invitations are extended to Turkish neighbors but the latter generally never come. One of the family oldtimers joins the hands of the two lovers, then, as if by a miracle, they dig up a copy of the Mashtotz (Armenian prayer book) from within the folds of a family chest. The old timer mutters something from the book, whether or not he understands it, while the guests respond with fervent "Amens." After this, the couple are declared formally married. This is followed by civil marriage, the newlyweds being registered in the book as Turkish compatriots.

Merry making, music, dancing or any sort of celebration during the wedding or afterward is not permitted. In such a case the Turkish brats of the street, at the instigation of the elders, will stone the house and reduce it to a mourning house. The youngmen, and especially the girls, try to avoid attracting attention and live peacefully with neighbors which a cruel fate has forced upon them.

Whenever, every four or five years, under the pretext of visiting his relatives in the provinces, a priest from Istanbul arrives in Sebastia, that day becomes a real holiday for the local Armenians. Old men, bearded youths, the girls, and unbaptized women assemble in the home of the peasants as guests, and before long they are gathered in the stable where the heart-rending and tragic ceremony of baptism is enacted under the

strictest secrecy. Naturally, the whole thing is a skimpy performance, but it at least clears the consciences of the peasants, and lifts a big weight off their shoulders as they realize that they no longer are spiritually unclean. On such occasions it is impossible to describe the joy of these unfortunates.

Half an hour's distance from Sebastia is the Armenian Cemetery (Ermeni Mezarliki) where one cannot see a single cross. When an Armenian dies, some youthful acquaintances of the deceased carry the body on their back alternately along devious paths behind the city, as if they were smuggling some stolen goods. At the cemetery they mutter "Our Father" (if they know the words), then they deliver their beloved corpse to the earth. The same ceremony is enacted by the well-to-do, with this exception that, instead of carrying the body on their backs, they transport it in a carriage, for the satisfaction of making his last journey in comfort.

* * *

In Karin (Erzeroum), once the home of a huge Armenian population, you cannot find a single Christian Armenian. Those Armenians who are pointed out by the Turks or the Kurds are Islamized Armenians who generally categorically deny their Armenian origin. Among the elders one will occasionally meet one or two who, when they are alone, interspersing their speech with some provincial words, will deplore their monstrous fate of the past, and with a despairing gesture of the hand will say: "Let's close that chapter, brother, let us not open the old wounds."

The population of Karin consists of Turks, Circassians, and Kurds, the latter element being the overwhelming majority. The Kurds recall with pain the deportation of the Armenians and shake their heads as they say wistfully, "the Armenians left, taking the blessing of the land with them." Old shop keepers still remember the names of

noted Armenians who were the ornament of the city. That with the elimination of the Armenians the economic condition of the land has been ruined is freely admitted by every one, but it is a question how much of it is sincere and how much is simulation.

These Islamized Armenians generally are farmers in the neighboring villages. When you call on them and they find out that you are an Armenian, before breaking the bread, with the unique satisfaction of doing you an exceptional favor, and with a childish smile, they first cross the food with the handle of the knife. In their opinion, this is the greatest honor they could bestow on a blood brother or a fellow believer.

When, realizing the meaning of their act, you ask them what was it they did, they blush and turn pale, replying: "We too are of you, after all." As they say this, tears begin to trickle down the cheeks of the old-timers. The young people are more indifferent, you'd think they wonder, and even resent that a stranger should receive such warm consideration.

The women are even more free in the presence of men than Turkish women, and when they find out you are an Armenian they say to each other in Kurdish, "a brother has come, a brother." Their adopted language generally is Kurdish. Here you will meet Kurdish *Aghas* (notables), Turkish chiefs, and women of Armenian birth. Both the Turkish husbands and the Armenian wives are familiar with the tragic events of the past, but "the past is past," and the wheel of history has turned with an irrevocable finality.

The Armenian church of Erzeroum now serves as a government grain depot. In the center of the city, close to the cathedral building, is a neat two-story building, the former Sanassarian School. This building is untouched and still serves as a school. It is called "Yapoujoulouk Okoulou", meaning, a training school for building specialists. The

Armenian cemetery adjoining the cathedral has been converted into an arable field.

The natives of the city still vividly recall the massacre which was inflicted on their seniors by Andranik the Brave, the sword of Armenian vengeance. They have their own cemeteries where their victims rest. They still recall the name of Andranik with awe, and even lullaby their infants to sleep by saying, "I will call Andranik if you don't go to sleep." In their conversations one often hears some provincial words, formerly used by Armenians, pertaining to farming. When they want to specify a boy's prodigality or bravery they say, "He looks very much like an Armenian brat."

At the railroad station of Erzeroum your attention is attracted by the ringing sound of an unusually big bell which serves as the signal for departing trains. Instinctively you come close to it. On the surface of the bell which faces the wall one can see an Armenian description, the last letters of which "Tzin" (born) are clearly discernible. This is the traditional bell of the Armenian Church with the inscription "Astvatatzin" (*Begotten of God*). You become rooted to the ground from emotion. You are tempted to touch the bell. In your agitation your hand trembles and goes farther than you had intended, when suddenly, the bell lets out a scream of joy. Alarmed at the noise, an officer of the station rushes out. "What are you doing there, compatriot?" It is difficult to tell him that you had just met a metallic compatriot which for years had spoken your own language.

All aboard. The train is about to pull out. From your window you watch the officer ringing the bell, your own bell bidding you a piteous good bye, and as the train moves, you recall the familiar words of the Armenian song:

A voice rang
From the Armenian mountains of
Erzeroum,

The Armenian mountains.

• • •

Like all revolutionized cities, Ankara consists of three sections: the old, the new, and the latest. Beginning with the Roman monuments to the mounted statue of the Ataturk and the Liberty Monument on the central square, everything reminds you that you are in a historic city. It would be extraordinary indeed if an historic people like the Armenians did not have their representatives in the heart of a country to whose federal machine they had given many a talented and devoted servant.

Here the Armenians are fully conscious of their Armenian origin; there are no Islamized Armenians and, curiously enough, the government does not encourage such action. They have not changed their Armenian names, but they each have a Turkish surname by which they are known by their Turkish compatriots. They number about 250 families. Compared to the interior provinces, they are the most educated. By occupation they generally are business men, goldsmiths, tailors and artisans. There is no special persecution against them and they are held in high esteem for their industry, thrift, honorable reputation and their integrity. There is no intermarriage between the Armenians and the Turks.

All three denominations, the Lousavorchakans (Armenian National Apostolic), the Protestants and the Catholics are represented in the Armenian community of Ankara. The latter are predominant in numbers. National consciousness is strong with all of them, they help each other and are interested in the lot of their people. As merchants and inhabitants of the capital, they are fully informed about the Armenians of Istanbul and other Armenian centers. Occasionally clergymen from Istanbul pay them visits and administer to their spiritual needs. They zealously observe the principal Christian holidays—Christmas and Easter. On those

days they do not go to work but celebrate.

Armenian churches and schools absolutely don't exist. The boys attend Turkish schools. Generally, after finishing primary school, they enter the trades, realizing that a higher education offers them no careers as a result of their Armenian birth. From the material viewpoint there are no poor among them; they are generally well-to-do, and sometimes are wealthy.

Not far from the center of the city, at the base of a steep hill where meanders a goodly-sized stream, there is a chapel, the sanctuary of the French embassy and the small French community, which is at the disposal of the Armenians. The ceremony is in Latin, the official language of the Roman Catholic church, officiated by a Vardapet (Doctor of Divinity), either French or Italian. The Armenians, especially the women, solemnly attend church each Sunday, fraternizing in the name of Christ with all those who have been born under the cross of Christ. Whenever a visiting clergyman ar-

rives, he is free to celebrate mass and preach without any discrimination. Such days are a special occasion for the local Armenians who leave their work and flock in the church.

They are generally content with their lot and show no disposition to move to Istanbul or elsewhere. They arrange their marriages among themselves, all civil marriages of course.

The Armenians of Ankara are on good terms with the local Turks and are generally liked by them despite their origin. They are industrious, honest, just, and full of initiative. The youths behave themselves admirably. The dances and the pleasure resorts of the capital have no special attraction for them. They love their own company, are eager to advance and forge their future. The reason for this is the minute a boy opens his eyes his parents marry him off so he will have no time for anything else except his home and family.

The Armenians of Ankara are hospitable, sociable, and church-loving. They are particularly generous in church affairs.

I AM

*I am the temple,
And I am the priest;
I find myself
In the greatest and least.*

*My feet are led
Where clear water flows,
And I see God's smile
In a child or a rose.*

HASMICK VARTABEDIAN GOODELL

TOTEMISM AMONG THE ARMENIANS

By G. SAMUELIAN

Animal worship holds a significant place among the beliefs of the Armenian people. There is a rich variety of material and subjects to prove this, for few nations have preserved such extensive and profuse proofs of the existence of early creeds. Some insight into these is of scientific and historical interest, not only to the Armenian, but to the student of comparative history. Efforts along these lines not only provide missing data, but also correct existing erroneous theories. (1)

The physical environment and the economic life governed the origin and development of these beliefs among the primitive Armenians. Some of these factors include wide fields flooded with the rays of the sun, plateaus with eternally snowy and unattainable tops, cool green mountain slopes, and mysterious precipices. The economic growth followed the steps of other primitive agrarian and pastoral societies.

The worship of animals by the Armenians sprung from the faith of the people in a relation connecting man with the surrounding universe and is to a considerable extent man's attempt to explain the unknown in terms of his physical powers of understanding and his extra-physical needs.

The Armenian would exalt those animals with which he came in daily contact. He found them in the fields, mountains, and plateaus of his environment. The birds he utilized he saw flying above him; but

because there were no large bodies of water in Armenia with large and varied representatives of pisces, practically nothing is found concerning a cult of fishes.

The chief animals finding a place among the objects of worship were:

1. Quadrupeds: oxen (bull, cow, ox), horse, lamb, goat, pig, dog, cat, mouse, bear, wolf, fox, deer, and rabbit.

2. Birds: hen, rooster, stork, crane, swallow, dove, vulture, owl, turtle dove, and blackbird.

3. Insects: bee, mosquito, and ant.

5. Reptiles: snakes, turtles, frogs, and lobsters.

The cult of worship of each of these was forcefully expressed and traces remain in modern times not only in the creeds, superstitions, and prejudices of the people, but also in all branches of the rich Armenian folk-lore, fairy tales, legends, ballads, traditions, songs, and fables.

The purpose of this paper is the elucidation of some of the striking remnants of totemism among Armenian customs. To do this, the cult of each of the creatures listed will not be studied per se, but only in its relation to totemism, which is a later stage of therianthropism and an earlier form of primitive religion.

We turn now to the totemic traces of animal worship in different regions as evidence in Armenian traditions and creeds indicates them. The totemic races, generations, and families are named after their totem, the animal which gave them being. Too, many contemporary people who have

1. National Periodical, Vol. 27, p. 201

ceased to bear the totem names in their racial or tribal form use totemic names in an individual sense. For example, the name of a once idolized animal is now used as a proper name in the same fashion as children are now baptized after Christian saints. Armenian culture can point to a long string of such names in modern times—Yeznak, Enzak, Entchough (male baby calf), Kor (ass in Persian), Artchouk, Gazan, Korioun, Varaz, Varazdat, Varaztirodz, Varazvaan, Ariouz (lion), Aslan, Artoutit, Dad, Dadig, Tatoul, Khotkorik, Artziv, Havouk, Marach, and the like. Even family names bearing reference to animals are used to this day: Aslanian, Arioutzian, Yezian, Varazian, Tatouliau, and others. Note the family names of famous historic princes—Artzrouni, Haxnouni, Angeghtoun, and Artzenakan.

Tovma Artzrouni, in his *History of the House of Artzrouni*, concludes that the family name of these princes originated in the word "eagle," and he relates how the sons of Sennacherib of Assyria, after murdering their father, fled to Armenia and brought with them the picture of an eagle.

(2) This bird was also worshipped by Tigranes of Armenia. Artzrouni has other theories concerning the origin of the name "Artzrouni" which are also connected with "eagle". Though some may find the views of Tovma Artzrouni artificial and far-fetched, yet in them are definite clues which point to the worship of the eagle. In ancient Armenia there was a field called Artzvik which points to the existence of totemism in that region. Witness this quotation: "... and Vagharshak pleads with Arshak and takes him to Armenia with his nephew and calls him Artzrouni—being the first in the field called Artzvik (eagles) ..." Further, Armenian provinces abound with names which bear the name of some

plant, animal, or natural phenomenon; these geographical titles have been taken from that of an object of worship related to totemism. Note the well known city of Oz in Daron which is also known as Vishapakaghak (dragon city), where also there was a pagoda dedicated to Vahagn. The village of Oz (snake) in Koukarkoum, Ozin in the providence of Kars, Ozin in Apahounik, Oztegh near Bapert, Ozapert, and the river Oz in Kagharkounik are other examples.

There are several geographical names associated with the name "wolf." Kail (wolf) river in Lesser Armenia, which the Greeks call "licos," is one. Others include the Gailatou Lake in the province of Korkovit in Ararat, Gailitz or Glitzor in the province of Ararat, and such names as Gailakom, Gailagal, Gailaridge, and Gaili.

The name for bear (Artch) is also met frequently. Zenop Glag mentions Artchouz. This valley is located in Moush. There are other historic villages bearing this name—Artcha, Artchig, Artcho, Aritz, and Artchazor.

There is also a rich train for investigation in the names relating to Ankgh (vulture). Ankgh village and the river of the same name are found in the province of Van. Surrounding this village are numerous vultures which the steady persecution of hunters cannot disperse. According to Yeghishe, there once was a castle and a town of Ankgh in the province of Ararat. Famous, too, are the town of Ankeghakot in Zangezour and the Angegh valley of Angeghi.

Other geographical place names related to animals include: Yezndzor in the province of Kamakh in Greater Armenia, Yeznadzor in the province of Shatach, the land of Aidzamantz mentioned in an inscription in Ashtarak, Ayziaz or Aytiz castle in Tourouberan province of Moush, the ancient village of Artziv in Suinik, the

village of Aghavnazor, the river of Aghavno, and the village of Aghavnatoun in the province of Etchmiadzin.

The Armenian people recognize many monasteries by their animal name. For instance, the Holy Virgin Mary Church of Anggh which is located in the village of Anggh in Van is one. Popular legend has it that Thaddeus, one of the twelve, dreamed of Virgin Mary and destroyed the pagan temple found in the viillage, building a Christian church. But nightly evil spirits came forth and demolished what had been built during the day. Thaddeus prayed for aid, and by command of the Virgin Mary, numerous vultures came, angels reembodyed as vultures, and fought the evil spirits (black crows) and drove them away. And from that time onward vultures have remained in the region.

There are also holy places named after the wolf (Kail) with related legends. Here we have the monastery of Gailazor or Glazor, the famous retreat of the eighteenth century in the valley of Vayoz. The Galou or Gailou monastery in Cicilia, the monastery of Yeghnazor, the pilgrimage of Garnig Aghbiour, and the chapel of Angegh are also related. It seems reasonable to suppose that the geographic names were absorbed by these holy places, monasteries having been often built on the sites of former pagan temples. Hence the names of the animals worshiped in the temples were transmitted to the places of Christian pilgrimage and thus preserved.

Even the racial and tribal coats of arms which, according to Armenian historians, were endorsed by Armenian princes, may be taken as proof of the existence of totemism—vulture, eagle, ring of lamb, snake, or dragon.

II

Racial groups are reduced by time to smaller social groups and family alliances. All beliefs and customs of socio-religious

color would of necessity be transmitted to the latter. Totemism and other cults thus begin to be centered in the family and furnish the spiritual-moral basis of a particular generation. These remnants of totemism thus observed in the family traditions are divided into two categories—the cult of animals useful and the cult of animals dangerous or destructive.

The animal represented by the totem of a tribe was considered sacred. If by accident a hunter killed one of them, he immediately excused himself and later ate the meat with rites of absolution. The taboo eased the process of domesticating animals by accustoming them to the environment wherein man lived. As time went on, such animals become part of man's economy and served the welfare of the family unit.

The ox held an exceedingly important place among domestic animals used in totemic worship. Idolization of the bull was a universal practice. No people engaged in agrarian pursuits failed to worship this animal. In similar fashion archaeologists have proved that the ox ruled in Armenia in prehistoric ages. In the province of Gaegharkouni in the valley of Medenher in 1908 E. Lalayan opened a large tomb made of rough stones and mud walls (indicative of the age of the excavation) and found "... the skeleton of a large bull (which lay the length of the tomb, next to the northern wall, on its right side. Nothing was placed near its head, but next to its tail three funnel-shaped pipes lay and a shell very similar to the censer now used in our villages and towns. Next to these stood a small decorated clay box. The three funnel-shaped tubes remind us of those put on the fire in order to inflame it and sprinkle incense (which was kept in the clay box)." (3)

In the peninsula of Karabagh in Lake

Urmia the mummified skeleton of a bull was found in the ruins of Kouchi in 1905. Another evidence of the deification of the ox is found in the province of Zangezour where in the mountain range opposite the monastery of Tatev stands a memorial of a holy ox. This is a huge pile of stones which, tradition says, is the place where an ox is buried. This ox had borne willingly large stones for the erection of the monastery of Tatev. When an epidemic attacks animals there, they are led around this monument three times. If it is impossible to bring the animals there, a handful of soil from under the stones is taken, mixed with salt, and given to the sick animal. (4) A similar tradition about the same cult is found in the Red monastery of Sissian. This monastery is said to have been built by a girl and a bull, the latter having borne the stones, the girl arranging them. (5) The existence of statues from the Age of Bronze strengthens further the case for this kind of worship.

Bronze dishes in the shape of ox's head and of the same size have been found in several of the ancient tombs around the village of Banandz. (6) In Shirak a bronze bull head and a calf's bronze head hanging from a human skeleton's head were unearthed. (7) To the north of Lake Van a bronze statue of a bull has been found and in the ruins of Gouchi were found the heads of an ox and a bull, fastened to stepping stones. (8) These antiques were parts of buildings believed to have been pagan temples. In addition sculptures and reliefs of heads of oxen, bulls, calves, and gazelles have been found on ruins of buildings, graves, and even churches and monasteries. But all evidence does not lie in the remote past; even into the last century there is

reason to believe of the existence of the cult.

Man, wishing the protection and goodwill of his totem, desired immediate physical nearness to it. To this end, totemic animals were captured and imprisoned near human dwellings and cared for. Later, with the evolution of religious rites, the custom of keeping such animals in temples became common. These are remnants of totemism which have been renewed as fetishism, the difference between the two being that in the former the cult is directed to the representatives of a certain animal genus, where as in fetishism, the individual animal is the object of worship. Frequent traces of this fetishism are found in Armenian creeds. It is by fetishism that one explains the mummified body of the ox found near Gouchi. Until the last century closed, a few monasteries possessed oxen considered holy by the people and cared for by the monks.

On the frontier of Persia and Van, near Bashkale stands the monastery of St. Bartholomew, where "a couple of oxen always live, a white bull and a cow, and no matter how many die, always a couple remain." (9) Oxen are also kept in the Monastery of the Disciples in Moush. In Virgin Mary Monastery in Van we find oxen with the "Virgin's Sign," that is, a white mole on the forehead, presented by the farmers of the village to the church. (10) In the Monastery of New Djougha about 1860, a black ox was found, an object of worship, according to Mme, Dieulafoy, a French traveller. In the monastery at Segherd a white ox, pure in color, was kept, its food being provided by the entire province. The animal had its own manger and stable, kept spotless by monks and women in charge, with servants who bathed it and covered it with

4. Ibid, Vol 2

5. Ibid, Vol. 3

6. Ibid, Vol 2, p. 309

7&8. Atrpet, "Azagragan Handes," Vol. 23, p. 120

9. K. V. Srvantziants—Manana, p. 107

10. Azagragan Handes, Vol. 16, p. 210

perfumed oils. In 1864 the beast was transported to Paris by special order of the French government. (11)

The ancient worship of oxen thus is still preserved by monastic influence. Even today people believe in mysterious supernatural powers possessed by these animals, who symbolize fertility both sexual and agricultural, the source of plenty, and the means of healing disease and ills. People threw hair of white or black oxen into their granaries for rich harvests, wore it on themselves to cure disease, and give it to their female animals to make them fertile. The idea of increased sexual production is also contained in these superstitions. K. V. Srvantziantz reports of certain regions of Armenia: "The lakes of Nazik and Ghachlou have horses and oxen born of fire, from whom the villagers' horses and cows bear young." (12) In the time of Yeznik people believed in holy oxen who destroyed dragons and preserved humans from evil spirits.

Some popular belief holds that the entire world rests upon the horns of a bull or a black ox. When the animal moves, an earthquake occurs. In some regions it is the black ox which is holy, in others, white. Armenians of Boulachni believe that a black ox is so just that he sees the ice in the water of the Transfiguration.

The Armenian farmer behaves with unusual affection and care toward the bull, ox, and cow. He treats them as fellow humans, speaks to them in Armenian, while calling the lamb and the goat "Turks." When a cow or an ox has served the family for a long period, it is not killed, but kept in the house until a natural death occurs. The skull of a bull, ox, or cow is kept in the house, hanging from the ceiling or tied to

the fence in the garden in order to preserve the memory of the beast. Bunches of hair pulled from the body of the animal are also saved.

The sheep and the lamb were similarly revered, and to some extent, the goat, although the latter was related to the powers of evil in the popular mind. In ancient Egypt honors paid sheep and oxen were almost equal. But among Armenians the smaller animals were not as highly regarded because of lesser physical strength and consequent economic use. The lamb was undoubtedly a holy animal, even in the ritual of the Christian church.

It was noted previously that primitive man kept his totem animals in temples or churches in order to gain their intercession for favors, but he had other methods of obtaining the same results. One of these was the union of worshipper and totemic animal spiritually and physically. This was achieved by killing the totemic animal in elaborate rites and eating it during the course of the year. Thence originated sacrifices and offerings among members of racial or tribal groups.

But there were some animals that were taboo and hence not to be eaten. Accordingly, animals were divided into two groups—the edible and the non-edible. This point of view crept into Christian and Jewish theories concerning holy and unclean animals. Those eaten were usually the ox, cow, sheep, and lamb, which latter was the main Armenian sacrificial animal during holidays and important family celebrations. The best of the animals of white or black colorings were used. It was customary for a priest to bless the animal in church and to decorate its horns with candlesticks. This was remnant of totemic worship and was later forbidden by Nerses the Gracious: "... and those who were on the list of ignorant priests were covered with red cloth and their horns tied with

11. *Ibid.*, Vol. 18, p. 123

12. Hamov Hotov, Tiflis, 1904. A similar legend is found in Boulanech "Azagrakani Handes," Vol. 6, p. 41

red ribbon, according to the rules. Stop these habits as they are useless and scandalous."

Primitive man had another means of uniting himself with the totem, that of blood alliance, a rite by which the religion between the two was certified. Individuals could create an artificial alliance with each other by drinking each other's blood. This practice was applied to the totem. By drinking the totemic animal's blood, primitive man united himself with its soul and also became a blood relation. Armenian tradition has preserved similar customs with regard to the sacrificed lamb and sheep. The blood of the lamb was drunk or it was spread on the threshold or door. Later the clergy forbade the practice of these customs on the ground of their pagan origin and significance. It was ordered: "Let no one dare anoint thresholds with lamb's blood, as some ignorant people do, since that is a Hebrew custom and whoever practices it will be cursed," or, "Let no one collect or drink lamb's blood as we hear some ignorant and stupid people do."

The making of tombstones in the form of sheep or goat was another remnant of sheep worship. This was particularly to be noted in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the heads and forms of these animals adorned temples, monasteries, and old buildings as well.

III

The idolization of the horse is one of the comparatively common forms of totemism, the evidence of its importance being found in relatively modern fairy tales, songs, and epic poems. However, the horse was never associated with menial work of any kind, but rather appeared in aristocratic roles—in wars, fights, and races, where princes and heroes demonstrated many qualities. Horses were domesticated later than the other beasts and because of their temperament were difficult to train for agricul-

tural labor. A supernatural origin was ascribed to horses, for they were supposed to be born of fire and to emerge from the sea. The epic of the House of Sasmanz ascribes a marine origin to the fiery horse, Kourgik-Dchalalin. It is for this reason that the heroic horses of songs and novels were blue in color. The adjectives blue or black were frequently prefixed to the name of a particular stallion. Occasionally horses were winged in popular legends. There is widespread belief in Babert that "a horse's skull must be put on a beautiful building, wood pile, or heap of grass to keep them from the evil eye." (13)

It is in order next to turn to the dog and cat who were worshipped in ancient Persia and Egypt respectively. Color here was of great significance to the Armenian people. There were places where a black dog was highly regarded for the house for its ability to drive away evil spirits. (14) When the angel of death approached his master, a dog was supposed to howl a warning. A close bond existed between owner and dog. To alleviate the sufferings of a dying dog, a master would say, "... our salt and bread be light on your soul." A keen mind was also associated with the dog. "If you want to be clever, put a piece of bread under your pillow at night and in the morning give that to the dog, saying, 'your brain be mine, mine yours.'" (15) But under Christian influence, the dog became an unholy animal. Dog worship among Egyptians, Persians, Indians, Greeks, and Armenians had this in common—the animal is associated with corpses and death. In the mind of the primitive totemic man the dog was the reincarnated soul of a racial or tribal progenitor, and hence had the soul of a dead person in him.

13. Burak, 1899, p. 567

14. Asagragan Handes, Vol 17, p. 89

15. Burak, 1899, p. 567

The legend of vampires which has existed for untold ages has its origins in dog worship. (16). Yeznik Koghpatzou wrote that Armenians believed that vampires were born of dogs. Vampires could heal the wounded in battle and restore life. The similarity of the heads of dog and vampire aided the proof of their connection.

The legend of Ara the Beautiful as recounted by Moses of Khorene illustrates the point that vampires embody a human soul which passes from dogs to restore life to those fallen in battle. (17) The same source relates the story of King Artavazd and how he was kidnapped by friends and chained in a deep cavern. Two dogs gnawed his chains, which, just as they were reduced to hair's breadth, were renewed by the sound of blacksmiths' hammers. (18). Another variation of this tale centers about Shitar, son of Artavazd—"... and two dogs, one white, the other black, lick the chains of Shitar for a year and thin them," but the chains do not break as the blacksmiths pound their hammers on the anvil. (19). Such traditions exist today in several regions of Armenia. The worship of dogs and related vampires is attacked by Yeznig Goghpatzou who calls it a heathen creed. "Nothing has ever come out of dogs and that there are unseen powers, called vampires, who lick and heal the wounded, is not true. Who has seen a vampire? And if in earlier days vampires licked and healed the wounded, why don't they lick and bring the wounded back to life now since there are wars at present, too, and the wounded fall in the field of battle?"

People were willing to swear by the name of an animal which was powerful

and therefore in a position to punish perjurers. The manner of taking this vow comes to us from Mekhitar Gosh's *Book of Judgement*, (Chapter 9) as follows: "Either take the dog's tail in hand or hold a dog's bone."

The cat was another unholy animal. The origin of the cat, according to Armenian beliefs, is associated with the name of Jesus Christ. In New Bayazit, Boulanech, Dchavaghg, and several other provinces, it is told that the cat took substance from Christ's handkerchief in order to catch two mice which fell from shame-faced Mahomet's nose. In Varanda it is also believed that when Christ was tortured with the crown of thorns, tears fell upon his cheeks and he wiped them with a handkerchief. It was torn from his hand and tossed upon a refuse heap where it immediately became a cat. In Varanda anyone killing a cat must build seven churches to be saved from the consequences of his sin; if he is unable to do this, he must at least buy a wheat sieve to lend to the neighbors. (20) In Boulanech it is said, "He who kills a cat must have one hundred and seven masses held in order to be forgiven from his sin." (21)

The cat, like the dog, persecutes the angel of death. In Dchavakhg if the cat lies on a bed of a sick person, it means the angel of death has come and that person will die. And as the cat is believed to hinder the angel of death in taking away the soul, the cat is carried away from the sickbed in order to ease the death agony. (22). A similar theory is supported among the Armenians in Hamesh. (23).

Last among domestic animals related to totemic worship are the hen and rooster.

16. Flauer, 1895, pp. 553, 601-616

17. Faust Buzand, IV. Chp. 56

18. Moses of Khorene, Book II, Chp. 4

19. Bazmavep, 1877, p. 276

20. Azaghrakan Handes, Vol. 6, P. 42, Vol 17, p. 9, Vol. 1, p. 358

21. Ibid., Vol. 2, p. 214

22. Ibid., Vol. 6, p. 42

23. Ibid., Vol. 1, p. 358

This type of veneration is directed mainly toward the latter. These birds were held as holy as the sheep and lamb and on certain saints' days they were used as sacrificial offerings (24). To this day live roosters continue to be objects of worship in certain regions of Armenia. The monastery of St. George in Boudkou is famous for a rooster which is alleged to possess the power of prophecy. Failure of this bird to crow in the morning is an indication to travellers that a storm is approaching and that roads will be dangerous (25). If a rooster crows at night, it is a sign of war (26). The historian Yeghishe in his *Definitions and Rules* traces this superstition into historical time: "If the rooster crows in the evening, they captivate, and if the pine forests hear his voice, he is beheaded." (27).

The power of prophecy is also attributed to the hen. "If the hen talks in the evening, she must be thrown down the roof. If she runs out of the house, a corpse will come out of that house." (28) In Dchavgh it is said that if either the rooster or hen crow untimely, it means it has seen an angel of death approaching that house. Therefore, the bird is killed. If the hen talks in untimely fashion, she is taken up to the room and thrown down. If she walks toward the fireplace, it is a bad sign and she is slaughtered. If she walks toward the door it is a good sign, and they feed her (29). By eating the flesh of a sacrificed animal, the menaced individual gains strength to resist the coming danger.

Certain of the totemic animals living in domestication can be dangerous to man. Among these is the snake, whose worship has been widespread throughout the world.

Armenians believe that each home has a landlord who lives in the form of a turtle or a snake (30). These are felt to bring luck to the home and are never persecuted. Servantantz comments on snake worship in the valley of Moush and notes: "There are snakes who are the protectors of the region of Moush and do not harm the farmers. Some live in houses and mills and bring good fortune to the places where they live." (31) But they can and do bring ill fortune on occasion.

Besides household snakes from whom good fortune is received, there are snakes whose worship is universal in its nature. In Varanda Keatough mountains in the pilgrimage of "White Heol" and in the large pine tree of Seghtorashen live large snakes. The travellers passing from these pilgrimages pray, light candles, and slaughter roosters as sacrifices to propitiate these snakes—and the latter come from their hiding places and do not harm the pilgrims. (32).

The pilgrimage of the "Snake's Navel" which is found near the monastery of Ohan Oznetzou (snake) in the region of Lori is of the same nature. Popular tradition says that on this spot Ohan Oznetzou turned two dragon-snakes into stone. In the rock called "Snake's Navel" are two sections of black stones nearly fifty feet long; from a fissure, "the navel," mineral water pours forth. The sick come here to make vows, light candles, burn incense, sacrifice roosters, apply the water to wounds, drink it, and bathe in it in order to regain health. (33).

Cults based upon the supposition of snakes turned into stone are very common in Armenia. (34). In early phases the snakes

24. Ibid., Vol. 6, p. 123

25. Ararat, 1917, p. 546

26. Burak, 1899, p. 568

27. Archbishop Mesrop T. Movessian—"Azagragan Handes," Vol. 2, p. 298

28. Burak, 1899, p. 568

29. Azagragan Handes, Vol. 1, 359

30. Burak, 1899, p. 280

31. Grotz-Brotz, pp. 45-46

32. Azagragan Handes, Vol. 2, p. 212

33. Yervand Lalayan—Province of Bortohalou, p. 51

34. Alishan—"Ancient Creeds of Armenia," pp. 151-190

took the form of dragons. Some have sought to explain dragons as nothing more than "large land snakes or ferocious fishes who are believed to be as large as mountains." Others have said that the dragon is of satanic origin. In consequence of its highly individual and regional nature, snake worship has left its imprint upon towns and villages and provinces by giving them names which signify snake or dragon. Among the superstitions relating to snake worship are these:

It is wise to keep the skins of snakes in one's hat in order to be safe from evils and dangers. When the snake is met, this skin is shown so that the creature goes on its way without doing harm. (35). The Armenians of Hamesh believe that snakes desire that those who kill them should be responsible for burying the snake as a brother. Accordingly, after killing a snake, the people bury it or hang it from a tree. (36). In time of famine in Caesaria, they burn a snake and throw his ashes around the land. (37). The snake is also considered symbolic of wisdom and slyness. Hence, the skins of snakes are kept under children's pillows so that they may sleep soundly and become as wise and clever as snakes.

The Church is cognizant of the power of the snake in unholy matters, so far as peasant superstitions go, and the catholicos has ruled: "Do not eat the flesh of the snake and do not drink his milk."

The mouse, like the snake, is attached to human dwellings. But it is regarded as a disgusting and unclean animal. Its filth and low repute are emphasized and in religious treaties one meets with deprecatory remarks of matters "profaned by mice." The 51st Article of Nerses the Catholicos says: "He who drinks wine which has been

profaned by mice must do penance for five days." All food and drink contaminated by mice must be thrown out, or if that be impossible, made clean by religious rites, the use of holy water, and the like.

Twelve of the ninety-eight rules in the 12th century catechism of Vartabed Tavit are reserved for dealings with mice and other animals, such as dogs, wolves, snakes, and cats. The greatest space is devoted to the impurities of mice, since "its evil is more than others." Much detailed advice in cleansing food and drink polluted by mice is included.

The Armenian Church has, in effect, placed a taboo upon the mouse. Apparently the strictures against the creature were dictated by the needs of the time. One can only conclude that there was a time when the pagan worship of the mouse exceeded all other forms and that the church was forced to stern measures.

Armenian historians of religion declare that the Jacobite sect of the Assyrians did not consider the mouse impure and that some Armenians followed this way of thinking. This was done, despite the command of the Creator to Moses that rats and mice were impure and unholy animals which should be avoided and never eaten, at any rate. Some women of Armenia hold that on one Sunday of the year no manual work should be performed, saying that day is a "Mouse Festival" and that if they should do any work, mice would come and tear their dresses. Similar allusions may be found in the works of Nerses the Gracious.

Certain observances and practices honored among Armenian peasant women even today attest to the strength and longevity of this superstition. The first Monday in Lent is dedicated to mice and is called "Mouse Festival"; in Turkish Armenia, Marash, and Arapkir this holiday

35. *Azagrakran Handes*, Vol. 2, p. 212

36. *Ibid.*, Vol. 6, p. 42

37. *Burak*, 1899, p. 280

falls on the Carnival Friday. On this day women do no housework; they throw pieces of bread in corners of the house, saying that they were the portion of the mice, thus preserving their larders from attack and pollution. (38).

A religious pilgrimage is associated with the mouse near the village of Letje in Van where is found the old famous monastery of the Saints. Here "... a few years ago on the first Monday of Lent (that day the Armenian farmers do not work) came pilgrims of both sexes from the neighboring villages" (39). A religious taboo has not eradicated all traces of mouse worship. In Baberd they have a proverb, "Eat what the mouse eats to be as clever as the mouse." (40).

Both mouse and snake were intimately associated with family prosperity, since their inroads could threaten its economic welfare. Their good will was sought and the family's wealth placed under their patronage. Frequently the snake was given the title of 'the house's good fortune.' The mouse was propitiated similarly because of its power over the crops in the fields.

IV

Economic activity in Armenia begins with the spring. The renewal of all natural productive activity was associated by primitive man with this season. Birds were a special feature of this activity insofar as their return flights in the spring connotated a renewal of growth. This personification of spring by birds is one of the oldest conceptions of totemism. The totemic bird, stork, crane, swallow, or the like was both prophet and patron of agricultural activity. Early in March farmers watch anxiously the returning flights of birds. If a bit of wheat or plant is carried in the bird's beak,

it is a sign of abundant harvest; a piece of cloth is an indication of famine or sickness. If metal is brought, it precourses war; wax is a sign of peace, a sprig means sterility. In Baberd it is said one should throw stones after a crane in order to assure a large supply of fat during the year (41).

In some parts, especially Boulanech, it is believed the stork is a metamorphosed creature who lives in a far off land from whence they fly in the spring. "Storks are men in their land. When they come to earth, they cross a river, bathe in it, become birds, and come to the villages. On their return, they bathe again in the river, become men, and go to their land." (42). Therefore, it is a mortal sin to kill a stork. His nest is cared for and the housetop where he lives is believed protected by his presence. Dead storks are buried and given tombstones. Killers of storks become recipients of misfortune (43). Armenians of Ankara say, "When in summer the storks pass, the women leave their veils outside so that their fever will be carried away by the storks. Old men and women send regards to their departed ones through the storks" (44). At the "Monastery of the Stork" near Van the following tradition survives: "A monk healed the broken leg of a stork, and on Resurrection Day the stork brought a bunch of ripe grapes to the monk who was to perform mass and had no wine." And "one day when the monasteries' laborers were preparing soup, 'harissa,' a snake fell in unnoticed by those present. A stork dived into the soup, killing himself, so that the farm help had to throw the soup away, and thus were saved from being poisoned by the snake (45).

Blackbirds are idolized because they de-

38. *Ibid.*, 1898, p. 243
39. *Ibid.*, 1899, p. 115
40. *Ibid.*, 1899, p. 567

41. *Ibid.*, 1898, p. 522
42. *Azagrakan Handes*, Vol. 6, p. 43
43. *Yervand Lalayan*, p. 146
44. *Burak*, 1899
45. K. V. *Srvantziantz*, "Grots-Brotz," p. 106

stroy locusts. Abounding numbers of black-birds mean a plentiful harvest in the area (46). In Vasbouragan the women prepare a number of jars of fat equal to the number of blackbirds they see in the sky (47). The swallow is another bird held holy and inviolate. A folk song in Bortchali is associated with the belief that the swallow's parents fall into the sea upon their return from certain flights, hence the orphaned swallow must be comforted (48). Legends and remnants of worship of the crow are found at the Swallow Monastery of Zanzezour (49). Until today the tomb of a certain crow is worshiped, candles lighted, incense burned, and sick children brought to it.

V

Remnants of totemism in Armenian culture come not only from animals and other creatures connected with the economy of the people, but also from those wild and dangerous to man. Beliefs of this type are very old prehistoric, and very few traces of them remain. Another factor in this connection is the relative scarcity of dangerous wild beasts in Armenian lands. Chief among those of whom we have evidence are the bear and the wolf. There is an old church in Katchen, the building of

which was achieved by the aid of a bear, according to tradition. When the beast died, it was placed near the church, its grave marked with stones. Pilgrims carrying lighted candles still make sacrifices at this tomb (50). The bear is also associated with metamorphosis of various types—in Varenta it was once a miller (51), in Bortchali it was a vine-dresser (52), while in Hamesh it was believed he was a Greek man (53).

Evil traits are associated with the wolf. In Carnival week, on Wednesday, Armenians have a "wolf's festival," and women rest at home to be safe from the attack of wolves (54). In Boulanech the women carry a wolf's bone at their belts, for this prevents spoilage of fat and milk. The carrying of the genital organ of a female wolf brings good fortune. Finally, there is the superstition of the metamorphosis of man into a werewolf, treated elsewhere (55).

This paper has touched but lightly and far from exhaustively on the remnants of totemic worship among Armenians. It has sought to show evidence of prehistoric customs, their transition to the Christian era, and the manner in which they were absorbed into the Christian Church.

50. *Ibid.*, Vol 2, p. 216

51. *Ibid.*

52. Yervand Lalayan, Bortchalou, p. 151

53. Azagrakan Handes, Vol. 6, p. 124

54. Burak, 1898, p. 570

55. Armenian Family Traditions, "Azagrakan Handes," Vol. 12, pp. 214-216

46. Yervand Lalayan, p. 146

47. Azagrakan Handes, Vol. 26, p. 202

48. Yervand Lalayan, Bortchalou, p. 146

49. Azagrakan Handes, Vol. 6, p. 48



THE ARMENIAN REVOLUTIONARY FEDERATION

By the late VAHAN CARDASHIAN

The Armenian Revolutionary Federation was founded in 1890 with the purpose of a) organizing armed self-defense of Armenians against recurring raids and massacres by the Turks, and b) achieving for Turkish Armenia some sort of political and economic freedom. The society was formed through the fusion of several revolutionary groups working along the same lines, thence its name — Dashnaktzootune (federation). It was chiefly recruited from the peasants, who comprised 85 percent of the Armenian people, and was led by the intelligentsia. The emblem of the A. R. F. was chosen to symbolize the alliance of the wielder of the spade, the wielder of the pen, and the wielder of the sword.

The A. R. F. Introduced The Principles of Self-Salvation and Co-operation

Thus, at its very inception, the A. R. F. introduced into Armenian life two extremely beneficent principles — self-defense and solidarity.

Before the advent of revolutionary societies, and the A. R. F. in particular, the Armenian was a pretty meek and helpless creature. His spirit had been broken down by ruthless methods during five centuries of Turkish rule. Intelligent, talented, industrious and prolific, the Armenian had been busy for five hundred years creating wealth, culture and progeny, only to see himself periodically and systematically robbed and killed by a barbarous master. The most he would do about this intolerable situation was, cry, pray and hope that the "Christian big brothers" would hear him and come to his rescue. The A. R. F. told him to stop

whining, to stand up and fight for himself. It taught him self-respect, courage and self-reliance.

The role of the A. R. F. as a *unifying* factor was still greater. Until the last decade of the 19th century, Armenia was only a geographical term, and an historical memory. Partitioned among three powerful neighbors—Russia, Turkey and Persia—it had no political unity. The interests and allegiances of the Turkish-Armenian, Russian-Armenian and the Persian-Armenian were divergent of necessity. In matters religious, the Armenians were also sharply divided into three camps—the National Apostolic, the Roman Catholic, and the Evangelical (Protestant) Churches.

"Father Of His Country" Called Dashnaktzootune "The New Knighthood Of Armenia"

The A. R. F. was the great co-ordinator and synthesizer of all those forces. It united all sects and sections in one sacred pact, one supreme ideal—Patria. It inculcated in them all the duty to work and to die for Armenia and its emancipation. It became a substitute for the long-lost political organization and military power of the nation, "Armenia's modern knighthood", that is how Catholicos Khrimian, affectionately called the "Father of his Country", described Dashnaktzootune, in an historical encyclical, dated September 20, 1896, Etchmiadzin. This is the part concerned with the A. R. F. The Pontifex Maximus of the Armenian Church quoth: "It is a great joy and solace to Our heart that Our people has at last realized the necessity of self-defense and has chosen the revolutionary path. Though

your losses are great and your martyrs many, you must know, my children, that without effusion of blood there is no liberty for nations nor prosperity for peoples.

"The emergence of revolutionary societies among us means the rebirth of our ancient and historical nobility in a new guise. Dashnaktzootune is the knighthood of Armenia.

"Rise, Armenian people, join this new knighthood . . . for thy salvation lies in the Cross, in the plow, and the protecting sword of the knight".

Activities In Turkey, Russia, Persia and Abroad

In Turkey, the Armenian revolutionary war was waged for 22 years, from 1890 to 1918, exclusive of the so-called Constitutional Period (1908-1914). The A. R. F. Hayduks (revolutionary soldier) fought against the Turkish and Kurdish feudal lords and their organized banditry, and protected the Armenian peasant from routine rape, plunder and murder. They also fought against the regular and irregular forces as well as the Turkish armed mobs during massacres organized by the government. Innumerable encounters with the foe, ending sometimes in victory, sometimes in disaster, but all studded with feats of legendary courage, testify to the high quality of the Dashnak soldier. Andranik, a national hero, later General in the Russian Imperial Army, was such a Dashnak Hayduk. The world has been told of the sufferings of the Armenian often and with humiliating details. The story of Armenian heroism, 90 percent of which is Dashnak heroism, remains to be told. It was not the A. R. F.'s fault if it was unable to save the Western wing of the Armenian people from extermination. The Turk was overwhelmingly superior in numbers, political and military power, experience, cunning and sheer brutality. The A. R. F. did its best under the circumstances—it saved the Eastern wing, and created an Armenian territory, exclusively and compactly inhabited by Armenians. The solid

foundation on which present Armenia rests.

In Russia, the A. R. F.'s aim was likewise the physical and cultural preservation of the race, and local autonomy. In 1903, the Czar having ordered seizure of Armenian Church property, the A. R. F. organized resistance to execution of the decrees. After a year's struggle, marked by armed clash and bloodshed, the Czar rescinded the decree. In 1905-1906, the Tartars of the Trans-Caucasus, racial kins of the Ottoman Turk, were incited by the latter and their own Nationalists to massacre the Armenians with a view to clear the ground for a future Turkish invasion, and a Union of the Turkish peoples. The Czarist government, as a matter of policy, encouraged the Tartars in their undertaking. Under the leadership of the A. R. F., the Armenians fought valiantly for over a year, until the Tartars sued for peace.

In 1910, when the government of the Czar decided to stamp out revolutionary societies throughout Russia and Dashnaktzootune was investigated, the purely documentary matter submitted to the Senate Committee relating to the activities of that society in the Russian Empire alone, filled seven large volumes. This will give an idea of the extent of the A. R. F.'s activities.

Diplomatic And Propaganda Work

In Europe, the A. R. F. conducted the diplomatic and propaganda work of the Armenians. Through its efforts, an organization known as "Pro-Armenia" was founded, engaging the interest and services of such men as Clemenceau, Briand, Jaures, and other distinguished statesmen. By 1914, just before the beginning of the World War, the A. R. F.'s diplomatic work abroad was crowned with the adoption by the Great Powers and Turkey of the so-called "Reforms Project" for Turkish Armenia. According to this arrangement, the six Armenian provinces of the Ottoman Empire were to be governed by a native staff under

the immediate supervision of two European administrators, subject to international control. This was virtually the autonomy aimed at in the Party program. The goal of minimum safety and freedom for the Armenian people set by the Founders was reached.

In America, the A. R. F. was instrumental in securing the noblest minds of the American people for the defense of the Armenian cause. The list of American Friends of Armenia comprises many illustrious names—Chief Justice Hughes, Senator King, Ambassadors Gerard and Morgenthau, etc., etc.

I wish to emphasize the fact that the A. R. F. has never been a nationalistic organization in the narrow sense, pursuing the selfish ends of its own people to the detriment of its neighbors. Liberty and the People, writ large, have been its primary concern. Both in the Ottoman and the Russian Empires, the A. R. F. program called for the establishment of liberal and democratic institutions and a federal form of government, Armenia to be one of the many federated states. For this purpose, the A. R. F. cooperated with the Turkish and Russian progressive parties. In 1907, on the eve of the famous "Bloodless" revolution in Turkey, the A. R. F. took part in the Paris "Congress of the Peoples of the Ottoman Empire" called by the Young Turks. After the proclamation of the Constitution, it established even closer co-operation with the ruling party, the "Union and Progress", in the vain hope of ironing out the differences between the two peoples and persuading the Turkish racial fanatics to adopt the larger and wiser view of a federated Ottoman State.

In the Tradition of Lafayette and Garibaldi

In Persia, where the Armenians form a small minority and are satisfied with their lot, the A. R. F. had no political claims whatsoever. Nevertheless, the Dashnak troops fought side by side with the Persian

revolutionaries, in their struggle for liberty. An A. R. F. leader, General Ephrem, won an immortal place for himself and Dashnakzootune in the annals of the Persian Revolution. A German military correspondent has written that Ephrem had the genius of a Moltke. We would add—and the spirit of a Lafayette. He was called "the Garibaldi of the East". Riza Pehlevi, who later became the Shah of Persia, was a non-com in this Dashnak leader's army.

The A. R. F. Fought On the Ally Side

At the outbreak of the World War, Turkey sought to prevail upon the A. R. F. to throw in Armenia's lot with the Central Powers against the Allies. This the A. R. F. refused to do. And when the frenzied Turk undertook to annihilate the Armenian race by deportations and wholesale massacres, it organized volunteer forces which, according to a formal statement by Lord Robert Cecil, "... bore the brunt of some of the heaviest fighting in the Caucasus and protected the flank of the British Army in Mesopotamia".

The A. R. F. Achieves Armenia's Independence

In 1917-1918, following the defection of Russia and the abandonment of the Caucasus front by the Russian Army, the Armenians, under the leadership of the A. R. F., took over that front. For eight months they delayed the advance of the Turkish Army toward the Baku oil fields, cutting off Germany's oil supply and helping the Allies win the War (See General Ludendorff's Memoirs).

In one of the major battles of the World War, between May 24 and 29, 1918, around Erivan, they defeated the Turkish Army, and compelled Turkey to recognize Armenia as an independent state by the Treaty of Batum (June 4, 1918). "Dashnak" thus saved the lives of one million Armenians, (600,000 Russian-Armenians and some 400,000 refugees from Turkish-Armenia), and se-

cured the political future of Armenia. These two achievements—the preservation of the remainder of the race and the foundation of an Armenian State under the most adverse conditions — entitle the A. R. F. to the gratitude of every true Armenian. All the Dashnak sins, real and alleged, of omission and of commission, dwindle into insignificance before that service. The Armenian Tricolor, hauled down by the conquerors in the 14th century from the last fighting fort in Lesser Armenia, was hoisted again by the Dashnak braves in Greater Armenia. Reconsecrated by Catholicos George V with impressive ceremonies, this ancient and sacred emblem of national sovereignty made its 20th century appearance over the first Armenian House of Representatives.

Recognized By All Nations

The Republic of Armenia, with the A. R. F. as the ruling party, was subsequently recognized by all the nations of the world, including the United States and the USSR. The Dashnak government was one of the signatories of the Sevres Treaty (August 10, 1920) which made Armenia an Independent and United State, the boundaries of which were later defined by the President of the United States.

Overthrown By Turco-Soviet Invasion

The Republican government of Armenia was overthrown by a joint Turco-Soviet attack in December, 1920, and its territory was partitioned between the two aggressors in accordance with the provisions of the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, thus drawing a line on the Treaty of Sevres which guaranteed the restoration of the Turkish Armenian provinces. The part taken over by the Soviet was quickly sovietized, and the A. R. F. government and party went into exile.

A R. F. A Popular Party

It is not hard to conclude from the foregoing that the A. R. F. enjoys a great popularity among the Armenians. Here are a

few facts and figures that speak for themselves:

In 1906, in Russia, the A. R. F. elected 54 out of 60 delegates to the National Convention at Etchmiadzin (The Armenian See).

In Turkey, in 1909, the A. R. F. elected most of the Armenian deputies to the Ottoman Parliament.

In 1917, in Russia, at elections to All-Russian Congress, the A. R. F. polled nearly 90 percent of the Armenian votes cast and elected all of its candidates.

In 1919, in the United States, it elected the four delegates to the Paris Convention which represented Turkish-Armenia at the Peace Conference.

In Armenia, in 1919, at Parliamentary elections, the votes polled by the Federation amounted to a veritable landslide.

These are the only occasions on which the people in Armenia have had the opportunity to express their will through suffrage.

Today, the popularity of the A. R. F. is naturally far below the high mark of 1918-1920, the days of the Independent Republic, when Dashnaktzootune was hailed as a savior. Nothing succeeds like success, and the reverse is equally true. Still the majority of the Armenians are with the A. R. F. Circulation of A. R. F. publications in America, Europe and the Near East is much greater than the combined circulation of publication by all the other Armenian organizations.

In Armenia, the people, though terrorized by Communists into submission, are with the Dashnaks in their hearts. The Soviet leader's everlasting complaint about the incorrigible "Dashnak mentality" of the native population, and the great avidity with which A. R. F. "illegal" literature is read in Soviet Armenia, bears testimony to the truth of this assertion.

This popularity is due to two facts. First to a general conviction that the A. R. F. is

a genuinely patriotic organization, inspired and guided exclusively by the interests of the people. That, no matter what its shortcomings and its errors in judgment, it will never wittingly and willingly betray the national Cause.

The second source of the A. R. F.'s popularity is the great number of intellectuals

it counts among its adherents. The majority of the most distinguished educators, authors, poets and professional men are, or at one time or other have been, members of the A. R. F. This, of course, enhances the Society's prestige in the eyes of all, particularly youth, already dazzled by the heroic deeds of the Dashnak warriors.

THE INFIDEL AND THE MAN

*Where is your beauty?
Asked the infidel.*

*It is in the flower,
Replied the Man.*

*Where is your might?
Asked the infidel.*

*It is in the wind,
Replied the Man.*

*Where is your love?
Asked he again.*

*It is in the sun,
Replied the Man.*

*Where is your bounty?
Asked the infidel.*

*In the green field,
Replied the Man.*

*Where is heaven?
Asked he then.
It is in you,
It is in you,
Cried the Man.*

NUVER KOUMYAN

RECENT REPORTED DEVELOPMENTS IN SOVIET ARMENIA

By HRANT ERMOYAN

Forestation

Last year the government of the Soviet Union published a decree in regard to the protection of the fields by forestation. This theory provoked the opinions of European scientists pro and con. According to this plan, vast areas, chiefly on the right bank of the Volga, would be forestated to protect the fields of Ukraina from the eastern winds which dried the soil and reduced its fertility.

The plan has found its echo in the other republics of the Soviet Union, including Armenia. Last year a council of ministers of Armenia adopted the forestation plan for Armenia. According to this decision 10,700 hectares of field-protecting forests will be created in Armenia during the coming four years (1949-1952), which will protect an area of 400,000 hectares of arable land. These forest patches will be of two kinds: state, and kolkhoz. The state forests will embrace the larger part of Armenia, while the kolkhozes will look after their immediate fields.

No. 81 of *Sovetakan Haiastan* carries a map of Armenia designating the locations of the state forests. These are seven in number and are of varying lengths. The longest, nearly fifty kilometers, begins from the north of Ashtarak, dips in toward Etchmiadzin, cuts to the north as far as the Octoberian Region, Sardarabad, then circles to the west as far as the Turkish border. The remainder of state forests fall in the regions of Vedi, Thalín, Akhourian, Akhta, Kotaikh and Martouni (former Zod).

As to the kolkhozes, the plan for this year calls for the forestation of 200 hectares, and 2500 hectares for the next year. To insure the safe execution of the plan, an area of 700 hectares will be allotted this year as plant growing centers, each kolkhoz being assigned not less than one hectare. These plant growing patches will need 140 tons of plant seed and nearly 14 million young plants. Simultaneous with this work, trees will be planted on the banks of rivers, streams, canals and roads. 30 per cent of these will be fruit-bearing trees, and in certain regions 60-70 per cent.

This is the plan. Now let us see what actually has been done. In this respect the greatest amount of work has been done in Sardarabad. Here the kolkhozes have volunteered to outdo their quota of 14 hectares into 26 hectares. They have collected a supply of one million plants and have already planted 20,000 trees. As to the state forests, *Sovetakan Haiastan* writes that work on an area of 17 hectares has already been completed. Two million trees have been planted on an area of dozens of hectares. In addition, 633,000 trees have been planted in the villages and 250,000 along the roads. A part of these are fruit-bearing trees. As stated, the Sardarabad-Etchmiadzin and Ashtarak is the largest of state forests.

In the region of Etchmiadzin, by June 9 last, forests have been planted on an area two kilometers long and 15 meters wide, surrounding the cotton fields and the vineyards with trees. A plant nursery on an area of 12 hectares was founded last spring. A

similar nursery was set up in Ashtarak on a 30 hectare area, 23 hectares of which are planted with fruit bearing and decorative trees.

Forestation by the kolkhozes in the remaining regions, either as planned or work actually begun, presents the following picture: The region of Verdi, 12 kolkhozes, 15 hectares; the region of Martouni, 15 hectares; the region of Stepanavan, 20 hectares; the region of Kataikh, 8 hectares.

Forestation is a novel experiment in the Soviet Union. The near future will tell how successful that experiment will be.

Tropical Fruits

Another novelty for the agriculture of Armenia is the plan to develop tropical fruits. This decision, originally passed by the Soviet government, has been adopted by the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Armenia which has already prepared a long-range plan for the culture of such tropical fruits as olives, fig, pomegranate, nuts, hazelnuts, almonds, pistachio, etc.

Initial experiments have proved that the soil and the climate of many regions of Armenia are highly conducive to such development. In particular, these regions are: Novemberian, Allahverdi, Ichevan, Shamshadin, Meghri, Khapan, Goris, Ashtarak and others. According to the Soviet government's plan for Armenia, by 1955 that country will have under development an area of 10,000 hectares for the culture of tropical fruits, 7,500 hectares to be assigned to the kolkhozes, and 2,500 to the kolkhozes. By a decision of Moscow, Armenia will be supplied with 400,000 saplings of figs, almonds, hazelnuts, and 300,000 olive plants from Azerbaijan, Georgia, Uzbekistan and Crimea.

Electricity in the Villages

The electrification of the villages, aside from supplying light to the peasants' homes or to illuminate the streets, constitutes a

basic part of the Soviet plan of industrialization. For years the government press has been lavish in its praises of the plans for electrification of the villages and towns, but much of this is still on paper as facts prove. For example, the government organ Sove-takan Haiastan, in its issue of May 23, 1949, freely admits that the central factory for electrical equipment which was supposed to supply 80 percent of such demands, will be unable to satisfy all the needs under present conditions. Consequently, the government has decided to build a second factory to meet the demands of the peasantry.

Meanwhile work on the construction of electric power stations in the villages and towns is very slow. In the regions of Aparan, Khapan, Vedi, and Novemberian not one power house was completed by last May. In all these regions only 7 kolkhozes were supplied with electricity. The hydro-electric station of Martouni which was to have supplied 22 villages with electricity is away behind schedule. Nothing has been done on the projected electric power stations of Hakhoum, a village of Shamshadin, and the regions of Octoberian, Dilijan, Artashat, and Mikoyan.

On the black side of the ledger, however, are the following positive results. All the three villages in the regions of Ichevan and Meghri have been completely electrified. The same is true of the town of Verin Khadounar. On the other hand, the machine and tool factory of Erivan has been making good progress in the production of generators and small electric stations. Last year it turned out 208 generators while this year's plan calls for 1500. The small electric stations turned out from this factory are sent to the other republics of the Union. A larger output of these small stations are anticipated this year, in view of the fact that the factory will be rebuilt and its productive capacity enlarged.

The Budget

The Sixth session of the Supreme Soviet, held on April 7, examined the budget of Armenia. The 1948 budget report showed a total of 1,632,770,000 rubles in revenues, and 1,538,540,000 in expenditures. After the approval of the 1948 budget, the Supreme Soviet passed on the following budget for 1949: Revenues, 1,110,559,000 rubles, Expenditures, 1,105,182,000. The appropriations for expenditures include production, agriculture, communal economy, public health, socialistic insurance, physical culture and government salaries.

The Supreme Soviet also passed on the personnel of the administration as follows: Aghassi Charchoghlian Lieutenant President of the Soviet, Ivan Sochinsky Minister of Local Production, Rouben Calantar Minister of Commerce, Haig Meghavorian Minister of Justice, Sampson Ghazarian Minister of Live stock and Dairies, Suren Michaelian Minister of Education, Armenak Khrimlian Minister of Health, Jarnik Darbinian Minister of Light Industries, and Haigaz Marchounian Minister of Food Production. In the composition of the Supreme Soviet, Mirza Alaskiar Oghli Bashirov was replaced by Talib Ghourban oghli Musayev as Lieutenant President of the Supreme Soviet.

Changes in the personnel of the government after the session of the Supreme Soviet were the following: By a decree of the Supreme Soviet (May 24) Levon Khatchatourian has been released from his offices of Lieutenant President of the Soviet of Ministers and President of Federal Plans, his place being taken by Suren Movsisian. By a decree of May 28 Levon Michaelian has been appointed Minister of Building Material Production. By a decree of May 31 Gevorg Hovhanessian, Minister of Foreign Affairs, has taken over Dombayev's post as head of Art Administration, retaining meanwhile his former post.

Reported Constructions

Today construction work and construction planning in Armenia is strictly limited to what is called "capitalistic" construction—factories, state institutions, and public works. Housing construction comes last. The city of Erivan, which from the first day has been the principal object of the government's attention, stands on the front line of all the other cities of Armenia as far as reconstruction and improvement are concerned. In this respect the work done in other cities is practically negligible. With the exception of Leninakan, the rest may hardly be called cities.

The government organ "Sovetakan Haianstan" has frequently referred to construction in Erivan but these have nothing to do with actual construction in 1949; they deal chiefly with planning. Those who are interested in what goes on in Soviet Armenia are familiar with the late A. Tamanian's plan for Erivan; but this plan was subjected to a number of changes by the government as a result of changing views in regard to the architecture of different periods, and to date no final plan as approved by the Soviet authorities exists. What little goes on in Erivan is without plan and is restricted exclusively to public works.

A conference of leaders and specialists invited by the Party Committee and the City's Soviet Executive Committee, in releasing the plan for 1949, has disclosed that the appropriations for the current year will be spent on housing (it is not stated how many houses will be built), seven school buildings, five public baths, polyclinics, clubs, the water system, the Victory Monument, the extension of transportation by autobus and street cars, and trolley busses. Subsequent issues of the official organ reinforce this list with roads, streets, vineyards, parks, and the beautification of the streets and public institutions with trees and shrubs.

The most important in this plan is the construction of the streets and public squares, now being carried out with unusual zeal. The Sovetskoye Isskoutsvo of Moscow lists the following streets and boulevards which have been built in Erivan during the past ten years: Stalin, Ordjonikidze, Beria, Kirov, Mikoyan, Baghramian, Moscovian, and Red Army. This year's plan includes the completion of Mikoyan, the Tamantzian and Beria avenues.

The impression gained from recent newspapers of Soviet Armenia is that the Mikoyan Avenue has already been completed. That avenue is a short cut between the railroad and Lenin Square. Only a year ago, according to the Armenian correspondent of a Moscow newspaper, it resembled a bottle which opened at the station and formed a juncture with a narrow street at the outskirts of the city leading to Shahoumian Square. With the razing of a number of old houses, the entire length of the avenue has now been widened as far as Lenin Square. This was made possible by the construction of a bridge across the river Ketar. The avenue is lined up with newly-constructed buildings one of which is supposed to be a five story building. In addition, there is a street car line from the railroad station to Lenin Square and the Cultural Home. These projects are supposed to be completed by the anniversary of Soviet Armenia.

One novelty in this plan is a trolley line which will be built in Erivan between Abovian and Ordjonikidze Streets. Work on this has already begun and it is expected to be finished by the end of the year. The trolley line will go through Abovian, Shahoumian, and 26 Communar Streets, as far as the factory of Kirov by way of Ordjonikidze Street.

An important place in the improvement of the capital is given to the ornamentation of the streets with trees and shrubs. According to the official organ Sovetakan

Haiastan, this year 100,000 trees and nearly ten million flower bushes will be planted.

In a glowing account of the reconstruction of Armenia's capital, Sovetskoye Isskoustvo points out the following imperfections:

"The majority of the capital's new buildings are half finished. Examples of this are the Government Building whose tower has been half finished for many years, and the Opera Theater whose summer section is still unfinished. The Agricultural Institute has been without its central part for years while the side wings still lack entrance doors. The Medical Institute facing Allahverdi Street is still unfinished. For eight years Stalin Street has not been cleared for new housing."

A session of the Erivan City Council has passed a resolution in regard to this year's labors for the improvement of the housing accommodations for the repatriates. To give special significance to this decision, party leaders have organized meetings in repatriate wards in which orators have expatiated on improvement plans and to express "boundless thanks and love to the great and beloved leader Stalin for his warm solicitude for the Armenian people and the repatriated."

The first meeting has taken place in the new town of Zeitun where the principal speaker, Dr. K. Manushakian, has outlined the work of the repatriates of Zeitun for the improvement of their town. This includes the construction of a tunnel leading to the town, the improvement of two main streets, the extension of the irrigation network, the completion of a school and public bath buildings, the construction of a hospital and new club buildings, of a telephone line, and the extension of the electric light system.

In a meeting of Nork repatriates, Dr. Manushakian has spoken about the construction of a school, a kindergarten, a club

house, a public bath, and a hospital. Besides this the repatriates must build 300 houses and must plant 10,000 fruit trees. This meeting was held by Tovmasian, the secretary of the Communist party Committee of Erivan.

Three hundred repatriates turned out in a similar meeting at Sari Tak. The plan here calls for the construction of new houses, a public bath, a school building and a number of public and cultural centers.

Similar meetings have been held in the new towns of Arabkir, Kirov (600 repatriated factory workers), and the new suburbs of New Aresh and Spenderian. The speakers have made it plain that this work must be done by the repatriates themselves, freely donating their labor in their spare time.

Speaking in a meeting of New Arabkir repatriates, K. Alexanian, Secretary of Political Committee of Erivan, has stressed the importance of the participation of all the repatriates, and the various phases of socialistic competition, meaning *free labor* which the workers are expected to donate with enthusiasm based on the revived system of "week days". This is the industrialization to which reference has been made. But Erivan is no exception in this respect. Reconstruction in all the rest of the cities of Armenia proceeds along the same formula.

After Erivan, the city of Leninakan (Alexandropol) is the largest city of Soviet Armenia. Here too industrialization goes on in great tempo. Leninakan is the center of two big combinats (group of factories) — the Lentextile and the Meat Plant. The former will be reinforced this year with the construction of a new textile printing factory, begun in 1948 and expected to be completed in 1950. The latter project is expected to cost 20.5 million rubles.

Included in the plans is also a stocking factory, an adjunct of Lentextile, construction on which has already begun and which

is expected to start production this fall. This factory will turn out women's stockings and silkens. Its annual output will be 15 million pairs of stockings and two million silk dresses. The planned quota for the current year is 200,000 pairs of stockings and 100,000 dresses.

The Meat Plant will be expanded by the addition of a canned goods factory which will turn out annually 25,000 cans of ten different kinds of meat. This year's plan also includes the construction of machine and bicycle factories, as well as the renovation of the former machine factory.

In short, the Leninakan reconstruction plan calls for the construction of two new streets and squares, as well as the suburb called Kotelni. It also includes a new main street which will be called Victory Street. One kilometer long and sixty meters wide, this street will divide the city from north to south into two parts, extending as far as the highway to Kazachi Post. The Street of Factories, started last year and now joined to Lenin Street unites the central part of the city with the railroad station. Work in Kotelni suburb is likewise reported to be proceeding in great tempo. New buildings, new streets, sewers, water piping, and an electric light system. All this, as stated above, is to be done by free labor outside of working hours.

Kirovakan (former Karakillisse) is a small town, formerly a vacation resort for the people of Erivan, Tiflis and Baku. Having decided to convert it into a production center, in the initial period of its rule the Soviet government founded here a chemical combinat. Since then other "combinats" have been added and Kirovakan gradually is growing as a production city.

Parallel with production is the work of reconstruction which, although largely on paper, nevertheless as an accomplished achievement, presents the following picture

for 1949. Kirovakan has 28 big or small industrial plants. There will be added three more this year and work will begin on two others. Foremost among these is the chemical "combinat" named after Alexander Miasnikian. In 1950 this combinat will be supplemented by a new factory for the manufacture of fertilizers. Second in rank is the combinat of textiles. Work will begin this fall on a new spinning factory, at an estimated cost of 4 1/2 million rubles, expected to be completed in 1951. The silk factory will be ready to operate the end of this year. By the end of the year the brick factory will also be completely revamped, extending its annual output capacity from one million to five million.

Intent on converting Kirovakan into one of the greatest industrial centers, the Soviet government is concentrating its efforts on improving and beautifying the town. Post Street, now called Stalin Street, is being widened and improved. When completed, it will be 4 kilometers long and 35 meters wide. At present only the central part is ready. This work will be completed in two years. Kirov Street, when completed in 1950, will extend from the railroad station to the woods outside the town. Another new street named after Shahoumian which will extend from the Chemical Combinat to Lenin Street is now in process of construction. In the center of Kirovakan is Lenin Square which was formally opened this year but will not be completed until 1951. Here will stand the statue of Lenin which only will be second to the statue of Kirov. The plan also includes the construction of a sewerage and water supply system which are now lacking in Kirovakan.

Like all other cities of Armenia, Kirovakan is being beautified with trees and evergreens. This plan calls for the planting of

10,000 trees inside the town and 600 around it. Housing construction is carried on along two lines, workers public stations built by the directorates of the factories, and private homes built by the repatriates. The latter are quartered in a section of the town called Camp where last year they built 200 homes at a cost of 7.5 million rubles, and this year 9 million will be expended on the same project.

Another production center is Khapan which is the site of copper mines. Khapan is fast becoming a city, but compared with the above mentioned cities, its planned reconstruction is very modest. As newly built factories, Sovetakan Haiastan mentions two, a machine and a canned goods factory. The first was started last year and will be completed by the end of this year. The second also was completed except for the fixtures, and was expected to start operating by October of this year at the latest.

The plan of Khapan's public works likewise is very modest. This year its one kilometer long main street, extending from the center of the town to the railroad station will be completed, with the regular trees on both sides. Three other streets which as yet have no names will be lengthened and improved. Khapan has no sewers, and its water system, begun this year, is still incomplete due to the lack of pipes and faucets. An indispensable part of Ghaban's beautification is the statue of the "people's beloved leader Stalin." This ten meter high statue will stand at the public and cultural park which as yet is on paper.

Sovetakan Haiastan has so little to say about the other towns of Vagharshapat, New Beyazit, Goris, Mikoyan, Allahverdi, Stepanavan, etc. that it is not worth our while to pause on them.



THE AMERICAN MILITARY MISSION TO ARMENIA

Part IV

By JAMES H. TASHJIAN

The Mission Reaches Istanbul

The American Military Mission to Armenia, led by General James Harbord, with its full entourage and equipment, left the French Harbor of Brest, August 24, 1919, en route to the scene of its operations. Paris, where the group had been assembled, had been left on the 20th day of the same month; and the group essayed the tedious journey to port fortified with the knowledge that, finally, transportation by sea had been made available to them, that the liner *Martha Washington* was awaiting them.

At Brest, the Mission found that the *Washington* would also transport another important American group, bound for Armenia, on the first leg of its journey. This was the small mission led by Col. Haskell the task of which, however, would be somewhat different from that assigned the Harbord group (125).

On its part, following departure from French soil, the Military Mission personnel continued its intensive preparations for the task in the Turkish interior. Though carrying its voluminous documents and papers on the journey, Mission men soon discovered that much information important to their duties was not available.

With the arrival of the Mission in Istanbul,

September 2, there opened for the group an intensive four day period devoted to official visits, the introduction to the Turkish psychology, and further fact-finding. (126).

American affairs in Istanbul, Khachadourian indicates, (127) were well nigh in a chaotic state. The curious fact that, though Turkey had been an ally of the Central Powers during the course of the past conflict, no declaration of war had been made on it by the United States still reflected adversely on diplomatic relations between the two countries. With the entrance of the United States into the World War, American Ambassador Elkus had left Istanbul, and U. S. relations with Turkey had been handled by the Swedish Ambassador, this arrangement having been entered into with the Swedes by the U. S. official before his departure from Turkey; but even with the return of American authorities to the Turkish capital city following the Armistice, strangely

(126) Following the arrival of the Mission in Istanbul, a wire was received through "Ammission of "a big and difficult mission in Armenia." It was signed by members of the American Comm. for the Independence of Armenia. A copy of this wire is found in the Khachadourian Papers at the Hairenik Bldg., Boston. No. 16 in those papers,

(127) The author has derived most of the information on the travels and experiences of the AMMA from the "American Military Mission to Armenia," written in the Armenian, and appearing in the *Hairenik Monthly* in 1940 and 1941. In connection with this installment, see especially that article in the December 1940 issue of the *Monthly*.

(125) The 'Haskell Mission' (Col. V Haskell, C.O.) was to work closely with the government of the Ind. Armenian Republic on relief problems.

enough, no official directive seems to have emanated from Washington transferring American affairs from the Swedes to American hands. Thus, in the necessary formality of establishing contact with the Turkish government, the Mission was forced to work through the Swedish Embassy, though U. S. Consul General Ravendal and the American High Commissioner Admiral Bristol had offices in Istanbul. "It is doubtful," says Khachadoorian, "that our overtures reached their mark." (128).

But though the legal government of Turkey did not receive the papers of the Mission, the alert "Turkish National Movement" (129) immediately paid its respects to Gen. Harbord. Members of that group rendered the Mission all sorts of promises and requested and received a list of cities and towns through which the Mission would travel. A roster of Military Mission members was also supplied the Turk nationalists, again upon their request.

Interviews with the religious leaders of Armenians of Istanbul constituted the first contacts established by General Harbord with the Armenians of the country. In succession, the American officer paid visits to Archbishop Zaven (130) the Armenian Apostolic Church patriarch, Bezjian, ranking leader of Istanbul Armenian Protestants, and Roman Catholic patriarch Terzian. Not content solely with receiving the views of men of the cloth, in his quest for facts, and in his desire to understand fully the attitude of the Armenians of Turkey, the General saw a number of Armenian intellectuals, and even the representatives of Armenian organizations. Mission members also paid calls on the staff of the American College for

Women, where they were given a tea; they also inspected a number of hospitals and foundations established and supported by American funds.

Directly following the debarkation of the Mission on Turkish soil, the Turkish language newspapers commenced giving over to the Mission a great deal of space. The demands of the press for interviews and news releases were insistent. "It was impossible to elude the Turkish press," Khachadoorian wrote. (131)

Neither was the coverage of the Turkish press objective in character. It assured its readers that the American mission had had interviews with the Turkish vizier, and also with representatives of the Istanbul city government, though no such meetings had taken place. The object of these falsehoods was to bolster in Turkish and foreign eyes the prestige of the dying nominal government of Turkey and, at the same time, to blacken the eyes of the "Nationalist Movement", the rival faction which, in all truth, had searched out the Mission and had presumed to speak for Turkey. Nevertheless, Mission members did not relish their being drawn into the maelstrom of Turkish politics; but they were beginning to get an able insight into the Turkish mind, and to comprehend the tumultuous state of affairs in Turkey.

To Asia Minor and the Opening of Operations

At Istanbul, just before the Mission shoved off for its work in the interior, two distinct companies were formed, General Harbord feeling it important that the country's governmental, financial and commercial problems be studied by Mission experts. One group was assigned to the lengthy overland trek through Turkey proper, visiting the important cities en route, while the second and smaller group was ordered to remain

(128) *Khachadoorian, Amer. Mil. Mission to Armenia, Hairenik monthly* (Dec., 1940), p. 64.

(129) The junta led by Kemal Pasha, and now the "Halk" Party.

(130) Patriarch of Armenians (Apostolic) of Turkey. Exiled from Istanbul in 1915, he subsequently went to his native Bagdad, returning to his seat in Turkey following the Armistice.

(131) *Khachadoorian, op. cit.*, p. 64.

in Istanbul in order to finish their survey, it being plain that needed information could be found only in the capital city. The latter band was instructed to proceed on the *Martha Washington* to Batum once their work was completed in Istanbul; from Batum they would travel to Tiflis and finally Erivan where they would rejoin their Mission companions.

On the early morning of September 7, General Harbord, leading his group of about thirty men, including Generals McCoy and Moseley, took the "Haida Pasha" steamer from Istanbul for the port of Scutari (132) on the opposite side of the Bosphorous. They were subsequently to travel by rail to Ismid, Konia, Adana, Aleppo and Mardin where they would roll out their trucks and travel thus through Diarbekir (Tigranacert), Kharpert, Malatia, Sivas, Erzizing, Erzeroum, Kars to Erivan. (133). Following the completion of their work in the latter city, the Mission group, picking up its second company, would journey by rail to Tiflis, Baku and Batum. A long and arduous journey faced the American group.

The brief rail trip from Scutari to Ismid (134) was spent by Mission personnel in catching their first real glimpses of fabled Asia Minor. At Ismid, their wagons were met by a large number of Armenians who regaled the company with "Haiastan" (Armenia) and "Kroonk." But if any of the Mission men entertained ideas that their journey would be marked only by garlands and song, they were soon to see differently.

Their first sobering contact with the pitiful remnants of the Christian deportations in Turkey occurred shortly in the station at Sapanca. (135). Here, as the train paused

for a short while, forty poorly-dressed Armenians descended upon the Mission. They bore flowers and fruit and read a letter of welcome and good wishes; but they had sad things to relate. Of the 400 Armenians who had been residents of Sapanca, they told General Harbord, only fifty remained; and of the seventy Armenian houses, only ten were still occupied by their owners. Armenian gardens and orchards were in ruins; but, worse still, the remaining Armenians lived constantly under the fear of further Turkish reprisals. They felt there was no security whatsoever for them.

On September eight, the train bearing the Mission rolled through Afion Karahissar, (136) Askishehir, (137) and Konia (138). The ruins of the past violence were everywhere to be seen. At Afion Kara hissar, General Harbord interviewed Fathers Artavasd Siurmeian, and Sahak Haleblan. (139). At Askishehir, the General was told that all Armenian residents of the city had been deported during the tumults, with but about one-half of the pre-war Armenian settlement—about 2,500 individuals—having returned to their homes there. The harvest had been poor, and the same feeling of insecurity had gripped the Armenians.

Miss Cushman, connected with the local American Relief Mission group, who had resided in Turkey through twenty years, had a story of horror and privation to tell the Mission soon after Konia was reached. She said that she had seen about 500,000 Armenian refugees passing through Konia on their way to the land of the deportation. For a time, she said, close to 35,000 Armenian refugees had remained in Konia. She

(132) USKUDAR, a city directly opposite Istanbul, on the western banks of the Bosphorous.

(133) See map, this article.

(134) The ancient Nikomedia, at the very western top of the longest western finger of the Sea of Marmara.

(135) About twenty miles east of Ismid, on the railroad.

(136) A city of some consequence about 175 miles south of Ismid.

(137) About eighty miles s. e. of Afion.

(138) Formerly Iconium. About 80 miles s. e. of Askishehir.

(139) Siurmeian, now an Archbishop, is the representative of the Armenian Catholics in France. No other notice on Fr. Halebian has been found.

further reported that, at the moment, there were living in the city 4,500 Armenians, 5,500 Greeks and 50,000 Turks. The Mission also learned that Miss Cushman had been personally instrumental in saving 200 Armenian orphans and girls from the Turks. She was at the time managing an orphanage and hospital serving about 500 waifs.

Eregli (140) was reached on the following day—September 9. Here, American missionaries said that only 200 Armenian families had returned from the deportation of the original 800 Armenian families living in the city before the war. Armenian properties—schools, houses, churches—were in ruins; and, worse still, no American relief agency had established itself there. About 180 Armenian orphans were being taken care of by the Armenian residents who themselves were hard-pressed. Interestingly enough, it was a Greek priest who first approached General Harbord in Eregli. He asked alms, and the General gave him some money. It was no wonder then that when the Greek's visit was followed by that of certain Armenian representatives, the General turned to Lt. Khacahdoorian and inquired if the Armenians too asked money. The American officer was informed that the Armenians had come to him bearing merely good wishes, that they wanted nothing. The Armenian priest of the city also paid a visit to the Mission and the otherwise sordid atmosphere was brightened with the appearance of a wee Armenian lass who gave the General a bunch of freshly-cut flowers.

At Ulukisla (141), Major Haig Skekerjian, who had joined the troop in Istanbul, left for Sivas with Capt. Villaret (142).

(140) About 175 miles s. e. of Konia.

(141) A small rail junction about 25 miles east of Eregli. Maj. Shekerjian, now Brig. Gen. (ret.).

(142) One of Gen Harbord's aides, and a sanitary engineer by profession. (See TAR, Vol. 2-6, p. 73).

They were to travel to their destination by automobile. Later on the same day, a small band of 60 Armenians were met with near Pozanti-Khan (143). These people had just returned from exile in Damascus, and had suffered terribly. They spoke of vengeance.

The major city of Adana (144) was reached on September 10. This city, the Mission found, had had 25,000 Armenian residents before the opening of the war; but during the deportations period, no less than 18,000 of these unfortunates had been driven from their native hearths. Of these, about 10,000 had returned to Adana where, at the moment the Mission arrived, according to information given Gen. Harbord, there were congregated an additional group of some 18,000 Armenians displaced from elsewhere in Turkey. In all, 35,000 Armenians were found in a city which could number around 80,000 inhabitants. The Armenians, moreover, still constituted the majority in Adana: there were 12,000 Turks, 15,000 Arabs, 6,000 Greeks, 1,000 Circasians, 4,000 Syrians, 2,000 Kurds, etc.; etc.

Shortly after the arrival of the Americans in Adana, M. Damadian (145), Dr. K. Vartapetian, and representatives of various Armenian organizations presented themselves to Gen. Harbord who interviewed them in the presence of Mission members.

Conditions were chaotic in the once prosperous city of Adana.

The eyes of the Americans, though accustomed to the ruins of war wrought in France, nevertheless looked with astonishment at scenes of unparalleled destitution. The streets had been turned into filthy morasses and were full of thousands of orphans aim-

(143) A small town 20 miles s. e. of Ulukisla.

(144) Adana (Sevhan) a major city north of the Gulf of Alexandretta.

(145) Mibran Damadian, the representative of Boghos Nubar Pasha's "Armenian National Delegation" in Adana. See note 82, TAR, Autumn 1949, p. 60

lessly wandering around and searching for crusts of bread. The local government, if such were present, seemed to be too paralyzed to cope with the situation. The Armenians, however, of late had opened a drive to collect the means necessary before the pitiful waifs in the avenues and lanes could be rounded up and placed in a center where they could be cared for.

The Armenian hospital, indeed, was found to be in good condition. An old inn, it had been converted into a presentable clinic, and was doing yeoman work in serving the medical needs of the populace. The building bore signs of continuous and meticulous scrubbing; and it was soon apparent that the guiding genius was Dr. Ghazarossian, the head physician. Dr. Ghazarossian was aided by other local doctors, and a competent staff of nurses.

But Adana, though ruined, could very well look forward to a prosperous future in many ways. The needle-work and rug manufacturing shops had already recommenced activities, and were producing, though in dribblets. "It was a pitiful sight," Khachadoorian wrote, "to see Armenian girls saved from Arab hands working in those shops. When we walked into the factories, these Christian girls made pitiful attempts to hide the marks of their 'shame'—the marks of slavery on their faces and hands." (146).

There was a high incidence of the diseases which follow the conversion of a community to the highest degree of poverty by the hammer blows of fate. The orphans, almost nude, with what clothing still hanging to their backs ragged and vermin-ridden, suffered from a multitude of illnesses. Trachoma was especially prevalent; the little tots meandered through the city practically

blind. Many had one eye permanently destroyed by a disease that readily responds to adequate medical treatment which, of course, could hardly be available in a marked city like Adana. Khachadoorian has recorded the courage of these children. "These poor, ill and unfortunate infants were doing their best to continue their existence. They were children of majestic spirit and strength." (147). Their privations had been made somewhat easier by the ministrations of the local American Relief Mission which the Mission found to be in satisfactory condition.

Economic conditions in Adana were described to the Mission by a Greek factory owner, one Terpan. He told Gen. Harbord that up to twenty years ago, ten thousand tons of cotton were produced in the Adana area annually; this had been upped to thirty thousand tons with the use of machines. But during the war, he went on to point out, the cotton produce had varied from but 16,000 tons to 20,000 tons. What is more, the price of cotton, the growing of which was one of Adana's life-lines, was tied in with the American market. He indicated that the war, which had terminated the connections Adana held with America, had been well nigh economically catastrophic. Terpan complained that presently an *okhan* (148) of cotton sold for but a mere pittance—if anyone could buy it. There were no less than fifteen cotton factories in Adana, worth about \$125,000 and employing 8,000 workers of whom 40% were Greek, 35% Armenians and 25% Turks. The Greek industrialist reported that the cotton works of the city had been especially hit hard by the devaluation of the French franc in 1916, a step which had added to the difficulty of trying to maintain normal business activities in the industries.

Before Adana was left, the Mission was

(146) The Arabs, upon seizing Armenian women, tattooed their faces, and hands or arms with ugly marks as symbols of "slavery."—Quote, see Khachadoorian, op. cit. p. 66.

(147) Khachadoorian, op. cit., p. 66.

(148) About three pounds.

apprised that the Rev. Koshgerian of nearby Hasan-Behli (149) had petitioned the local Armenian National Association for aid in bettering the condition of the Armenian people of his town. This information constrained an unnamed member of the American Military Mission to lend the good Reverend \$150.00 with the provision that the money be returned to him in one year, and that it be used to help support ten destitute families in Hasan-Behli.

Upon arrival in Mersin (150) Sept. 11, the Mission immediately interviewed members of the Armenian National Association. The city, they had been told, had had 15,000 inhabitants before the war; 3,000 had been Armenians and 2,000 of these had been deported, with but 800 having returned to the city. There were also in the city 1,200 other Armenians displaced from elsewhere. The Mersin factories had been owned by Greeks and Armenians while the largest parcels of property had been the possessions of the same two nationality groups. The Armenians, however, had constituted 75% of the merchant class, far outnumbering the Greeks and Arabs.

No orphanage was in operation in Mersin and a tiny hospital with a capacity of twelve patients, run by the Armenians, continued a pitiful existence. There was also an Armenian school for five hundred pupils.

A great deal of ill feeling towards the French was in evidence among the Armenians of this city. They complained that the French had made serious attempts to disarm them while taking no action relative to the excellent arms owned by the local Turks. This, they said, was part of the pattern set by the French when they entered the city and immediately entered into friendly rela-

tions with the Turks. (151).

Further investigation proved that the Armenian charges of French-Turkish collaboration were well-founded. During the course of a visit paid the Mission by a "high-ranking" English officer, the latter testified as to the baleful character of the French occupation. "When the French officials reached Mersin," the English officer declared, "the entire population of the city was ordered out to receive them; but arrival of American and French officers in the city was greeted by a stony silence by the French commandant. That chap didn't even bestir himself to meet Allenby's force. The French officials here," he concluded, "are even more corrupt than the Turks."

The stay in Mersin was brief, and Tarsus, (152) the birthplace of the Apostle Paul, was reached by the Mission on the same day. Here the Mission found a miserable remnant of 1000 Armenians in residence, as against the flourishing colony of 5,000 that had graced the city before the war. Four hundred Armenian orphans were being adequately cared for, and 2,000 Armenians had been deported.

According to Dr. Christie of local Tarsus College, this ancient and historic city, once an important center in the time of the Caesars, had suffered no less than nineteen massacres. He told Gen. Harbord that in 1905, five American professors at his school had been murdered.

(151) The area was occupied by the British 6 months after the general armistice; with their withdrawal the French moved in, evacuating late in 1919. Turkish "Halk" influence in the district grew while the French were present. An actual result was another Armenian massacre in Marash. French-Turkish friendship was capped with an 'agreement' signed at Ankara Oct. 20, 1919. By this instrument, France gave up its holdings in Turkey proper, transferred arms to Kemal, and got in return the mandate of Syria.

(152) Between Mersin and Adana.

(149) A small community east of Adana. The Armenian church there had been torn down by the Turks in 1909.

(150) Or Iceli, a seaport on the Mediterranean.

The Road To Aleppo

September 12 was a day of extensive travel for the Mission. After the train in which they rode left the environs of Tarsus, the Americans tarried profitably at such communities as Misis, Toprak Kaleh and Mamoura, (153) on the rail line to Aleppo, their next major destination.

In all these places, the Mission found the Armenians up in arms against the trend of French policies in Cilicia. The Armenians assured the Mission that the French had gone so far in their abortive activities as to demand the Armenians petition the Paris Peace Conference asking for French control of Cilicia—a thing not desired by the Armenians.

At Bahce (154) about sixty Armenians, wearing mourning apparel, had thrown a cordon around the depot. These people complained to the Mission that within the past few days three of their compatriots had been cut to pieces; and nothing had been done to redress these murders even though they had informed the resident Allied authorities of the incidents. Visibly moved by their stories, General Harbord told them although he was only a traveler and could himself do nothing, he would inform his government asking them to press the Allied commissioners to take all possible steps to reestablish peace, law and order in the community. Khachadoorian's comment on this is ironical. "Such an immediate reform was a thing which could not be done as easily as all that." And this sentiment was carried by the Armenians who, seeing that they could get no action on their ills from the Americans, departed from the station after handing the Mission a letter presented in their behalf by the Armenian National Association. The letter again told of the recent murder of the three Armenians, and pinned

the responsibilities for the homicides on members of a "secret Turkish society". "The bodies of the victims," said the letter, "were cut to pieces. Their feet were chopped off from their legs, their eyes had been gouged out and hung loosely from their sockets. There was not a single bullet wound found, but there were the marks of 25 to 37 bayonet thrusts. They were not robbed—that was not the reason for the murders—for their properties had not been touched . . . Here, there is no security of life . . . We beg that we be saved from these intolerable conditions." (155).

Another letter, the contents of which are not outlined, but which we may imagine, perhaps accurately, to be in greeting to the Mission, and a petition for needed help, was given the Mission upon arrival at Islahieh where a group of Armenians were found assembled.

A Brief Pause in Aleppo

Aleppo (156) itself was reached at 5:30 P. M. of the same day and, curiously enough the Mission remained the sum total of but one and one-half hours in that metropolis. During that time, Gen. Harbord had an interview with American Consul Jackson and with such representatives of the Cilician Armenians as Catholicos Sahag, Archbishop Mushegh and Mr. Sarkis Kradjian. (157). Among the large number of Armenians collected at the station were a number of prominent figures. Khachadoorian remarked that the Armenians had "quite an unhelpful air about them and they inquired anxiously if the United States was to receive the proposed Mandate."

Aleppo Armenians, as all other Armenian

(155) Quotes in paragraph after Khachadoorian, *op. cit.* pp. 67-68.

(156) Aleppo, or Alep, has a population of almost 180,000. It is now in the Republic of Syria.

(157) Sahag Khabayian was the Armenian Apostolic Catholicos of Sis (Cilicia); Archbishop Mushegh Seropian is indicated; nothing is known of Kradjian.

(153) Small towns on the railroad between Adana and Aleppo.

(154) A small town near the southern bend of the railroad leading to Aleppo

communities in the general area, had suffered heavily during the war years. But the city had assumed the character of a refugee camp. Where there had been 6,000 Armenians residing in Aleppo before the war, now 30,000 of the same people crowded the city. Consul Jackson and Archbishop Musesgh also agreed that there were about 80,000 deportees in all in Syria, with 30,000 of the unhappy people existing in want around Bagdad. The Armenian spokesmen emphasised particularly that the massacres had produced 1,500,000 victims. Jackson himself testified that 1,000,000 Armenian deportees had passed through Aleppo alone on their road to exile.

The party pushed on to Djerablus (158) on the same evening; there a French eyewitness of the massacre in that town told the Americans that the gendarmes had played the worst role in the immolations, but that the "Circassians had not been far from them." The Arabs, first of all, had abducted the Armenian women and maidens, and then had turned to the looting of the remaining Armenians. According to him, 1,500,000 Armenians had been lost to Turkish violence; but an English official, friendly to the Kurds, came forward to declare in all seriousness that in Armenia "20,000 Armenians and 300,000 Kurds had been slaughtered." (159).

The morning and afternoon of the thirteenth of September was spent by the Mission in unbroken travel as their train traversed the distance from Aleppo eastward to Mardin. (160). "The whole day," Khachadoorian wrote, "was spent traveling through uninteresting flat terrain. With the help of science, these barren fields could provide for millions. We saw no villages or

hamlets along the railway except, here and there, bands of straggling, filthy nomad Arabs. Whenever we stopped (to take on water), these Arabs would descend upon us asking all sorts of charity. Whatever they saw, they wanted; and what you didn't give them, they would try to steal . . . I was able to save myself only after some difficulties from an Arab who demanded some tobacco from me." (161).

A Dinner in Mardin

Late in the afternoon of the same day, the Mission reached the station at Mardin where they were met by eight Turkish governmental and military representatives, and also by five Americans connected with the local American Relief group. The end of the journey by rail had been reached. Before the Mission lay the uninviting prospect of an unhappy journey of hundreds of miles by automobile over the undeveloped roads of Turkey.

Following the detrainning of the Mission personnel and the equipment and rolling stock of the group, General Harbord ordered his command to search out and find a suitable place for encampment in the open rather than entry into the city where billets might be found.

That evening, as the American soldiers rolled out their military bedding and threw up their tents, a Turk who, as events were to prove, was to become closely associated with the story of the Mission's peregrinations from that point to the entrance into the Armenian state, introduced himself for the first time to Gen. Harbord. He was Col. Kenan Bey, he told the Mission, and was the commanding officer of the Fifth Turkish "Division" (162). He told Gen. Harbord proudly that his command, numbering 2,000

(158) A town near ancient Carcemish, about 70 miles west of Aleppo. It is in Syria today.

(159) Khachadoorian, *op. cit.*, p. 68.

(160) About 250 miles east of Aleppo, in Turkey.

(161) Khachadoorian, *op. cit.*, p. 68.

(162) "Zoramast" is the word rendered "Division" here. Actually a Turkish *zoramast* has not the strength of a modern division.

soldiers, was the guardian of the district extending from Mardin to Tigranacert. Scarcely had this man introduced himself around when he launched into a bitter attack on English Major Newell who, he said, had passed through this district a few months previously. The Turk declared that after Newell had left, it became apparent that he was a propaganda agent working for an independent Kurdish state under British mandate. Newell and a few young Kurdish friends, complained Kenan, were still in Malatia where they were agitating for a free Kurdistan, and there was bad blood between the Kurds of Malatia and the Turkish National Movement in Sivas. He added that the Kurds and British were warring on the frontiers of Persia.

When the Mission members awoke the following morning, they found that the Turkish military command had assigned excellent mounts to each of them. Astride these horses, the Mission rode into Mardin, a matter of one hour's distance from their camp site. During the remaining morning hours, the Americans visited the American missionary establishment and orphanage in the city. Following this call, they were conveyed by the Turks to the assembly hall of a Turkish school which had been specially decorated for the occasion. There, the Mission was feted by local authorities and notables at a sumptuous dinner.

The dinner was weighted down by glittering brass and presumption. The ubiquitous Kenan Bey was present, of course, as was the Mustarîf (163), Mustafa Nadir Bey, Judge Fehmi, mufti (164) Hussein Effendi, the vicar-patriarch of the Assyrians Kasseh Michael, the Catholic priest Louis, the Protestant Iskith Georgis, Semari Arab (165) Sheikh Mishah Bey,

Iraqi Arab Sheikh Adjemi Pasha, and the influential Turks Abdul Kadir Pasha, Raji Faris and Makhosned Ali. The absence of any Armenian representatives whatsoever was immediately discernable and telling.

Adjemi and Mishah were very bitter against the British. They orated on Pres. Wilson's "Fourteen Points" and on the matter of national self-determination. In the light of the latter, they envisioned themselves people of sufficient numbers to be eligible for freedom under the Wilsonian clause.

Mufti Hussein then arose and read a prepared speech saying about the same things. Others took the floor, delivered attacks on England and demanded that Turkey remain the lord of the land.

The extent of the Armenian hardships in Mardin is described thusly by Khachadoorian: "I saw not a single Armenian representative in Mardin," he declared. "The lady missionary Fenega told me all the Armenians of Mardin had been deported, and according to other Christian representatives, not a native Mardin Armenian could be found in the city at the moment." (166).

The population of Mardin was in desperate straits. Not only were they filthy, hungry and idle, but they were suffering from a multitude of eye ailments. And the condition of the Turkish soldiery was no better. "The Fifth Turkish 'Division'," wrote Khachadoorian, "was dirty and almost naked. The commanding officer received monthly sixty Turkish gold pounds in paper specie, while the common soldier got fifteen *khurush* (167). Though the 'division' was under the nominal orders of Istanbul, it had no communication whatsoever with the capital city, and neither did it have the necessary means for establishing such communication. The military was actually under the com-

(163) *Mutasarîf*—a governor of a district of a province (*sanjak*).

(164) *Mufti*—a religious chief.

(165) *Shemari Arab*—a nomadic Arabic tribe.

(166) Khachadoorian, op. cit., p. 69.

(167) The commanding officer, then, received \$10.00 monthly—the common soldier two and one-half (2½) cents!

mand of Mustapha Kemal."

In his many encounters with Turkish officialdom, Gen. Harbord always asked about the Armenians—how many were deported, how many had returned to their homes. If, by chance, an Armenian representative was available, the General would fearlessly inquire of him, in the presence of Turks, if Armenian properties had been returned to them by the Turks, or if the Armenians were displeased with present conditions in any way.

The impact of these questions is described by Khachadoorian in these words: "These inquiries had an immediate and 'moral' effect upon the Turks. Though a Turk might have played a highly active role in the crimes, or though he might have actually organized a massacre, he would immediately assume an innocent air and would term the massacres as 'unfortunate incidents', placing each time the responsibility for the murders on an absent individual or individuals, or upon the upper strata of officialdom. 'The Armenian massacres,' the Turk would invariably intone, 'is a story of the past, a plague that swept over an area. We too had sacrifices and we too toiled. For centuries, the Armenians and Turks have lived in peace as children of the same land, and there is no reason that we cannot live side by side as good neighbors in the future.'" (168).

That evening, the Mission took the road from Mardin and went on an additional twenty-five miles before turning in again under Oriental skies.

And On Into Turkey

The American Military Mission to Armenia company reached the town of Khanik (169) at 9:30 A. M., September 15. Kenan Bey, as usual, awaited the Americans.

"This Turkish official," said Khachadoorian, "became our self-appointed middle-man. Handsome physically, clean, well-dressed, a man of military bearing, he was always extremely polite with us and always ready to serve us. He ingratiated himself to everyone." But when confronted with the question of his ubiquity, the Turk would always plead that his invariable presence in a town or city at the same time the Mission was there was purely "coincidental" he "being on a tour of inspection." But the Americans readily understood the nature of his mission. "Kenan Bey," Khachadoorian said, "was really travelling ahead of us sweeping the roads before us of brigands and always taking pains to show us how well organized were the Turkish forces. He always strove to heap discredit upon the Kurdophile trend of English politics. He swore that there were 2,000 gendarmes in his district, plus up to 75,000 Moslems armed with Mausers. The Kurdish movement in Malatia was always a source of concern to him. He told us that a secretly-printed tract authored by an Englishman broaching a Kurdish revolt was being passed from hand to hand. The Kurds, moreover, constituted a majority in that area, and the Mutasarif of the town had left his post and had retired into the mountains with English officials. There he had been joined by a number of Kurds freed from prisons in Diyerbekir, as well as other Kurdish youth who had received a good education in Istanbul. He complained that the English authorities were cross-examining English Turkish officials in Adana, were subjecting them to sweeping searches, and were seizing all letters found on them." (170).

Turkish officials and troops subsequently escorted the Mission to Diyerbekir (171) where Miss North of the American Relief

(168) Khachadoorian, *op. cit.*, p. 70.

(169) A "whistle stop" on the railroad to Dryerbekir.

(170) Khachadoorian, *op. cit.*, p. 70.

(171) Tigranacerta, the ancient capital city of Armenia in the times of King Tigranes II.

Mission reported that the Armenian sections of the historically Armenian city had fallen into ruins. She said that all native Armenians had been deported and that practically none of the exiles had returned. 18,000 other Christians had been thrown out of the city. About 6,000 Armenians from other sections of the country were now found in Diyerbekir, in addition to 300 Armenian orphans quartered in the Armenian church. Happily, the Armenians were allowed to aid their waifs. There had been 50,000 Armenians in Diyerbekir before the war.

At 3:30 P. M. a formal interview was held by the Mission at the Diyerbekir governmental building. Present were the Vali (172) Fayik Bey, the Chaldean priest Suleyman Effendi, the Assyrian Ablanour, and five other minor Turkish officials. Again, no Armenian representatives were present.

The Vali pronounced a number of "undigestable lies" about the domestic situation and efforts being made for peace. For instance, he said that there were 10,000 Moslem students attending schools in Diyerbekir, and practically no Christians of the same category. He said too, that there existed 69 schools in all in the city and, that, with a single exception, all schools were tuition free.

The Mission spent the evening in the fresh air of a camp thrown up about twenty-five miles from Diyerbekir, along the banks of the Oughti Antsk, a branch of the Tigris. Previous to encampment, they had come upon a quartet of French Jesuits along the road. These clergymen had fled from Kharpert with the opening of the massacres and were now returning with a number of Armenian women and children.

The community of Ergani Madeni (173) was reached on September 16 by the dusty caravan of American vehicles plying its pre-

cedental way through the interior of Turkey. Here again the Turkish authorities, obviously fully alerted, awaited the entourage. The magnificence of the surrounding mountain scenery literally enthralled Khachadoorian; yet his poetic pen soon gave way to his engineer's pencil and we find him surveying the countryside with a technical eye. It is very difficult, he writes, to push a railway through the district; not only is the terrain rocky and difficult, but the many streams are passed by not a single important bridge.

The town, about 65 miles to the northwest of Diyerbekir, was populated by about 4000 souls, of whom 150 were Greeks. The Mission discovered that not an Armenian was left in the town; and, upon interrogation, the Turks begged no knowledge of how many Armenians there had been in the place before the war.

"Though the section is rich in mineral wealth," Khachadoorian wrote, "the equipment used for mining operations was primitive. The work was done almost solely by hand. Copper is especially abundant . . . this mineral, before the war, went almost exclusively to an English market." He went on to describe German insistence that the mines be better worked following the opening of the war, but he noted the abject failure of the Turk to take the necessary steps to up the production figure of the copper mines. (174).

Night was passed near the Tigris River not far from Ergani Madeni.

Once Prosperous Kharpert

It is one of the more curious aspects of the American Mission's peregrinations in Turkish Armenia that but one day was spent in the large and important city of Kharpert (175), the center and capital city of a

(172) Governor of the province.

(173) About half way between Diyerbekir and Malatia.

(174) Khachadoorian, *op. cit.*, p. 71

(175) Kharpert (Harpoot), a large city on the Murad Su.

province in which more than 100,000 Armenians perished at the hands of the Turks. It was not a very productive visit, moreover.

The usually well-organized reception committee, including an Armenian, one Dr. Mikael, was there, as was Kenan, obviously again responsible for the fuss and feathers. The Mission was hustled off to Mazira where an elaborate "tea" awaited the personnel. Present were the Vali, the mufti, the Kadi (176) the state auditor, the military commandant, an Englishman, Colonel Bell, and of course, Kenan.

Here the Turks made plain to the Americans that the local government had no connections with Istanbul. Following the repast, Col. Bell, in the presence of a few members of the Mission, told the Vali and Kenan that he would assume responsibility for conditions in Malatia if the Turkish forces evacuated the city. "A few months later," wrote Khachadoorian, "news was received of Col. Bell's murder."

Another tea, but a much more satisfactory party, was given the mission at Euphrates College. Dr. Riggs, the venerable president of that institute, told the American soldiers that there had been 175,000 Armenians in and around Kharpert before the war, with 150,000 being subsequently deported. Only 10,000 Armenians had been saved. Dr Riggs put special emphasis on the "evil qualities of the Turk" and the "skill and industry of the Armenians."

At nightfall, following a tour through the city itself—which "like all the other cities of Turkish Armenia was in ruins"—the Mission traveled out to a spot eight miles from Mazira (177), on the road to Malatia, where it encamped.

On September 18, after a ride over "terrible" roads, and through a panoramic

countryside of enthralling beauty, the American Mission chugged into the troubled city of Malatia. (178) While driving through the outskirts, they had noted the trace of industry and productivity. The fields were cultivated, the gardens were well taken care of, and the produce seemed plentiful. These were remarkable sights to a group of Americans who by now were accustomed to seeing desolation and poverty in a land wracked by hate and mal-administration.

Malatia Hospitality

Once extricated from the hands of the authorities, the Mission was able to examine the city. They found it made "almost wholly of earth."

"Malatia Moslems," Khachadoorian declares, "cut a very funny figure. There is nothing like it anywhere else in Turkey." The ancient community was a military center, and both military and civil offices were the servants of Sivas and not Istanbul. "All local Turkish criminals responsible for the Armenian massacres," Khachadoorian continues, "men who had been imprisoned on orders of the Istanbul government had been freed just a few days before our arrival." (179)

It was established that before the war 12,000 Armenians had resided in Malatia. and that there were but 1,000 of those unfortunate people still in the city. The Armenians, it was evident, lived in fear for their lives. Khachadoorian testifies that not a single Armenian tried to speak to him in the presence of Turks. "The Armenian youth who tried twice to see me in secret was each time summoned to the police station and questioned as to why he wanted to see the Armenian soldier, and in the event he might have been able to see me, what would he have told me." (180)

(176) A religious judge.
(177) Mazira, a city 2-3 miles s. w. of Kharpert, and the seat of the provincial government.

(178) The ancient Melitene, about 50 miles west of Kharpert.

(179) Khachadoorian, *op. cit.*, p. 73.

(180) Khachadoorian, *op. cit.*, p. 73.

An American Armenian, who worked for the American Relief Mission in the city, saw Khachadoorian in the shopping district and told him that the Turks of Malatia were tied to the apron-strings of the "National Movement" and were openly menacing the Armenians. He said that when the local Turkish authorities had heard of the impending visit of the American soldiers, they had covered up effectively all signs of this active hatred. "As soon as they heard you were coming," said the Lieutenant's confidant, "The Turks took to cleaning up the city—burning to ashes the corpses of the starved-to-death Armenian orphans of murdered parents."

Here Khachadoorian reflects the growing disgust of Mission members at what they saw in Turkey, and of the Turks themselves. "The Turk," he writes in an unusually impassioned passage, "when he so wishes, knows well the fashion of politeness, especially when he has to deal with high officials of a great power. From the moment we entered Mardin, the Turks treated us with great friendliness and respect; they served us in many ways. Everywhere we went they tendered us royal receptions; and they explained to us the Armenian Question with such overt Oriental cunning that we could very well have been duped into believing that they were the most moral and polite of people—had we not known the Turkish mind."

"The person who does not understand the Turk," he goes on, "would be literally amazed that there is a possibility that such outwardly straightforward, humane, good and God-fearing gendarmes, soldiers and officials were really thieves, tyrants and murderers. Turkish high officialdom became our 'self-appointed aides'. They were always a step ahead of us, preparing the people for our visit . . . They spread sumptuous tables for us everywhere—all in order

to create in us a good impression of them." (181)

This impression was buttressed by the testimony of Miss Green of the local Relief Mission who, while speaking highly of the Armenians, added that though the Turks were very polite with her, the better she knew them, the less she trusted them.

Filth and illness were rampant in Malatia. A Turkish doctor told the Americans that, though he had been practicing in the city for only a few months, he had adjudged that 20-30% percent of the Turks had syphilis, and that there was a high incidence of gonorrhea. "One morning," wrote an amused Khachadoorian, "as we were taking sponge baths on the banks of a stream, an aged Turk who happened upon us asked us in wonder how many times a year we did this."

The Mission spent the night 13 miles from Malatia on the banks of the Tohma Su, a tributary of the Euphrates, hard by an old Roman bridge. On the morning of the 19th of September, they were roused from their sleep by Kenan Bey and some Turkish officials who had cantered into their camp in a highly-wrought state. They had learned that Pres. Wilson had sent on a telegram concerning the Armenians and they would like to know the contents of the message. There is no indication that their curiosity was allayed.

The inevitable problem of self-sustenance in the primitive country was now before the Mission. They had gasoline vehicles, but gasoline had become increasing difficult to procure. At Malatia and Sivas, Khachadoorian says, they were unable to either procure or buy gasoline because of the break-down of the Turkish communications system. An expedient was found by the resourceful Mission: a mixture of gasoline and oil was made—oil being purchased at the exorbitant cost

of one dollar each gallon.

That day, the Mission was able to journey but eighty miles through the towns of Hakin-khane, Hassan Chelebien and Alaja-khane. (182) Wearily preparing for the evening at a site near Chougnol, close by the

(182) Small and insignificant towns on road to Sivas

hamlet of Zagel, they found to their despair that the mess and baggage automobiles had not been able to keep up with them. The Americans bedded down under Turkish skies in their own automobiles.

NEXT ISSUE: Sivas is reached, and an interview is held with Kemal Pasha.



A WOMAN'S INGENUITY

By VAUGHAN HEKIMIAN

This story of Noor El Eyoun would have never reached us, had she not met the reputed El Gahaz, of the 13th century. Those were the days when successful authors believed in what they wrote. They also had the courage to record their defeats.

Noor El Eyoun, the light of the eyes, had been selected from hundreds of pretty girls, and kidnapped by the then mighty Haphiz, the Bandit of Bagdad. The powerful Caliph was powerless against Haphiz, the outlaw, who pillaged his villages, held his subjects in ransom, kept at bay his police forces, and smuggled forbidden goods and persons in and out of his territory.

A mere uneducated slave girl, Noor El Eyoun made her kidnapper fall in love with her; and once conscious of the power of her beauty, she demanded of her lover, not only affection, but also security, stability, and peace. So Haphiz accepted the offer made to him by the Caliph; the commandership of his forces for the boundaries, and a free pardon for his past acts, provided he now reformed. Also, Haphiz received as a Wedding present a neat little castle in which to live.

At the age of twenty, after three years of married life experience, Noor Eyoun came to the conclusion that man was a changeable creature, especially if his wife could bear him no children, and that his affections had to be constantly reinforced and renewed. Moreover, under the Moslem laws, a man could divorce his wife without reason, or have as many as four wives at a time.

So far, Haphiz had been kind and faithful to her, but who could foretell the future?

Noor El Eyoun decided that if she could find some charm, some secret trick of sorcery that would bind his love to her for ever, then, and only then, could she feel secure.

Such were her preoccupations as she stood at the window, viewing the clear waters of the Tigris and the purple and blue mountains in the distance. Presently, she saw her husband on horseback, galloping homewards. He had somebody with him. From behind the curtains she scanned the newcomer as they approached. Then she went to her room to complete her toilet.

Later Haphiz walked in, and his face was beaming with joy.

"Light of my eyes," he said, caressing her, "I've news for you. First of all here is a present. This handkerchief would look beautiful on your head. It is fine Italian silk."

Noor El Eyoun laughed. What a simple-minded child Haphiz could be, when it was not a question of brutal strength, or war strategy! He thought he could lure her with a silk handkerchief!

Two years before she had made a bet with him. It was really a game called *yades*, played extensively in those days between two lovers. Whenever one received something from the other, one had to say: "I remember." If one forgot that, the other one said "yades", and won the bet. The loser then had to give the winner whatever had been agreed upon. The forfeit Noor El Eyoun had insisted on was a five carat diamond she had seen at a Jew's shop in the market-place of Bagdad. It was an expensive stone, but the grateful Jew, who in the past had smuggled goods through

Haphiz, had accepted a sum on account, and promised to keep it at Haphiz's disposal for as long as he wished.

"I remember," said Noor El Eyoun, accepting the handkerchief. "If you think you are going to *yades* me, you are mistaken!"

"You're a *bint* from the stars," said Haphiz, kissing her again, "but you have not been able to *yades* me either."

"Can't you understand it, my brave Haphiz?" answered Noor Ey Eyoun, her large brown eyes sparkling. "You'd have lost your bet long ago if I had wished. It's an expensive diamond. I'm afraid you'll begrudge it if I made you buy it."

"Never, my dove," said Haphiz with a superior air. "You win it, and I'll bring it to you within half an hour, even if I have to get out of bed in the middle of the night." Eyoun.

"With no ill-feeling?" asked Noor El Eyoun.

"On the contrary, with great pleasure," was Haphiz's answer.

"I want that jewel in order to look more beautiful in your eyes, my hero," said Noor El Eyoun blushing. Then she shook her head and asked: "Who was that man who came with you?"

"I was forgetting," answered Haphiz. "I put him in the guest-room. His name is El Gahaz, and he was known to me as a bandit. That was on a rainy night when I had given him shelter in my cave. He is a great man, a Sorcerer, cynic, and writer. He knows strange things about women. He had advised me never to marry. This morning, I met him on the frontier, coming from Damascus on a tired camel. He did not recognize me in my uniform. I brought him here to prove that a bandit could reform, live in luxury, and be happy with a beautiful wife. I spoke to him about you, but he prefers not to have anything to do with women. He wants privacy. He can't stay long. He is to finish his fifth

book, then go to Bagdad to have it printed. Upstairs, he'll get all the privacy and the comforts he will need; he'll have his own staircase and door. All you have to do is send him up his meals at your convenience."

Noor El Eyoun listened attentively, and then asked with a grimace:

"Did you say he doesn't want to have anything to do with women? Who is the women who would want him? He looked ugly to me, old and poor."

"That's only the surface," explained Haphiz; "he has things inside him that are fascinating."

"What is his business?" asked Noor El Eyoun.

"He's a philosopher, a sage," Haphiz explained.

"What are they exactly?" queried Noor El Eyoun. "I want to know what he sells."

"He writes books," answered Haphiz, "and he preaches."

"What does he write and preach?" Noor El Eyoun persisted, sighing with impatience.

Haphiz, being illiterate himself, could not very well make things plainer.

"He writes about women," he said. "He understands why women do certain things, why they tell lies, and why they weep. He knows all feminine secrets and tricks."

Secrets and tricks were words that appealed to Noor El Elyoun. To have the master of them would mean power — and security. She went out of the room to ponder on what she had heard. The magician who held the key to power was upstairs. To reach him, she would only have to walk out and take the spiral staircase.

That whole night she meditated on the possibilities. In the morning, after the departure of her lord, she slipped next door unnoticed, and went up to the sage's room. She found him at work, his iron-grey hair and beard in complete disorder.

"Allah's blessings on you," she greeted him.

Her bewitching smile with the harmonious cadence of her voice were wasted. The sage nodded thanks, but did not even turn round to look at her.

Taken by surprise, Noor El Eyoun came down the stairs disappointed and mortified. The following morning, she ventured upstairs again, with no better luck. She had never yet been treated in this way by any man. Even the Caliph deigned to smile at her and had once looked at her with desire.

She was puzzled, but not discouraged. High-handed measures would be necessary—that was all. She set herself to carry out a carefully thought out plan.

In the morning, she dismissed all her servants, and went up to the philosopher's room. She found him at his desk, writing as usual.

"The grace of Allah be on you," she greeted him.

"I'm an unbeliever," deigned to answer the sage without raising an eyebrow.

"Do you know who I am?" she asked gently, and then answered herself, "I'm your hostess, the Commander's wife."

He did not stop writing, but answered casually:

"I know. This is the third time I have seen you."

"How could you see me? You haven't looked at me," she asked.

"I can see with my ears and brains," answered the sage, copying furiously from his notes. "I've heard you. Isn't that enough? I know why you're here, too. You're curious, but I've no time. Women, begone from me."

"But I deserve a look with the eyes," protested Noor El Eyoun. "Allah has made me beautiful. My skin is white as cream. Look."

Without raising his eyes, the sage answered:

"I know. Your skin is white, your eyes sparkle, your features are fine, but the thing that is unique about you you don't know."

"What is it I don't know about myself that you know without looking at me?" asked Noor El Eyoun in awe and wonder.

"Will you promise to leave me alone if I tell you?" offered El Gahaz.

"Tell me quickly or I'll cry," threatened Noor El Eyoun.

She had learned by experience that a woman's tears worked on most men. El Gahaz spoke, but still did not look at her.

"You're not fat," he said, "you're tiny feet and must have thin legs. Here in Arabia thinness in married women is a rare quality."

Undoubtedly he is a Sorcerer, thought Noor El Eyoun. That was what she had hoped for.

"But how can you tell how I'm built without seeing me?" she persisted.

"Well, I heard the way you climbed up the stairs," explained El Gahaz, "so I could gather that you were light. As for the rest, I can rely on Haphiz's good taste."

That way of finding out things was a revelation to Noor El Eyoun. This old sage was a master of cunning and knowledge. If she could only get him to teach her a few things! She scrutinised him more closely. He did not look so very old, not above fifty, and he was not repulsive. Her brain started to work. She approached him lithely from behind, held his head firmly between her hands, and turned it towards her.

"In the name of Allah, the merciful," she besought him, "look at me. I'm worth it."

He looked at her face without seeing her. She noticed he had green eyes. He did not seem very ugly now that she was close to him. She made use of her first weapon of seduction.

She placed a soft, long kiss on his lips

and held him tightly against her. She felt him yielding, so she returned to the charge, more voluptuously this time.

When El Gahaz recovered his breath, he said:

"But women, I'm old, tired, and a busy man. What good can I be to you?"

"Plenty," answered Noor El Eyoun, "you know things that I don't. You know secret ways and tricks. Teach them to me. I shall ever be grateful to you."

El Gahaz contemplated her with amusement.

"My knowledge is scientific, theoretical and of no practical use," he retorted.

Noor El Eyoun mistrusted words that were not in the vocabulary. No doubt the sage was unwilling to impart his wisdom. She had been afraid of that. Her next device was to appeal to his senses. Even magicians succumbed to a woman's flesh. She succeeded in rousing the old man to such a pitch that he would have done anything to possess her, but still she could not get him to loosen his tongue. She had heard that people who held important secrets were reluctant to divulge them. There was one last course left to her. That was to put the man's life in danger; that would make him talk, or, at least, act.

She invited El Gahaz to follow her downstairs. He obeyed like a man hypnotised. She introduced him into her house and locked the main door. She then led him into her bedroom, and locked that. Again she tried to make him speak, but with no success. With the door locked he could not escape her, nor his fate.

She took a long breath, and played for time. Soon Haphiz would come for his lunch. Presently she heard him knock.

"It's Haphiz," she exclaimed triumphantly.

El Gahaz suddenly jumped to his feet.

"You wicked woman," he shouted, "unlock that door, quickly, and let me out."

"There's one outlet to our house," she smiled, articulating each word distinctly, "and Haphiz is planted there. You can't escape him. By Aliah you know what awaits you if he finds you here, don't you? He'll first chop your head off, then mine. Now make use of your magic powers to get out of here, and be quick."

"What powers?" said El Gahaz, dumb-founded.

"Your secret tricks, your sorcery," suggested Noor El Eyoun. "I want to see you in action."

"You stupid, ignorant girl," moaned El Gahaz, "I know of no tricks, I tell you." "What about your book upstairs?"

Just then a series of angry knocks were heard in rapid succession.

"My book is a study," El Gahaz explained desperately, "not a bag of tricks."

"Haphiz told me you were clever and ingenious. Surely you can cope with a situation, especially if it's a question of life and death?"

"Haphiz is as ignorant as you are," sighed El Gahaz.

Yet another knock was heard.

El Gahaz fell on his knees in front of Noor El Eyoun and began to wail.

"Please save me," he begged. "You brought me here against my will. I don't want to die. I've my book to finish. You shall be my concluding chapter, if you save me. Your name will be remembered for centuries to come."

Suddenly it dawned on Noor El Eyoun that she had in front of her a useless, worthless man. His shallow magic consisted only in listening to a woman's footsteps, and guessing her weight; nothing more. There was nothing that she could learn from him. She had been foolish to build up hope and put her precious life in danger.

She turned to El Gahaz contemptuously.

"You poor, impotent man," she mocked,

"It seems that I, an ignorant girl, have to save your head, and not you, mine; and you're lucky that I can't save myself without saving you! I hope you will go upstairs and burn that book of yours."

She uncovered a large mahogany trunk that lay in a corner, and drew it into the middle of the room. She unlocked it, and threw up the lid.

"You get in here," she ordered.

El Gahaz had no alternative but to obey. Noor El Eyoun then banged the lid on him, locked the trunk, and took the key out. She opened the bedroom door, and calmly, collectedly, went to answer her husband's knocks.

"What's the meaning of this?" shouted Haphiz angrily, striding in. "I've been kept waiting outside my own house! Where are the servants?"

"Follow me," said Noor El Eyoun in a serious tone.

She led him straight to her bedroom, and there, with a smile lurking in her eyes, and in a voice loud enough to be heard from within the trunk, said:

"A fine philosopher, sage, and friend you brought to your house!"

"El Gahaz, you mean?" asked Haphiz.

"Yes, he," she shouted reproachfully.

"He came and made love to me."

"He?" exclaimed Haphiz. "The old monster! Where is he? I'll show him." He drew out his Commander's sword, and whipped the air with it. "Allah be my witness, I'll punish him. Where is he?"

"Right in this trunk," said Noor El Eyoun quietly. "Here's the key."

Haphiz snatched it from her hand.

"Yades," laughed Noor El Eyoun.

Haphiz threw away key and sword and embraced his wife.

"Fine acting. light of my eyes," he laughed. "You fooled me properly. You're a great woman. You certainly deserve that diamond. I'll go this instant and get it."

After seeing him off on his horse, Noor El Eyoun returned to open the trunk. The sage who staggered out of it was wet with perspiration.

"Your story will be the last one I'll ever write," he muttered, and rushed out.

And in the last line of El Gahaz's fifth and last book, we can still read to-day: "A woman's ingenuity knows no bourne."

BELIEF

*"I believe in love,"
she said gravely,
"I believe in something above
you and me,
the earth or the stars . . ."*

*And as I watched longingly
a curl of her hair
she smiled at me
and whispered, "don't despair,
love will leave no scars . . ."*

TATUL SONENTZ

AN INCIDENT AT SASSAN SQUARE

BEING CHAPTER VII OF AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL
"CHRIST OVER ARARAT: A TALE OF FIFTH CENTURY"

By HERANT K. ARMEN

Alan Kapelian didn't take his eyes from the tall figure of Prince Mamikonian until the latter disappeared. How briskly the old soldier was walking! His two companions hardly kept pace with him.

Even though Alan felt a vague disappointment, nevertheless this meeting with Prince Mamikonian was a memorable experience for him. When he was in Caucasus two years ago, old veterans of Djor Garrison had told Alan stories of Prince's intrepid courage on the battlefield; his solicitous concern for the men under his command and, above all, his strict adherence to the Christian faith which his renowned grandfather, Catholicos Isaac, had instilled in him from his very childhood.

The young Kapelian left the river-bank immediately after the departure of Prince Vardan Mamikonian. I better wait at Sassan Square, he said to himself, near the entrance of Royal Palace until the Princes emerge.

He was glad that the uncertainty about their situation was over, and soon, within a few days, as the Prince had predicted, they'd be leaving this hot and flat country for the highlands of Armenia. He felt gratified for another reason. The chance of clashing again with his father would be lessened. The quarrels that Alan might have with him at home didn't bother the young man. The all important question was to return home.

Alan jostled his way through the narrow street which was crowded with itinerant merchants, beggars and passersby. Sharp-eyed hawkers and peddlers, who had trained themselves to spot a stranger instantly in a crowd, accosted Alan, talking incessantly, haranguing the praises of their wares. Some even pulled his sleeve in order to coax him to make a purchase.

He dodged donkeys laden with slippers, or utensils, or trinkets, or vegetables. Dodging donkeys was easier than dodging the street-merchants, who carried their merchandise either piled on semicircular wooden trays held at vendor's waistline by leather straps passing over the man's shoulder, or on round trays perfectly balanced on his head, or in baskets suspended from a pole carried on his shoulder.

Paying no heed to any one Alan Kapelian hurried toward the center of the city.

He had reached the Coppersmith's Row when he noticed a crier, walking in measured slow steps, shouting an announcement. Because of the metallic din caused by scores of artisans hammering copper in their open shops Alan didn't understand the crier's words.

Whatever he was saying Alan saw that a mild commotion resulted and many a passerby turned around and began to run in the direction Alan was going. Some in their

haste pushed Alan aside.

"The elephants! The elephants!" shouted a bare-footed fat Assyrian as he passed Alan, moving his short arms grotesquely.

"What has happened?" asked young Kapelian of a Persian.

"Public execution," answered the other, arching his eyebrows in an astonished look at the young man, as if he meant to say, what a superfluous question to ask when the crier is shouting the fact to four winds.

Caught by the contagion, Alan found himself running.

When he reached Sassan Square the vast arena was full with a shouting, laughing and jostling throng. Alan pushed his way as near to the front as he could do without having a fight.

Guards, with their long spears held horizontally, had formed a fence holding back the crowd from the space where the execution was to take place. To Alan the space seemed too vast for an executioner and his victim. It was more like an arena for a sport event.

This particular spot was not in the center of the Square, but near its south end, in front of a huge squat building with a large arched entrance. It was located farthest from the Palace of King Yezdigerd. Alan glanced at the Royal residence, and the glitter of its burnished copper dome under the blazing sun almost blinded him.

It was a warm day. Alan loosened the clasp of his doublet and unbuttoned the neck of his shirt. Steadily he worked his way nearest to the guard in front, both to have a better view of what was about to transpire and to breathe easier and suffer less from the acrid odor of perspiration which assailed him on all sides.

Directly across where he stood, on the other side of the open space, Alan saw two rows of seats, nearly a score in number, with special guards standing by to keep anyone from overturning or carrying them away.

They must have been reserved for high officials, thought Alan, and forced his way still closer to the guard. He wanted to see the Persian dignitaries.

Alan was surprised at the absence of the gruesome instrument which was to deal death to the condemned, such as a stake, a gibbet or a block. The space was bare of any article which might suggest that a scene of violent death was about to be enacted there.

The increasing heat made the crowd impatient and clamorous. There were shouts from all directions. The young Kapelian's eager glance roved over the vast Square and came to rest on the two rows of unoccupied seats.

Presently, the guards who were watching the seats stirred, and Alan saw a small group of Persian officials force open a path through the crowd and keep it open long enough to permit the great ones to make their way to the seats.

"Oh!" A cry of painful amazement escaped Alan.

"The Princes of Armenia!" he muttered and leaning forward stared fixedly as if he wanted to distinguish the expression of each nobleman.

The guard in front annoyed at Alan's restlessness shoved him back with a motion of his hips: "Get back, you lizard, there's nothing to see yet."

Nine Armenian Princes occupied the seats in the front row. There was the Marzpan, Prince Vasak Suni, splendidly attired, sitting stiffly erect, as if he intended to display the bejeweled medallion with the King's picture which rested against his flame-tinted silken vest. As far as Alan could make out, the expression on the clean-shaved face of the Marzpan was unscrutable.

Next to the Marzpan sat Vardan Mamikonian. His hands were resting on the hilt of his sword and he leaned forward. His blue cloak, devoid of any ornament except the silver clasps, stood in great contrast to

the purple-lined, gold-embroidered one of the Marzpan.

Because the Commander had lowered his head Alan couldn't read the look on his face. He recalled the Prince's words which he had uttered a short while ago: "If we are not in Armenia, in case of peril our people will find new leaders as good, if no better, than ourselves."

Alan's searching glance went from one Prince to the other. There was gaunt Cadisho Hornian, stout Rushtouni, dark Artak Moxian, jovial Arzrouni, cunning Mannedge Abahni, quick-tempered Vann Amatouni, the restless Prince Kude—he was always referred to by his first name. Alan noticed his father sitting immediately behind Prince Mannedge.

Why were the Princes here? Why they should be made to sit through a gruesome spectacle? What a strange, unheard of way to honor visiting lords of a nation? Alan was sure that the Princes didn't come there of their own volition. Why should they? What can they have to do with the punishment of a convicted wretch? He remembered the messenger telling Prince Mamikonian that the Princes were summoned by the King. Alan heard the words clearly. There is no question, reasoned Alan, that this was arranged by someone, Mihr-Narseh or by the King himself, that the Princes be present at these proceedings and thereafter present themselves at the Palace. Undoubtedly, this was intended as an insult to the Armenians, concluded Alan when he could see no Persian dignitary close by or anywhere. Alan was sure that the Princes must have reached the same conclusion, for each one was grave and grim in his own fashion. Even his father had a serious look.

For a brief while the attention of the crowd turned to the Armenian noblemen. Alan heard derisive remarks. A Persian standing immediately behind him said loudly:

"The Christian dogs are going to see the way they'll be finished."

The remark shocked Alan. He turned to look into the pock-marked leering face of the man who had just spoken. The Persian mistaking Alan's interest in his witticism as an appreciative gesture, broke into a belly laugh and said to Alan: "Won't that kill their appetites?"

Alan was seized with a sudden impulse to sink his fingers into the open neck of the Persian and crush his wind-pipe, but the fact that he was closely crammed and that he couldn't move his arm without pushing the fellow beside him who had joined the Persian in his mocking guffaw, afforded Alan that rare instant of grace in which to control himself.

Besides, at that very instant the deep booming beat of a huge drum echoed in the Square. It came in an ominously slow muffled beat from within the building at the south side of the Square.

The crowd greeted the signal with a multitudinal shout. It traveled from one section of the throng to the other, and as the muffled taunting drum-beats continued at an accelerated pace, the roar of the spectators became deafening.

Alan had not taken his eyes from the Princes. They appeared quite composed and no one stirred, except Prince Kude whose impatient curiosity won't lose the smallest detail of what was taking place around him.

The drum stopped, and an exclamation of relief from the crowd, marking the end of their long wait, diverted Alan's attention from the Princes. Looking toward the massive building he saw a small door to the left of the huge arched portal open and six persons were shoved out by the guards.

Each man had his hands tied with a thick rope, and Alan soon noticed that it was a single rope whose six knots kept the six unfortunates together. The three guards pushed them toward the center of the open

space, while from every side jeers and mocking yells greeted their fumbling progress.

Oblivious to his surroundings Alan watched the six men move forward to the spot indicated by guards. At first they appeared to Alan a miserable group, who at any moment will falter in their steps, rear in their tracks with that lamentably hopeless resistance which doomed creatures, man and beast alike, put up even when they are tied to the stake.

But as they approached, Alan was struck with amazement and awe at the submissive willingness of the condemned. It was obvious that they walked voluntarily, with little or no prodding from the guards.

They were tied close together, which forced them to huddle to one another clumsily and move awkwardly, like blind men or frightened persons, bent forward, bumping each other, swaying as if about to fall, but plodding on.

When they reached the designated spot, one of the guards ordered them to stop. The wretched creatures complied readily with the order. They straightened their bent backs and lifted their heads upward, as if imbibing the warm sunshine which in a few minutes would become for them forever dark and cold.

Alan stifled a cry of horror. Three of the condemned men wore the black cassock of Christian priests. Now he noticed that their faces were turned heavenward because they were praying. Alan could see their lips move, and in spite of the barbarous din of the crowd he surmised from the way they were moving their lips that they were singing hymns.

The young man kept staring as if he was transfixed by paralyzing terror. He closed his fingers and felt his palm clammy with cold perspiration. Is it possible that he was witnessing a martyrdom? Yes, there could be no doubt about that. So, this is how martyrs are made! Men whose flesh was weak

but whose spirits were more than willing. So much so that in the utterly helpless condition that they were, they confounded their tormenters and executioners by an unaccountable courage which disdains worldly solace and which is to enroll them among the Saints.

But why should this happen? Why should the Lord permit His servants to be put to death by His enemies? Someone must stop this. Either an angel from Heaven, or some person on earth. Alan looked at the Princes expectantly. Why doesn't Prince Vardan Mamikonian stand up, draw his sword and order the horrible deed to stop?

The Princes had their eyes on the group. Not one of them stirred. Prince Mamikonian sat as before, with his hands still on the hilt of his sword. He had a severe look and was noticeably pale. The other Princes were as grave and pale. It was plain to Alan that each one had a storm raging within him. A soul-searing struggle to control his emotions from breaking into a violent outburst. Even my father must be affected, thought Alan.

Now a surging wave of pity flooded his heart not only for the unfortunates but for the Princes as well. What a frightful responsibility rested on their shoulders. They had to decide not only their own fate but that of their people, their nation, the fate of the Christian church in Armenia, and perhaps in all Caucasus, for Christian minorities there looked to the Armenian Catholicos and Armenian Princes for guidance.

And see how the enemy, the enemy of the Lord, plans to break the spirit of the Princes before they are ushered into the presence of King Yezdigerd for questioning. It is the doing of that vicious Antichrist, Satan's steward, Mihr-Narseh, who must have said to himself, I will stage for their benefit a scene they will never be able to forget, that they'll have constantly in their minds when they're facing the King, that it will be a

reminder to them that persisting in their foolhardy stubborn course will bring them to the same end as these wretches.

One of the three guards took the coil of rope which was hanging from his shoulder and with the other two now proceeded to tie the feet of the six men. Each man, as his feet were fastened, toppled to the ground. Soon they were lying on the hot bricks in a sprawling heap. They hardly moved, nor made an outcry. Why were they left in this fashion? Where was the executioner?

Of the three clergymen, the oldest, a white-bearded man of small stature, was lying on the ground in such a position that his face was turned toward Alan. The young man couldn't take his eyes from that bony ashen countenance. He fancied that the bloodshot eyes of the old priest peered at him reproachfully. Lord in Heaven! The stare of the old eyes was literally drilling Alan. He gulped. He breathed hard. Where was the executioner? The guards had no swords or knives on their persons. They could not be the executioners. For a while Alan thought that the extra rope was for the purpose of strangling the victims, but it was merely used to tie their feet. Why was it necessary to tie the feet? The men were so meek and so submissive. Perhaps an executioner preferred some resistance, so it may afford him an opportunity to show his prowess and have something to brag about later.

Thank Heaven, the old priest closed his eyes and Alan felt released as from a constricting band. The old man moved his lips rapidly. He was praying, praying furiously, as if, in this last moment, he wanted to unburden all his soul.

When he opens his eyes he'll be looking at me again, reflected Alan painfully. He was sure that the doomed priest stared at him, a brave Christian young man, accusingly. There must be many Christians present in the crowd, perhaps members of

the priest's flock. Why did they permit their shepherd to come to this pass? Or were the shepherd and his comrades sacrificing their lives in order to save the members of the flock?

The three guards left, after making sure that the victims were securely tied. They returned quickly to the arched doorway, but before they reached it the huge iron-studded door was pushed open. Apparently, someone must have been watching the proceedings through a peephole in the thick panel.

From the dark shadows beyond an elephant emerged. Then a second one.

As the two ponderous beasts stepped into the blazing sunlight, they halted. An Indian in loin clothes and with a stick was perched on the shoulder of each elephant, near its stupendous head.

The animals moved their trunks lazily back and forth, and at the thunderous shout of the crowd which greeted their appearance, the monstrous ears of both elephants opened partly. They were well trained for the task, and judging from the encouraging exclamations and good-humored goading cries which many among the crowd joyously bandied, it was evident that the two elephants were old favorites and trusted performers, tame, patient and quite domesticated, who will not disappoint their admirers.

In wide-eyed amazement Alan's glance never swerved from the gigantic beasts. He had heard stories about elephants but had not seen one. Old veterans in Djor Garrison who had seen service in the Persian Army on the Eastern frontier of the empire, had described to the young ones the famed Squadron of Elephants, each carrying on its back four or six or more soldiers, according to the size of the topless palanquin strapped to its back.

The sight of the strange animals so engrossed Alan that for a moment he forgot the sprawling forms on the ground.

The first elephant, responding leisurely to

the stick of the sinewy Indian, moved forward in a slovenly swaying gait, as if purposely hesitating in order to excite further the clamor of its admirers.

Presently, discovering the quarry, it turned to the six men lying on the ground and quickened its pace. The second elephant closely followed the first.

It was only then that the immediately impending horror dawned on Alan. He wanted to close his eyes. He didn't. He couldn't. The old priest's eyes were open and staring at him. Two words kept spinning in his head, words of supplication. Lord Jesus, Lord Jesus, Lord Jesus.

The two elephants halted at the breathing heap. Standing close together, their trunks searchingly moved over the huddled forms. The crowd quieted into an ominous expectant hush, craning their necks to see if the performers would make a slip.

Lord Jesus, Lord Jesus, the words kept whirling furiously in the young man's head.

At a slight tap from the stick of the impassive Indian, each elephant, trained in the task, lifted its one forefoot as high as its kneejoints permitted and deliberately brought it down on the body lying in front of it.

A tremendous roar of approval went up from the crowd. The thing was done neatly.

The sharp cry of pain from the wounded was lost in the din.

As if the first step was the hardest, the two animals now roused themselves and with frightful cumbersome energy trampled on the reeling forms, jostling one another, as though each was anxious to finish the job alone.

Alan Kapelian closed his eyes. He was shaking and felt dizzy. So, that's how martyrs were made! Those unnumbered host whose blessed memory and potent aid the Christians constantly invoked to assuage their suffering and strengthen their wavering spirit.

What he had just witnessed, however, didn't frighten Alan. He was simply stupefied and his senses were deadened as if he had taken some strange drug. This terrible mode of punishment meted out against utterly helpless creatures was shocking. He had seen prisoners of war impaled on sharp stakes, and the writhing victims moved him to deep compassion even though they happened to be barbarous Scythians. But what took place now defied his grasp. Heavens, how docile the two monsters appeared, and how perfectly trained for the savage death-dealing business, for that measured stampede over the limp bodies at their feet.

A sudden resentment surged within him. I will not be frightened, he said to himself, his flashing eyes fixed on the six bodies which were trampled and horribly mangled out of shape, with their blood now steaming from the hot brick pavement.

The elephants returned to the arched doorway as dutifully as they had emerged therefrom.

A barbarous cry rose from every side: "The rope, the rope!"

Alan nearly fell down when people rushed forward to where the bodies were. He saw knives in the hands of many who now fell on the martyrs in an indescribable melee. Even the guardsmen, who a little while ago held the crowd at a distance, were now in the thick of it.

Alan saw one dishevelled Persian extricate himself, clutching to his bosom a short piece of bloodstained rope, and displaying his teeth in a broad triumphant grin.

"I got a good piece of it," he exclaimed, holding the rope still closer lest some one snatch it.

Alan understood. The rope which had tied the victims was believed to have acquired a mysterious talismanic power following the executions and the credulous were fighting to secure a strand of it.

Young Kapelian remembered the Princes

and when he glanced in their direction he saw that they were already on their feet. Persian officials were making way for them and they soon were heading toward the Royal Palace.

Alan hurried to the Princes and caught up with them as they reached the wide stairway leading to the entrance. There were other Armenians beside the Princes and among them Alan noticed his father.

"Only the Princes will enter the palace," announced a stern official from the top of the stairs.

Alan worked his way to Prince Vardan Mamikonian as he was mounting the steps and touched his sleeve.

"My Commander, remember our people. Don't surrender," he pleaded in a tense undertone.

The Prince looked at the young man and recognizing him, an encouraging smile momentarily brightened his weather-beaten grave face.

"Don't forget what I said about the reed boats of Tigris," said Vardan as a parting message.

Alan remained motionless, his eyes on the silent Princes until they entered the massive portal and were lost to view.

You must not weaken, you must not weaken, repeated Alan in his mind, still facing the entrance. Elephants are mere incidents. Don't let the Fire-altars dim the white light of Salvation. The Cross must stand on Ararat forever.

When he turned to go, his father was looking at him. Paulos Kapelian's round ruddy face registered displeasure and Alan, accustomed to his father's ways, quickly realized that the cause of the latter's expression was not the revolting scene he just witnessed, but Alan. The unfinished quarrel, thought the young man. He wants to start it where he left off last night.

Paulos advanced toward his son.

"Prince Mannedge was very angry at your

conduct last night," said Paulos tersely.

Alan flushed from resentment. His father's words sounded so pusillanimous at this particular moment when he and every Christian present there were so deeply shaken by what they had seen. He was tempted to retort that he, Alan, was angry at Prince Mannedge's conduct. That he hoped the Prince will conduct himself better and more Christianlike before the King than he did before Prince Bahram.

But Alan controlled himself. He had resolved to avoid quarreling with his father. Definitely, not here, not now. There were other Armenians with them, a score or more, who were already dispersing and who'd remain if father and son engaged in a dispute. And with Princes in there facing, God knows, what tribulation.

Alan knew his father waited for his answer. Before he could speak, Paulos, mistaking Alan's silence for admission of guilt, further amplified his statement.

"Prince Mannedge said that he didn't mind your making a fool of yourself, but in doing so you shouldn't compromise his position." As an afterthought Paulos added with pointed emphasis: "And my position, too."

Alan forced a smile and looking in the direction of the Palace answered gravely and almost conciliatory: "What happens in there is the all-important thing. If we lose there, my conduct, your conduct or anybody else's conduct will not mean a thing. If we win there, my conduct and your conduct will be just as meaningless."

"But . . ."

"Prince Mannedge has his great moment now, and none of his subordinates are in there to compromise his position"

Paulos was not to be confused that easily. Not by Alan who irritated him.

"I've tried to teach you things for your own good, and I didn't succeed. I hope what happened here will open your eyes."

"Who were they?" asked Alan with sudden interest.

"Who?"

"The Christians who were trampled to death by the elephants."

"They were from the city of Nizibin," said Paulos, looking sharply at his son. "Fools that they were, they destroyed a Fire-altar which the Magi had installed in one of the churches there."

A companion of Paulos, departing with the others, called:

"Paulos, you old carpet for elephants, aren't you coming?"

Paulos answered with a wave of his hand, meaning I'll join you in a minute, and continued to speak to Alan.

"Did you like it?"

"It was terrible."

Paulos grinned: "It all proves that King

Yezdigerd is too powerful to be disobeyed. And wise ones learn their lesson quickly"

For the first time Alan's ire rose. The triumphant ring in his father's voice irritated him and snapped his patience.

"You're right, father," he said recklessly. "I have learned my lesson. I will fight to death for my faith. Yezdigerd and his elephants cannot frighten me."

The elder Kapelian's eyes bulged with sudden anger.

"You imbecile!" he sputtered and strode away.

As he watched Paulos go Alan suddenly realized that a chasm now separated him from his father. And that this chasm could not be bridged.

He turned and regarded the Royal Palace for a long while.

The fate of Christian Armenia was being decided in there

DONKEY SERENADE

(The Donkey is a four legged animal found everywhere.
A friend and distant relative of the horse)

*Phidias must have been a lonely man;
Chipping marble, mixing the awkward clay
In a kitchen pot, or a kitchen pan.
No need for us, no need for us to say
He was not lonely, or he was not sad,
Calling a friend in for a cup of tea,
Having to bear his talk, of, this is bad
And proving to the point his fallacy.
The same in every room where art is born.
The friend comes in to see the rock or stone.
He boasts his boasting and he blows his horn,
A simple warning, the error shown —
To be corrected in a kitchen pot
He would not touch, and if he could, could not.*

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN

THE MEMOIRS OF A MAYOR

Part II

By ALEXANDER KHATISSIAN

(Translated by James G. Mandalian)

III

The Trial of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation

Opinion may differ in regard to Armeno-Russian relations; there are, however, historic facts which should not be ignored. For example, when the Armenians were suffering under the Sultan's regime, they naturally put their trust in the Russian people thinking the Russian government could put pressure on the Turks to improve their lot. Turkish Armenians joyfully welcomed the Russian armies in Turkish Armenia; on the other hand, by being transported into Russia, they would have comparatively more free means of advancing economically, and partly culturally. Beginning with the Nineties, after the Koukounian expedition into Turkey in particular, the Armenians of Caucasus promoted revolutionary organizations against Turkey. During her wars with Turkey (1877, 1914-17), the Russian government was wont to incite the enmity of the Armenians against the Turk, but in peacetime it persecuted their anti-Turkish policy.

The result was a complex situation of both friend and enemy. One day they were friends, the other day enemies. And when it is considered that Armenian revolutionary organizations were spreading within the Russian border as well, it becomes intellig-

ible why, taking advantage of various occasions, the Russian government resorted to a third means, namely the general trial of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation.

After the defeat of the 1905 revolution, the reactionary trend of the Russian government was intensified and from this date begins the trial of the Federation. The government pursued only one aim, namely to take away from the people all that had been achieved as result of the 1905 revolution.

My situation was quite different. On the one hand, as Mayor, I had to preserve the government's confidence in me; on the other hand I had to keep the people's trust. And it seems to me I succeeded in fulfilling my duty to the people under these difficult circumstances. The proof of it is the fact that, under these most adverse conditions of Caucasian life, when the revolutionary parties were free to act, when the war and the revolution came, I always enjoyed the complete confidence of both the people and the government.

I shall be pardoned for relating this slight detail, in order to be able freely to recount the entire course of events during the days of reaction which followed the 1905-6 revolution. The government was working in all directions. The generals, heading the armies, were burning the villages, shooting

the suspects and exiling them to Siberia. I often told the Viceroy that such methods would not improve the life of Caucasus. He agreed with me, nevertheless the Russian government was committed to a policy of fire and sword. The Governor of Tiflis claimed they had sufficient number of bayonets to squelch any revolutionary movement. It was this policy of fire and sword which brought about the trial of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation.

The trial was necessary for the government, and to bring it about it resorted to fraud, in order to be able to uncover the guilty elements. The notorious Lizhin was appointed chief Investigator with assistant investigators in the various parts of the Caucasus. Then began an era of searches, arrests and the white terror. Not one outstanding Armenian field worker or intellectual was exempt from the danger of search and arrest, many of whom appealed to me for protection. I had definite information that the Investigator was looking for an excuse to prosecute me too. The late editor of "Mushag," Hambarzoum Arakelian told me he had inquired about me and had wanted to know if I had any ties with the Armenian party (the Federation).

I decided to pay a visit to the Viceroy in order to make an end of the difficult situation which prevailed among the Armenian public. It was at this time that the outstanding wealthy Armenians of Tiflis, including Melik Azarian who enjoyed universal sympathy, were arrested. I told the Viceroy that the activity of the Armenian revolutionaries was confined to their self-defense during the Armeno-Tartar encounters, that their arms had been used solely for this purpose, and that all those who had assisted the party had had only one aim, namely the self defense of the Armenian people. The Viceroy listened to me and admitted the justice of my objections. How-

ever, the government, headed by Justice Minister Scheglovitov, was plainly following a different policy. The result was confusion even inside the government. On the one hand there was the Tsar's government, and on the other hand there was the Viceroy who had been appointed by the same Tsar, and who wanted to follow a milder policy. Naturally, Stolipin and Scheglovitov did not like the Viceroy Vorontzov-Dashkov.

The jurisdiction of the Viceroy was not limited. According to Article 11 of the law, if for any reason he found the government's decisions incompatible with the conditions in Caucasus, the Viceroy could reject these mandates provided he reported to the Tsar the chief motives of his rejection. And it should be said that in all Russia the Viceroy of Caucasus was the first to enjoy the absolute confidence of the Tsar. However, the judicial authorities, who were independent in their activities, were outside the Viceroy's jurisdiction. The latter could only request or appeal, but never interfere in the Investigator's affairs or to remand any judicial decision.

As it was brought to light from the letters of Count Vorontzov-Dashkov to the Tsar, the Viceroy had really thought about the matter and had brought the question of the trial to the Tsar's attention. His opinion in this respect is interesting. In his letters he mentions the same objections which he had told me personally, to wit, he was opposed to the trial, that the Federation was not opposed to Russian interests, that by fighting against the Turk it served the interests of the Russian government, and that the terroristic acts against Russian officials were only isolated acts. As to the Armenian people, the Viceroy wrote, they love three things: schools, church, and money. Such a people cannot be revolutionary, especially in view of the fact that the geographic position of the country is not conducive to revo-

lution. "They blame me," he continued, "that I'm an Armenophile, that I love the Armenian people as such. But I value the Armenians as Russophiles. I look upon them as an element best suited to extend the Russian influence, and in this fact must be sought the source of their love for the Russians."

The noted statesman and historian Miluykov told me the same thing on one occasion. "The Russophilism of the Armenian," he said, "does not stem from his heart but from his mind." Be that as it may, the Viceroy's letters had no effect upon the government's course.

The difficult task of the defense was assumed by my brother Gevorg Khatissian, the future member of the Armenian Parliament. The arrested persons, whose number exceeded one thousand, were confined in Tiflis, Baku, Rostov and Nakhitchevan. They included intellectuals, merchants, peasants and workers. As Mayor, I was president of the prison committee who had a right to look after the nourishment of the prisoners. I had free access to the prisons. Just about that time there arrived in Tiflis the Catholicos of the Armenians who wished to see the prisoners and bless them. I myself led him to them.

I must record here two events. The first, without attracting the attention of the prison master I revealed something to Khazhak which might interest the prisoners. The other had to do with the Catholicos. I translated his speeches addressed to the government but in such a way as to delete all parts which criticised the government.

By degrees all the prisoners were released except 160 who had to stand trial. It is difficult to picture the moral and material condition of Armenian families whose members had been confined to prison for years. The Armenians were being oppressed, whereas the bourgeois element was trying hard to

sever all connection with the revolutionaries. The following incident is significant in this respect. The mayoralty election was approaching, and the Armenian bourgeoisie would urge me to postpone the elections until after my return from Petersburg where I had been called as a witness in the forthcoming trial. By doing this, they wanted to influence me so that I would not particularly defend the prisoners in the Petersburg trial. I did not agree with them. The elections took place and I was reelected Mayor with 60 white and 2 black ballots. After the elections I left for Petersburg where already a strong defense had been organized for the Dashnaks (the Federation). The defense attorney was the noted jurist Grusenbergh whom I personally saw, and explained to him that he should separate the strictly revolutionary activity of the party which was aimed primarily against Turkish oppression from all the new outcroppings which had developed during the Armeno-Tartar encounters. One of the chief problems of the defence was the differentiation of these two points. The same distinction was to be made by the witnesses. And the same duty was imposed upon me.

The trial itself lasted a long time. A great number of witnesses were questioned. When it was my turn to testify I stepped into the courtroom. As I saw the 160 on the accused bench, our eyes met, and I shall never forget the impression of that moment. Many of them I had met under different conditions, with many I had sat in meetings, and many of them were my friends. I still vividly recall the face of Dr. Hamo Ohanian who boldly told the court he belonged to the Armenian Revolutionary Federation. I remember the faces of Hamazasp, A. Sahakian and Tayirian.

They asked me what I knew about the party and its activity. I felt that much depended on me and from what I testified, inasmuch as I stood there as the Mayor of the

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capital of Caucasus who, although elected by the people, was nevertheless confirmed by the Viceroy. In the eyes of the court I was an official personality, at once trustworthy, and free from revolutionary sympathies. I spoke for more than an hour. My aim was to explain that the basis of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation was the emancipation of Turkish Armenia, that the party's fight was limited to Turkey and that that fight was the continuation of the general Russian policy, the same policy which the government had pursued in the liberation of the Bulgarians, the Serbians and the Greeks from the Turkish yoke. Russia, I said, is the champion of the Christians in the East, whereas the work of the revolutionaries is directed at the defense of the same cause.

The second question pertained to military organizations and supplies. I pointed out that these were necessary in view of the political atmosphere in Caucasus. I said the Armenians were obliged to resort to these means in their self defense, in order to prevent the Tartar attacks.

The third question was the most delicate of all, the question of terroristic acts. At this, I categorically declared that the assassinated officials were men who reeked in graft, that they were public enemies, and that they discredited the government in the eyes of the people.

They questioned me for two and a half hours. I was questioned by the defense, the judges, the prosecutor, and even the accused. Their aim was to elicit from me a confirmation of the fact that the activity of the revolutionaries was aimed solely against the Turks. The trial brought to light the fraudulent and corrupt activity of chief Investigator Lizhin. Despite the dominant reaction, as well as the government's pressure, it must be stated that the verdict was comparatively mild for all. In this, the efforts of the witnesses and the defense played no

small role.

In Petersburg I called on Justice Minister Scheglovitov to intercede in behalf of the Georgian attorney Gvazava who had been thrown into jail for an article he had written about the Czech Sokols (Hawks). In describing the life of the Sokols, Gvazava had ended his article with the following sentence: "When are our Sokols going to soar?" The government had espied a call to rebellion in this sentence and, accordingly, had imprisoned the author. The Minister explained to me that the Czechs wanted to be free from the Austrian and German yoke. The Sokols were their young generation, imbued with the same ideal. If Gvazava wants the Georgian hawks to soar, it means he wants to see Georgia freed from Russia.

I explained to him that Gvazava had no such thought, that what he had in mind was physical culture. I begged the Minister to be lenient on Gvazava. This he promised; and as a matter of fact Gvazava was soon released.

I can cite numerous such instances. One thing is plain that there was a yawning gap between the consciousness of the people and the dispositions of the law. What the people regarded as heroic, the law condemned it. Acting against the law had become a common thing, while the officers who enforced the law were hated men. Herein is to be sought the chief cause of the Russian revolution. I vividly recall how they used to try the poor peasants, would find them guilty of violating the severest articles of the law, as enemies of the prevailing order. When a peasant was found with a dozen cartridges, or when he entertained a party member, they blamed him as a partisan, guilty of the party's entire activity. To cap the thing, trials were conducted in the Russian language, and often illiterate interpreters complicated the matter by distorting the story, thus frequently converting an act of

heroism into a veritable crime, an overt crime into an act of heroism.

IV

The First Armenian Congress and Armenian Demands

On October 17, 1905, by an edict of the Tsar, Russia was granted a constitution. As a result free institutions came into being to express the will of the people. Before the calling of the Duma—the Russian Parliament—the well-known Committee of Bouligin was formed which undertook the task of sounding out the people's wishes. Bouligin was Minister of Interior. The Armenians, too, were called upon to express their wishes. Consequently, in 1906 it was decided to call the first Russian Armenian Congress which was a significant event in Caucasian life. The Armenians of all Russia, the Caucasus, Moscow and Petersburg, were invited to participate with their delegates. Here was to be formulated the political aspirations and demands of the Armenian people. There was a steering committee of which I was a member in my capacity of Mayor.

A series of serious difficulties cropped up in the very first session of this committee. What institutions were to take part in the Congress? How many delegates from each institution? etc. By virtue of my participation, the Municipal Hall of Tiflis was designated as the seat of the Congress sessions. We took into consideration the principal cities, decided upon the number of delegates from each city, formed a list of the institutions which were entitled to send one delegate each. The result was a list of 50. The delegates assembled in Tiflis. A committee on resolutions was elected, consisting of Michael Papadjanian, future member of the Duma, and myself.

After arduous labors, Papadjanian and I finally formulated the demands of the Armenian people at the behest of the Congress. Today, in 1932 (These memories were writ-

ten in 1932—J.G.M.), when we have an Armenia of our own, those modest demands which we made in 1906, that is 25 years ago, seem strange indeed. Only 25 years have passed, but how long are the strides which the Armenian mind has taken. It is true that the Congress was faulty in the form of elections, but that was not important; the important thing was that all Armenian political currents were represented here with their members. I recall that our talented poet Hovhanness Toumanian wrote a satirical poem on the occasion in which he wrote: "They came from the bank, the convent, and the private home." The words "from the convent and the private home" referred to Khashak and Arshalouys Mekhitarianz, because the former had organized a great rally in the courtyard of the Tiflis Convent and had delivered a speech which had elected him a delegate to the Congress on the very day of its opening. Needless to say, the Congress accepted his candidacy because the Party was backing him. Arshalouys Mekhitarianz presented a certificate from her village that she was elected delegate, and likewise was accepted by the Congress. The fact that she was a staff member of the newspaper "Mushak" swung her election.

Thus, the provisions of election laws were often ignored. These violations of the rule had one aim, namely to see to it that all the political factions were fully represented in the Congress. At that time the question of exactitude did not busy our minds. The paramount thing was the fact that for the first time the broad masses had come to the fore with their political demands. During the entire existence of the Russian Empire this was the first time the government was inviting the people to make their wishes known.

The events of 1905 may be regarded as the honeymoon of the Russian Revolution, because this was the first time that the Russian people were entering the arena with

their strikes, protests, and demands. It was also the first time that the Armenian peasantry, the Armenian village and the distant provinces were mingling in this revolutionary hubbub. Our peasantry had been backward and benighted. When in 1908, in one of the villages of Tzalki (not far from Tiflis), I asked the peasants "what is the Duma?", they replied, "Duma means a conference of police chiefs." The poor peasant's conception of high government did not go beyond the police chief.

The first Armenian Congress got down to business. The most important was the political question which would decide Russia's future regime. After long and heated debates, the Armenian delegates compromised on the following formula: "Russia must have a representative assembly." Not one word as to whether that Assembly should be legislative, or merely a consultative body beside the Tsar. The Georgian demands were more clear cut. They wanted a legislative assembly and the separation of the Georgian Orthodox church from the Russian church. A series of other demands psychologically paved the way for the idea of Georgian independence, although the thing was not stated in so many words.

It was the wish of the Armenian Congress not to present any radical proposals about political questions. Their second demand was the equalization of Armenian and Russian citizenship rights. This must be taken in the factual sense, because judicially all the citizens were equal before the law. The chief aim of this demand was to enable Armenians to hold administrative office in Caucasus, because ordinarily those who desired to occupy government positions were sent into the interior provinces of Russia, while Russian officers were sent to Caucasus to fill the offices. It was a known fact that a newly-graduated Armenian lawyer could become only a secretary in a judicial institution, or the assistant of a secondary examin-

er, but if he wanted to become a member of a regional court, he had to leave the Caucasus and take the road to Russia. The same was true of the physicians, the architects and the teachers.

Thus, while the law did not limit Armenian participation in the administration of Caucasus, still factually the doors were closed before the Armenians. Consequently the Armenians were forced to busy themselves in free trades or in nonadministrative institutions. They were mostly concentrated in Baku where the oil industry offered them opportunities for holding office in the various institutions. The Georgians were not restricted by such discriminations; they had free access to all judicial and administrative functions. In the entire Caucasus there was not one Armenian governor, yet there were many Georgian governors, such as Prince Nakashidze, Prince Shervashidze. The greatest Armenian functionary in Caucasus had been my father, and he had resigned his office in disgust at the age of 56, because instead of to him, the office of governor of governmental effects had been turned over to his assistant who was a Russian. This explains why the second demand having to do with equality of rights was so important to the Armenians.

There was also demand for better operational assignments for the Armenian soldiers. Ordinarily Armenian soldiers were sent to the interior of Russia where the climate did not agree with inhabitants of Caucasus. Many of the soldiers returned home infected by tuberculosis or extremely emaciated.

The Congress was also concerned with the question of the schools. We demanded lightening of the control of Russian superintendents over public or parochial schools. Our schools were mostly tied up with the church. It was the churches which supported the schools and this accounts why the Armenian wealthy class is so generous in its

gifts to the church. In Armenian schools the Armenian spirit was preserved and guarded reverently and it was from these schools that all the noted Armenian public workers came. That was the reason why the Armenian people had a tender regard for their churches

The Congress agenda also included a number of other questions which pertained to the peasantry and economics. Armenian lands were often turned over to Russian immigrants called Malakans and Doukhobors. The best parcels of land in the region of Kars, the Province of Alexandropol and around the Island of Sevan were allotted to these immigrants with the aim of russification, and at the expense of the Armenians. During this tenure, my father had tried in every way to defend the rights of the Armenian and, as result, he had had many clashes with the authorities. One of the most important problems which concerned the Armenian peasant was the question of water supply. The water law which affected the whole economy of the Armenian peasant was imperfect, as a result of which many crimes were committed. The Congress demanded new water laws which would meet the demands and the needs of the peasantry.

Another poignant item was the question of pastureland. It should be stated that the chief occupation of the Tartars in Caucasus is herding live stock. During the hot summer months these are forced to seek shelter in the mountains whose slopes are inhabited by the Armenians. In doing so they trampled over the fields and the vineyards of the Armenians, a thing which caused sharp arguments and frequent fights between the two peoples. The Congress called the government's attention to this urgent question. Demands were also formulated in regards to economic questions and intermediary and higher schools.

This was the sum total of the demands which the first Armenian Congress formula-

ted in 1906-1907. Boiled down, these demands amounted to the following conclusions: (a) the Armenians demanded equality with Russian citizens; (b) they wanted to improve the economic conditions of the peasants; and (c) they wanted more tolerable conditions for cultural improvement. Not one word about autonomy or secession. Such demands did not even exist in their minds. The political workers and the parties were wholly absorbed with the condition of the Turkish Armenian provinces. In this connection, I would like to relate a conversation which I had with the gendarmes of Tiflis immediately after the Congress. I had promised that the Armenian Congress would not proceed contrary to Russian interests. In the course of a visit, the chief of the gendarmes became interested in the labors of the Congress and I told him that Armenian demands had been purely confined to economic and cultural matters and that the Armenians were primarily concerned with Turkish Armenia. The chief said to me:

"The provinces of Turkish Armenia are not free. They have their future master, and that is Russia, without whose knowledge and council you need not busy yourselves. That is the reason why we are prosecuting the Armenian Revolutionary Federation."

The Congress over, the minutes were set into order. They were signed by 1300 persons and the papers were sent to Petersburg. Did the Congress have any immediate effect or significance for Caucasian Armenians? Of course not. But the Congress accomplished one thing; for the first time it brought together the Armenian intellectuals and created an authoritative Caucasian body. Until then, with the exception of Etchmaidzin, we had no central body which could rally the Caucasus Armenians. Turkish Armenians were more fortunate in this respect. They had a constitution and central institutions in Constantinople and the

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The Congress proved that it was possible for the Armenians to rally together in the defense of Armenian interests. Thereafter, in 1914 and 1917, during the days of the war and the revolution, it was easier to call a second and third Congress.

When the Duma assembled, the Armenian delegates placed before the assembly the Armenian demands which had been formulated by the Congress. Papadjanian, Atabekian, Tigranian, Avetikian, Petrosian, Saghatelian and Ayvazian were elected members of the Duma. Due to the imperfections of the elective system, as well as the government's rigorous measures, those who were elected did not represent the best talent, but they did their utmost to defend our economic and cultural demands.

Twenty-five years have passed since the first Armenian Congress, but a number of questions which stemmed from the needs of the times still preserve their present day urgency. The Armenian peasant is without land, his lands are not sufficient for his needs. True, there is no longer Russian immigration, but this has been replaced by Turkish immigration and Armenian lands are being taken over by the Turks. A number of other questions no longer exist, for example, the question of schools. The Armenian people went through several political stages, lost its independence, and was taken over by the Soviet. We no longer have any problem of equality of citizenship in Caucasus, but we have lost our elementary freedom. Our demands of today are wholly different, compared to which our one time propositions are exceedingly modest. This strange situation will run like a red line across our future history.

As it was, the government of that time looked upon the Armenians as well organized, as a revolutionary element, and its attitude was wholly negative toward us, whereas their attitude toward the Georgians

was more lenient, in spite of the fact that the Georgian demands were more categorical and exorbitant. In the eyes of the government the Georgians were not such a formidable element as the Armenians.

Why this discrimination? They often asked me, and in my opinion two circumstances contributed to this attitude. First, the opinion was prevalent that the Armenians were cunning, powerful, well organized and rich; that they were concealing their power under an exterior of humility, whereas, they thought the Georgians were a noisy lot, supercilious and emotional, and what is most important of all, that they lacked the financial means. It should be admitted that we Armenians shared this opinion about the Georgians. We considered the extravagant demands of their Congress as superfluous, untimely and undiplomatic.

After the Congress, before the dispersion of the delegates, a banquet was tendered in their honor in the vineyard of Ortachalah on the banks of the River Kura. In 1904-8, the above mentioned three events were the outstanding: the Armenian Congress, the Armeno-Tartar encounters, and the trial of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation. After 1908 commenced the strengthening of the reactionary government, when the political parties went underground.

V

The Political Reaction and the Revolutionary Forces, (1905-1907)

The office of the Mayor of Tiflis presented a paradoxical situation. On the one hand it was tied with the higher government, on the other hand it had to deal with underground revolutionaries. These underground organizations often appealed to me, when one of their members was arrested or when one of their enterprises was made known to the government. In judicial institutions by virtue of my office I often took part as an intercessor or judge and I have many rich recollections in this respect.

During the revolution of 1905 the two political organizations which stood on the front line were the Armenian Revolutionary Federation and the Georgian Social Democrat Bolsheviks, the Socialist Revolutionaries, the Hunchaks, and lastly, the National Federalists. All these parties had one motto: "to travel alone, but to act together." A definite agreement existed among them in regard to technical problems. In meetings the number of party orators was limited. During mass rallies which took place on Erivan Square or in Tiflis, the Armenian suburb of Havlabar, and in various parts of the city, the parties came out to vie with one another. The Georgian Mensheviks tried in every way to detach the Armenian masses from the Armenian Revolutionary Federation but they never succeeded. The Mensheviks had a small Armenian group which worked with them in this connection. Among these were A. Erzinkian, Arshak Zourabov and Khanoyan. After the division of the Mensheviks and the Bolsheviks, Stepan Shahoumian, Spandarian and Petrosian (Kamo) headed the Bolshevik organization.

Many wonder whence came the Bolsheviks who in 1917-29 became the masters of Russia. I deem it important to pause on the separation of the Bolsheviks from the Russian workers party. I will confess however that in 1905 I was far from thinking individual Bolsheviks years later could have taken over Russia. At that time, in municipal halls the Bolsheviks still proclaimed the necessity of social revolution. In their view, the 1905 revolution was not the final phase; democratic freedoms alone were not enough for the working class; it was necessary to overthrow the government by force and to call a legislative assembly to realize the social revolution. In those days these speeches sounded illusory, but events came to prove that the Bolsheviks not only overthrew the government by force, but they

dispersed the Constituent Assembly in order to materialize their plans.

I often met the Bolsheviks when they were fighting side by side with members of other organizations against the Tsarist tyranny in which we saw Russia's greatest evil. Until 1903 there was a party called the Russian Social Democratic Worker's Party. In the Congress of Brussels in 1902, which later moved to London, there were vigorous clashes and the party was divided into two: the majority which was called Bolshevik, and the minority called Menshevik. The first was headed by Lenin, the other, by Martov.

The disagreements of the two wings revolved around the questions of organization and mode of action. The minority was of the opinion that social revolutions could be arrived at by the evolutionary road; the majority insisted on overthrowing the government by force and to establish the workers' supremacy. The minority favored terroristic acts against individual enemies of the working class;* the majority demanded mass terrorism, in order to exterminate a whole class.

The workers of Caucasus adhered to the minority, whereas the Russian working class approved of the majority policy. Djughashvili, Stalin, who is Russia's dictator today, was a member of the minority. Stalin was the secretary of N. Jordania, the founder of the Georgian Social Democrats, who is an exile today and lives in Paris.

The bond between the two wings of the party steadily weakened and was finally severed as a result of the precipitous political events in Russia. We have already stated that, from the first days of the Russian revolution, revolutionary organizations came out into the open and began their fearless propaganda campaign. Their first act of violence was the assassination of Minister

*Officially the Mensheviks were opposed to Terrorism.—Ed.

of the Interior Pleve which took place on July 15, 1904. He was succeeded by Prince Mirsky whose tenure of office was characterized by the word "Spring." In the winter of 1904-5 all tongues were loosened, giving way to a series of demonstrations and public meetings. The "Spring" current was spread in entire Russia, and the government was forced to resort to fresh suppressions.

When the Tsar's edict was proclaimed the entire people literally rushed out into the streets. They thought a new era was about to begin in Russian history. There were new meetings and demonstrations, again the same speeches. In Tiflis the center of attraction was an Armenian youth called Khashmanian (Dev) who made fiery speeches, riddling the government's vulnerable parts, and announcing the advent of happy days. However, the government was not asleep. It was busy spreading its nets. Under the circumstances, the parties were obliged to adjust themselves to the precipitating events. They took advantage of every opportunity to keep the people's spirits high.

On August 29 a huge rally had been called in the Municipal Hall of Tiflis. At the time I was in northern Caucasus, leaving behind Ch. Vermishev as acting Mayor. The Governor of Tiflis telephoned Vermishev forbidding the rally but the latter replied that he was unable to stop the mob. The rally was presided over by the brother of the minority member Eliava who told the audience about the Governor's decision and invited all those who were afraid to leave the hall. Just then an officer entered the hall and asked the audience to disperse, but no one moved. Thereupon the Cossacks fired upon the audience. There was a terrible flurry among the unarmed public. 35 were killed and 40 were wounded. The hall was literally stained with blood.

The same scene was repeated in many Russian cities, but the more decisive the government became, the more the people's

indignation and protest was intensified. The gap between the government and the people was fast deepening.

When the Tsar's edict in regard to the freedoms was proclaimed in 1905 the people were divided into two camps, those who remained loyal to the revolutionary principles, and those who adhered to the government. The Police Department of Petersburg now resorted to new methods of intrigue. It began to organize pogroms, killings, and patriotic demonstrations. Such a demonstration took place in Tiflis on October 22. Holding flags and pictures of saints, the people held a procession and marched to the palace of the Viceroy. The procession was joined in by the gendarmes, the soldiers and the cadets. Those who did not join the procession, stood on the sidewalks and watched it. Suddenly there was heard the sound of a pistol shot. Plainly it was a signal. The troops began to fire on the people, and the Cossacks entered the homes and bayoneted the inmates.

The students of the first Gymnasium were likewise subjected to massacre. The Cossacks rushed into the editor's office of the newspaper "Tiflissky Listor" and the Armenian club, to finish off their bloody task. At that hour we were in session of the City Council. When the sound of the fusillade reached us we at once hastened to the Viceroy. Assistant Police Chief General Baboushkin had already reported to the Viceroy the happenings of the day, placing the entire responsibility on the people, as if it were the people which had attacked the peaceful demonstrators and the troops, who had been forced to fire back in self defense.

Such were the heavy days in 1905 and 1906 in Russia. The political parties again went underground, this time to stay there for a long time, fully 10 years, until the revolution of 1917.

* * *

Before entering into the details of this

underground stay, I must say that the people of Caucasus was organically tied with the revolutionary organizations. The Armenian Revolutionary Federation and the Georgian Social Democrats had been able to penetrate the masses and win them over to their cause. The same could not be said of Russia proper. A people of 100 million naturally could not coordinate itself to form a common front. The work of propaganda was likewise very difficult, and the Russian masses flung themselves promiscuously right and left. Proof of this is found in the fact that, in 1917, 70 percent of the Russian people cast their votes for the Socialist Revolutionaries but not one percent of them defended their candidates when the Bolsheviks dispersed the Constituent Assembly by force of arms.

At that time all the revolutionary parties maintained headquarters in the country. Only the Bolsheviks held their headquarters in Geneva, leaving behind a few members to keep the tie. The robbery of 200,000 rubles in 1907 took place right before my eyes. This sum was being shipped from the government treasury in Petersburg to the government bank in Tiflis. The Bolsheviks knew the exact hour of the transfer and had decided to capture the whole loot. The hold up had been planned with meticulous knowledge and secrecy, not even many of the members of the Central Executive being taken in. The plan itself was prepared by Lenin, while the execution had been committed to Ter Petrosian whose alias was Kamo. I personally know the family of Kamo. His sister, a Bolshevik, held a position in the city administration,—a sickly girl who died of tuberculosis.

I was busy at work in my Mayor's office. At 12 o'clock, the treasurer stepped out of the treasury house, entered the waiting carriage and tucked under his feet a bag which contained 200,000 rubles. Four

mounted Cossacks accompanied the carriage, two in front, and two in the rear. At the crossing of Erivan Square where it turns to Sololakian Street, from a roof top which belonged to Prince Sumbatov, a bomb was thrown on the carriage. Three other bombs were hurled on the Cossacks. The explosion was so violent that all the windows of my office were shattered. Taking advantage of the ensuing confusion, the Bolsheviks grabbed the money bag and disappeared. Ter Petrosian, as later was brought to light, took shelter in a neighboring house, and a few days later fled to Finland via Russia, to report to Lenin and to deliver the money.

Ter Petrosian, under the alias of Mirsky, purchased arms in Berlin and Paris and transferred them to Russia for the use of the Bolsheviks, but being arrested in Berlin, to prevent being extradited to Russia, he pretended madness. The best psychiatrists in Berlin were unable to discover the hoax even after intensive examination. Finally the Germans decided to deliver him to the Russians as an insane man. The Russians accepted the condition and transferred Ter Petrosian to the Sanatorium of Tiflis where two psychiatrists, Orbeli and Chounkhovskiy continued their supervision. Ter Petrosian's sister asked me to find out about the illness of her brother from his physicians, but the latter told me they doubted his insanity.

By this time the Bolsheviks of Tiflis had made contact with Kamo through an assistant doctor. They managed to smuggle inside some new clothes and a rope which enabled Ter Petrosian to make his escape. The entire police force was set into motion but to no avail. Ter Petrosian disappeared, and his sister was imprisoned, but they could get nothing from her in regard to the whereabouts of her brother. Later, Ter Petrosian again returned to Tiflis, this time to organize the postoffice hold up. After

finishing his job, he came to the City Hall as an innocent person and again suddenly disappeared. Finally, he was arrested by the government, was tried and sent to Siberia. In 1917 he returned to Tiflis and died in an automobile accident. At the orders of Stalin, the driver of the automobile was instantly shot.

In Caucasus the Bolsheviks were few in numbers but they made up for it with their superior zeal and activity. Many of them, whom I knew in 1905, occupy important positions in Transcaucasian Republics and Russia, such as, Makharadze, Eliava, Orkhelashvili, Erzinkian, Khonoyan, Tskhakaya, and lastly, Djughashvili—Stalin. This proves that it was not the revolutionary vortex which raised them to their present heights, but their pertinacious revolutionary labor with which they toiled for fully twenty years until they reached their aim.

In those days the Social Democrats, Mensheviks, were busy with individual acts of terror. The government retaliated with massacres which was costly on many innocents. One of the judges of Tiflis said to me once: "if any one with a black shirt is caught on the scene of a crime, he should be tried as a terrorist, because if he did not do the killing, he is sure to kill someone someday."

I very well recall two such incidents. One day the Governor of Tiflis, Von Trautenberg and I were seated together, discussing our affairs, when suddenly we heard a fusillade. The Governor sent one of his soldiers to investigate the matter. Half an hour later the soldier returned and in his peasantlike simplicity said: "So, Your Excellency, someone killed a policeman in the street and ran away. Our soldiers are massacring the inmates of the neighboring house. They have locked the doors and are working inside." The Governor immediately sent his aide to stop the business. The aide returned and reported that the soldiers had killed all the menfolk in the house, had looted the place,

and went away.

The second incident was the following. In Tiflis there was a police chief by the name of Martinov who was an officer and who later became Mayor of Baku. The revolutionaries tried several times to kill him but in vain. One day I was sitting with him in front of the window. Martinov asked to move over lest they mistook me for him and try to kill me. A few days later, in front of the Gymnasium building, they threw a bomb at him. The government immediately searched the building and executed the superintendent, Tzinvadze, who naturally had no connection whatsoever with the terroristic act.

These incidents illustrate with what intensity and ferocity the fight between the government and the people was carried on in these days. The people had no other means of fighting for their freedoms. There was no legal road to wage the fight. There was a great chasm which separated the people from the government. In central Russia the situation was even worse. The gap there was not only between the people and the government, but between the people and the intellectuals. This was the reason why, when the revolution came, the peasants and the soldiers went bodily over to the Bolsheviks, in order to settle their score with both the government and the intellectuals.

Fortunately, this was not true of Caucasus. The government viewed with equal hostility all tendency to criticism. The mildest opposition or the terroristic act was regarded with the same spectacles. The reactionary government did not tolerate any kind of free expression. I recall how they used to check even sums which were appropriated for innocent institutions, such as the firemen's fund. Even the most insignificant functionary had to be confirmed by the government, because in each officer they saw a potential enemy.

I recall another incident which shows the

absolute stupidity of the government in shedding the blood and burning the effects of the people. Near the Military Square an unknown person threw a bomb at the Cossacks. The event took place near the Armenian Nersessian College. Instantly cannon was dragged, the building was destroyed, and those who fled from the building were killed.

Needless to say, there was no thought of either compromise or peace under such an

atmosphere. No such thing as free speech or free press existed, the rights of civic administration were curtailed, the political parties had gone underground, and letters and literature were buried deep in the earth, to come out some day.

To men who were not accustomed to it, the revolution was all over. But in the inner chambers men were preparing new revolutionary movements.

(To be continued)

LIFE

*"A l'ange, à l'idole immortelle,
Salut en immortalité!"*

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

*A pendulum swings,
A wheel turns,
A city grows,
And a sunshine dances
In the garden of old and new hearts.
Up the stairways of puberty
A girl walks
Toward the golden road of paradise,
And above her
There are seven moons
And a million stars.
A fertile seed
Tears the breast
Of the dark ground
And a tiny violet
Smiles to the clouds . . .
A rhythm jumps,
A bell rings,
A shadow falls,
And a symphony of colors
Dominates
The breaths of
The moment.*

JACK S. KARAPETIAN

KHATCHIK MINASIAN

*The following POEMS are from, or better still,
just from*

A WORLD OF QUESTIONS AND THINGS

By KHATCHIK MINASIAN

III

THE PARTING LINE

*they die younger than I
and older.*

*Have you considered a prize-winner lucky,
the one-in-a-million
set for a score of years
in the luxury of free things,
a windfall, a harvest,
considered the lucky one and brooded
though privately lifted and looted?*

*What of the condemned man
terrified in the final cell,
suspended in the moments of a one-night sleep
with a transparent future,
the month, a day, minutes
and the red streak of eternity?*

*Have you considered the two fortunes akin,
the one-in-a-million
set for a score of years in the luxury of free things,
the one-in-a-million
horrified and suspended
with the cellophane vision,
rushing headlong to the final decision?*

SILKS AND SACKS

*He was a dead head
with a sagey look
in the gray suit,
pawed his gab-gab
for the silent wise-boy act
and checked his silk hat
in the cloak-room of wisdom.*

*Have you ever been
a stable-mate with celebrities,
buying your way into the camera
with the big boys?*

*Stassman tried,
ran afoul for lack of cash,
and silk hats,
contented himself
with pool-room lingo
and moochers
and muscatel boochers.*

OF OGRES AND POLITICIANS

*Have you considered an Ogre disaster,
a bulk of a thing
traced back into the mind,
pushed back against the pages of the small age,
large-headed fictitious thing
with the crudely spaced teeth
that manage a sheep occasionally?*

*What of the politicians
of the small teeth
that manage men frequently,
ugly-headed reality
shocking us out of time?*

THE GREAT REPRIEVE

*Planned his life with dreams
and coffee grounds
and let the world slip by
waiting for the miraculous beginning
of great things foreseen,
at seventy took up the cups
for a re-check
to see where the slip had come in.*

*Are you a coffee-ground man
seeking fortunes in designs,
shapes that unmistakably
foretell swift-coming messages
and the abundance of good things?
can you exchange a day's work
on the strength of bundles promised in cups
and risk starving?*

*Stassman sat in for a score of years,
floundered under credits
and denunciations,
decided a locale change necessary,
moved, gave up coffee-grounds for the bottle
with a no-top throttle.*



ARMENIAN LIFE ABROAD

*A digest of recent happenings among
the Armenian settlements in diaspora*

United States

ANCHA

With the arrival of a constant stream of Armenian displaced persons from Stuttgart in the United States, Canada, and South America during the past few months, the ANCHA, American National Committee to Aid Homeless Armenians is on the last lap of its race to rehabilitate the 3,500 homeless Armenians before the year is ended. According to latests reports issued by the ANCHA, up to August 15, 1949, over 1,500 had received definite assurance of their transfer, 400 of whom already have arrived in the States, and an additional 600 were expected to arrive by November of this year. This number excludes those who have been settled in Canada and South America. The ANCHA office also informs that affidavits have been secured for the remaining D. P.'s in Europe all of whom are expected to be settled on the American continent before the expiration of the time limit.

ANCHA has raised a sum in excess of \$100,000 up to now which monies have been and are now being used for this worthy cause. Further funds are necessary to meet the constantly rising needs, and to this end the ANCHA is continuing its fund drive in the important Armenian centers of America until every Armenian D. P. has been rescued and the mission of ANCHA is completed.

Sevian Paper Read Before UN Science Group

On August 23 the United Nations Scientific Conference on the Conservation and Utilization of Resources listened to the reading of a paper entitled "Economic Utilization and Development of the Water Resources of the Euphrates and Tigris" by Vahe J. Sevian, Head of the Hydraulic Section of the Directorate General of the Iraqi Government Irrigation Department. The Sevian report was circulated world wide by news agencies, Reuters carrying a good part of the essay.

Sevian contends that four million people of four Near Eastern countries could obtain a much higher standard of living if the waters of Euphrates and Tigris were technically developed. In concrete terms, these accrued benefits would be, over eight million tons of wheat and barley each year, more water power to replace oil power, a larger export of oil, and the cultivation of vast areas of desert land. The project calls for a vast network of canals to supply irrigation. The four countries which would benefit from the Sevian project are Syria, Iraq, Iran and Turkey.

Born in Istanbul 52 years ago, Sevian was educated in Iraqi schools and later joined the department of irrigation. Although without a university degree, he is recognized as authority on irrigation problems in which capacity he has attended

several geographical and scientific conferences. Last year he represented his country at the U. N. Regional Food and Agricultural meeting held in Cairo, Egypt. He is a member of several American, French and British scientific organizations, including The American Congress of Surveying and Mapping, Royal Asiatic Society Institution of Instruction and Engineers, Institution of Water Engineers, Societe de Engineer Civil du France, Societe Hydro-Technique du France, and Congress Geographique.

Jacques de Morgan

The beginning of June the Hairenik Association Inc. of Boston announced the publication of the first English-language translation of the "History of the Armenian People" by the French scholar Jacques de Morgan. The English version of the work was preceded by the Armenian translation from the French which has been on sale for some time. Both of those works were published by the Hairenik Association as the initial product of the Hairenik Cultural Fund which was raised some five years ago for the purpose of promoting Armenian literature abroad.

The English translation, done by Prof. Ernest F. Barry of Harvard University, is a faithful reproduction both in text and form of the original French. It carries all the 296 illustrations, maps, plans and documentary sketches executed by de Morgan for the original work which comprehends a scope from ancient history to the post-World War I period. The book, beautifully printed, sturdily bound, and wrapped in a suitable jacket is being offered to the public at the low cost of \$5.00 per copy.

Dr. Kazanjian Named Fellow of ISS

Dr. Varazdat Kazanjian, the nation's outstanding plastic surgeon, was among twelve Massachusetts surgeons to be named fellows of the International Society of Surgery, according to an announcement made by the

Mass. Medical Society in October. Dr. Kazanjian and colleagues were admitted to fellowships "because of their distinguished record and honorable standing among surgeons of the United States."

The International Society of Surgery is headquartered in Brussels, Belgium. A limited number of ISS fellowships are awarded yearly.

Jerusalem

Jerusalem Patriarch Passes Away

His Beatitude, Guregh S. Israelian, Armenian Patriarch of Jerusalem, passed away on Friday, October 28, in the American Hospital of Beirut, according to a news item in October 30 of Azdak, Armenian newspaper of Beirut. His body was moved from the hospital to the Catholicosate of Antilias on Saturday, after 3 P. M. Funeral services were held at the Cathedral of the Catholicosate on Sunday, His Holiness Catholicos Garegin officiating. Mass was celebrated by Archbishop Khat.

Patriarch Guregh was a devout clergyman past his fifties who was affectionately held by the Armenians of Jerusalem for his solitude and paternal care of the refugees who found shelter in his convent during the hectic Arab-Jewish fights in that city.

Turkey

The Patriarchate of Istanbul

The Arslanian and opposition controversy over the patriarchal throne of Istanbul which has rocked the Armenian community of Turkey for some time, finally came to a head with the convocation of a representative assembly of clergymen and laymen to elect a Patriarch. The present incumbent, Archbishop Arslanian, around whom the controversy has raged, has hung on to his post as Acting Patriarch (*Locum Tenens*) in defiance of the majority will. The report of

the assembly appeared in July 18th issue of *Marmara*, Armenian daily of Istanbul. The convention to elect the new Patriarch was held in the Cathedral of Koum Kapou, Istanbul, the seat of the Patriarchate.

The convention was opened by Bakhtiarian Vardapet, another candidate who has led the opposition to Arslanian. The Assembly proceeded to pass on the qualifications of the candidates and finally agreed on the following six as the legitimate candidates: Zarmayr Vardapet Guzerian, Hmayyak Vardapet Bakhtiarian, Sahak Vardapet Papazian, Bishop Tiran Nersoyan, Bishop Ghevond Jebeyan, and Khat Archbishop Achabashian.

In conformance with the Armenian church constitution, out of this list a Patriarch would be elected and the results announced to the public. Almost four months have passed since then, but nothing has appeared in the Armenian press to indicate that an election has been effected, the presumption being that Archbishop Arslanian still continues as Acting Patriarch thanks to the backing of the Turkish government.

Iran

Iran Expels Two Bishops

According to a Cairo dispatch dated May 2 the Iranian government has expelled two Armenian bishops from the country. The bishops of Ispahan and Teheran, Gostanian and Drampian, both recently instated after their return from Etchmiadzin (Soviet Armenia) were accused by the Iranian authorities of "following the exact procedures as followed by the head of the Armenian church in Etchmiadzin." This was interpreted to mean that both bishops have been acting as communist propaganda agents in their new posts.

Reports emanating from the seat of the trouble say that Iranian government circles

know full well that the overwhelming majority of the Armenian residents in Iran have also evinced displeasure at the conduct of the two bishops.

ARF Candidates Win

The Armenian language daily "Alik" of Iran in its issue of April 21 reported that two ARF candidates for election to the Iranian National Assembly have scored sweeping victories at the polls held by the Armenians throughout the country. The winners are Dr. Vardan Hovhanessian, recognized by the government as the official representative of Alik, and Alex Aghayan, a prominent attorney. ARF candidates likewise swept the deputy elections in Iranian Azerbaijan.

Armenian deputies in the Assembly represent the Armenian population of Iran. An interim assembly at the time was governing the country pending the formal ratification of the Iranian constitution. Population segment elections were called periodically by the government. Results tabulated by government officials are considered final.

Soviet Armenia

Erivan Radio Attacks Dashnaks

According to a Cairo, Egypt dispatch dated July 11th, monitors there that night reported that a broadcast beamed from Radio Erivan, the official voice of the Communist Party of Armenia, launched a vigorous attack on the Armenian Revolutionary Federation (ARF) abroad. The latter society, also known as Dashnaks, is a bitter enemy of Soviet tyranny.

The Erivan voice, in a typically incontinent spiel, characterized the ARF as "the servant of Anglo-American imperialists." It went on to single out such prominent ARF

figures as Gen. Dro Kanayan, V. Papazian, Dr. A. Abeghian, Simon Vratzian, Rouben Der Minasian, Hrand Samuel, and Vahan Navassardian, as "friends and agents of Turkey." Samuel, said the Erivan speaker, "is the agent of the capitalist Ghoukasov", obviously referring to Abram Ghoukasov, a wealthy Armenian emigre who, after the last war, launched the publication of a strongly anti-Communist Russian monthly periodical.

The Erivan announcer also singled out

Father Kamsarakan, a Roman Catholic Armenian Mekhitarist priest, as "a fascist agent" and said he had been freed from an Athens prison by the intervention of the Vatican and who was now in Lebanon on "a certain mission."

The onslaught was also directed on the recent ARF World Congress. After that Congress, the Erivan voice said, the ARF "finally and ultimately entered the ranks of the friends of Anglo-American imperialists and the Turks."

NO WHEEL WAGON

*A glimpse of life with the shades drawn up,
Then all too soon twilight shadows dim the light;
And an unknown touch draws down the shade
Bringing to us perpetual night.*

*Cry not to the finality of this hoax;
Of this futile window in the universe,
For the shade will appear quite soon enough
And darkness will enfold us in its spacious hearse.*

DIKRAN AKILLIAN

THE WOODSMAN

By KIRK MINASIAN

The trees were hardly imposing in appearance, small in height and narrow about the trunk. It had grown wildly, first in one direction, then another, twisted oddly as though in great confusion. It was of a species unfamiliar to me. I was concerned mainly with the thickness at the base of the trunk for I had concluded a contract to fell it.

The owner of the tree was a man named Ghazar who had many times in the past hugged the slim trunk compassionately in his drunken moments, speaking to it with more endearing terms than he had ever used for his long suffering wife. He had given the tree a good Christian name, forbidding any abuse in regards to it. But he obviously had changed his feelings about the tree and decided that it should be removed from the landscape. When his intentions had been aired publicly, there was much doubt that he would commit such an absurd act.

"What will he hang on to if the tree is not there?" asked his wife. "It has been a boon, a true friend and one does not destroy his friends. He will come out of it, a whim—nothing more."

But Ghazar cursed all who tried to dissuade him from his evil design. In the matter of swearing, he was the recognized master of a bawdy group. No three words did he ever utter which were not supported on either side with a special type of cuss word. He mingled the vulgarity of many nations into a strange gibberish which you knew, by the very nature of the man, to be exotic cussing.

"The tree comes down," he shouted, "and if you want to know the reason I will tell you. I intend to bury my wife in that plot, and the tongues of all the dogs who think me a fool."

No man dared say a word in answer. His brutality was supported by a tremendous physique and a fragile temper. He had once raised a full grown man above his head with one arm and sent him flying from the mezzanine floor of the coffee house to the deck below. This man, a professional gambler, had sworn revenge, carrying a pistol about for two weeks but finally giving up his resolution on the grounds that guns are too cumbersome to be carried about in a hip pocket. He used as a substitute, the silent method, withdrawing from all contact with his enemy. Even this gambler made a small bet that the tree would remain, though he did this secretly.

My role as the woodsman came quite accidentally. I was on my way to a western movie with never a thought of trees when I heard my name shouted.

"Come here my boy! I knew your father in the old country. I have something to ask you."

I knew Ghazar by reputation and had secretly admired the man. He had tremendous muscles and a wonderful moustache. To me these things represented a figure of a hero. I was ten years of age.

"Yes," I said, somewhat flattered. "It was me you called?"

He placed his huge hand upon my head and very tenderly inquired about my

family, telling me of my father and the strong bonds between them that existed years ago in Armenia. Then gently he felt my arm, looking at me in surprise.

"Does your mother feed you well, my boy," he asked.

"Of course!" I said.

"There is no evidence of any muscles in your arm. Do you chew your food properly?"

I thought this a strange inquiry and hastened to say "yes," begging his pardon so that I would not miss the movie.

"One moment! Do you see that tree, the small one that looks like a misfit in the vegetable world?" He pointed the tree out to me. "What does it look like to you?"

"Well," I said, contemplating the gnarled branches, "it looks like fire wood that has not been chopped yet."

"Exactly!" he cried. "You are a sensible boy. Would you consider it a loss to civilization if that hideous piece of vegetation were cut down?"

I told him that I thought there would be little loss in such a case.

"You have a level head, my boy. You will one day be a lawyer. But until that time, I presume you will find a moment to do me a great favor. I want you to chop down that tree."

"Oh yes, I will," I replied, "when I am fifteen or sixteen. But right now, if I don't hurry, I'll miss a very important picture."

"Fifteen or sixteen!" Ghazar shouted. "When I am thirsty I do not wait for next week to take a drink. I do it now. So it is with the tree. I thirst for its destruction. Can you chop it down, say within the next hour?"

"But I know nothing of chopping down trees," I protested. "Besides, I am only ten and I might cut a finger or chop my shoe."

"My boy," Ghazar said with a tender look, "when I was ten I cleared an entire

forest in the Ukraine in a single week — with a dull axe. I was paid but a penny a tree and there were twelve of us in the family."

After much arguing, pro and con, I was convinced that I had the talent of a tree cutter, and with reluctance agreed at least to make a try at it.

"I'll fetch the axe," he said, hastening towards the chicken house. In a few moments he returned with an axe more ancient than any tool I had ever seen. There was more rust on it than wear. The handle was warped, and when I took a trial swing, I lost my balance and fell to the ground. I rose up in disgust and protested about the whole affair. Ghazar, with a fatherly air, sought to console me.

"Rome was not built in a day, my boy. You must first get the hang of it. Learn to follow through. Try again!"

After several tries, I found the trick and curved my body in a strange way in order to drive the axe to its mark.

"All set!" I cried. "Are you sure you want it cut down?"

"Yes, of course. Speed it up, my boy. Attack it with vigor. I knew your father well. Many times did we drink in the taverns of Istanbul."

I saw no connection with the task at hand and the past when my father drank in Istanbul but nevertheless, I spat upon my hands, assumed a professional attitude, and raising the axe high delivered the first blow. I struck with a dull thud, sinking deep into the trunk. I was startled by a groan that seemed to have escaped from the broad cut the axe left. "The tree is human," I thought, quite confused. Then I noticed Ghazar. He was seated on the curb, head between his hands, moaning in strange sounds. His body shook at intervals.

"My God!" he cried. "That blow, the

way the axe fell, it seemed that it sank into my side."

Never had I expected to see this giant afflicted with such tender emotions. It was sad and disgusting. Feeling myself to be superior in the face of such circumstances, I asked boldly, "Do you want it cut down or don't you?"

For a moment he was silent; then turning his head towards me, he nodded.

"No more bawling," I said, feeling very important. "Don't make me feel like I'm killing somebody. I have a pretty soft heart, you know, and I can't stand the idea of hurting anything. After all, it's a dried-up tree, maybe two hundred years old. Even the birds don't stop here anymore. Here I go again!"

"Strike, executioner!" groaned the miserable Ghazar. "God forgive me, but strike!"

The tree succumbed to the thirty or forty savage blows I delivered in rapid succession. I had hardly gone half-way through when it began to topple.

"There it goes!" I shouted in wild amazement. I had expected something startling, at least a resounding crash carrying for a mile or so. But the tree collapsed gradually, almost with a human sigh, expiring upon a flower bed like a weary sleeper.

"Well," I said proudly and conclusively, "there's the fire wood. I'd like payment now, if you please."

But the face of Ghazar was one of dread. His huge jaw quivered, his eyes half out or their sockets.

"My tree, my tree," he repeated, looking with disbelief at the crushed limbs.

"Mr. Ghazar, if you don't mind, I would like my pay now."

He turned upon me like an aroused demon. "Money!" he thundered. "You have brought ruin upon my house. You have slain a friend and now you ask for compensation. Curse the day when I befriended your father. It is pay you want, you foundling!"

And with this remark, I received far more than I had bargained for. My senses rocked back and forth and a moment later I lay by the side of the fallen tree. A heavy human hand had caught me off guard.

"You are paid in full. Be off, and a curse go with you."

For the next six months I thought of little else than revenge. I hated the man with all the passion of a ten year old boy who had been robbed and beaten. Then one day, quite by chance, an evangelist intruded into my life and spoke of Christian charity and hell-fire, giving me a great deal to think about. In time I found my heart free of vengeance, and in fact, a strange feeling of love, came over me in regard to Ghazar. When he died the following year, I went to the funeral, and looking into his face for the last time, I almost wept.



THE DEFENSE OF VAN

(Part VIII—Conclusion)

By ONNIG MEKHITARIAN

(Translated by Hrayr Baghdoian)

The Third Ten Days and The Victorious Conclusion

(April 26 to May 5)

For the next three days the Turkish section of the city was given over to looting and burning. The Armenian people who had been robbed and slaughtered during the course of centuries, in their turn looted and burned everything that belonged to their bloody enemy.

No rational human agency and no authority would have been able to curb the uncontrolled vengefulness which had seized the people of Van. There would have been no sense to curbing it because as everyone understood, it was no longer possible to span the breach opened by Turkish barbarism. No matter how atavistic this looting and burning, it was sound from a political standpoint. It was necessary to feed at once some forty-thousand starving refugees whose paternal homes had been demolished. It was necessary to destroy the Turkish fortifications, armories, police stations, block-houses, and government buildings so that in case they returned the Turks would not have any bases. It was necessary to burn the Turkish wards so that the Turkish people should no longer have any hope of returning

to Van. Their homeland was rightfully in the depths of Central Asia and not in Vas-pourakan. The victorious Armenian population had to take everything that had been left as booty by the defeated Turks, because if it did not, the Russian army would soon be there to commandeer it all.

In addition to wealth the enemy left behind large quantities of firearms and ammunition which were regularly seized and stored by the Staff, and numerous non-combatants, women, oldsters, and even little children against none of whom the men of Van raised their weapons.

For three days the Armenian population of Van enjoyed its complete victory as the free lord and master of its historic fatherland. Toward the evening of the fifth day a detachment of Armenian volunteers entered Van under their Dashnak leader, Khetcho.

In order to clearly picture the three days of sacred madness that followed the Battles of Van in April and the boundless joy and intoxication of the people, it is necessary to present in its entirety the last proclamation of the Military Council to our people. It is not only a true picture of the time but also a prevision of the future FREE AND INDEPENDENT ARMENIA.

Armenian people:

We are now about to end a month of glorious battle which determined that resurrection and not death is to be the lot of our race. This is also the thirty-days' return of the first bright spring of our people.

A month ago today when the enemy proclaimed war against civilization, justice, and ourselves, we took up arms with faith and felt in the depths of our hearts that we would win because we were fighting for truth and justice, against darkness, ignorance, and oppression.

We took up arms to resist the enemy's bullets and shells which were coming to give the last blow to the bent back of our race, to bend to the ground the brows of our youth, and to destroy the fountain-heads of our renaissance race. We resisted the enemy's imperious moves and fanatical attacks; during our heroic and historic struggles at no place and at no time did we abandon a position or own our soldiers defeated.

Together with our people who are drunk with victory, we are now enjoying the fulfillment of this month's struggle which we waged with glory and honor.

The brave and unshaken resistance of our soldiers everywhere made our enemy feel that through our veins there is still coursing that divine blood of freedom and battle which, angered by the alarm and dedicated to a sacred purpose, will put to dizzy flight he who was so imperious and all-powerful yesterday but is so timid and servile now!

For three days now the madness of victory has gripped us. Drunkenly, we have stood with admiration before the beautiful burning of armories and the crackling destruction of the lairs of all the master executioners!

We are drunk and filled with a divine madness because the Turk who has robbed and crucified us for hundreds of years is now running away with a broken head; and we are robbing, killing, and crucifying him who has robbed and crucified us for a thousand years!

The merciless but just god of revenge is sitting in our hearts and above our heads; we hear the voice of revenge now; and that voice comes from among the heart-rending and terrifying screams of Armenian generations put to the sword for a thousand years, of immolated children, and of outraged virgins.

Today for the first time in a thousand years the Armenian flag is floating over the heights of the historic citadel of Van; and for the first time tyranny with all it has and with its family and government, is running away to escape from the bullet of the Armenian soldier.

Today when the glorious struggle is behind us, when we are enjoying a complete victory, and when final freedom is before us we have a vision of a brighter and happier haven for our hopeful and dreamer race.

Our heroic battles have already laid the basis of that magnificent liberty of which our geniuses and our people dreamed together—for which we sacrificed millions of lives during thirty years of battles—and the first dawn of which is rising now above the proud mountains of fortunate Vaspourakan!

Long live Armenian Liberty!

Glory to the fallen!

Long live the embattled youth of Vaspourakan!

Long live the Armenian army!

The Military Council of the
Armenian Defense of
Vaspourakan

May 6, Van-Aikestan

The Entry of the Volunteers

The evening of May fifth, beneath the rays of the sun that shimmered like fire over Lake Van, the first mounted detachment of Armenian volunteers entered Van under the Dashnak leader, Khetcho,* and their Rus-

* Khetcho, one of the most magnificent heroes of the Armenian Liberation, was killed during the advance on Datvan a week before the calamitous

sian Colonel Ozol. Ashot Melik Mousian** and Dali Ghazar† were also in that mounted vanguard.

The cordon of the mounted regiment had reached the white hills of Shahbaghi and now started to approach Aikestan. Trembling with the joy of victory, the Armenian people of Van waited with throbbing hearts beneath the legendary Akirbi Rocks for the first meeting, the embraces, and the kisses with men of their own race. Armed with Mauser pistols and rifles, the thousand odd defenders of Van were drawn up in line on a gigantic expanse of ground. Behind them were thronged all the people of Van, old and young, native and refugee.

In front of the warriors stood Aram, looking like the prophet Moses who had led his people over the Red Sea, and surrounded by the members of his staff and his sector-commanders. Grigor Bulgarian, modest and unassuming, was also there with his original cannon. Haik Kosoyan, the leader of the defense of the Old City, was there with his deced of braves. The student body of the Normal School and its band which had gone through all the battles of Aikestan were thronged around the cannon.

As the regiment came nearer Grigor made

retreat from Van. For a while his body remained in the hands of the Turks, but finally a charging squad of Armenian volunteers captured it. His remains were brought to Aikestan and buried with full military honors in Arark Cemetery at the side of the heroes of Van: Vazken, Armenakan, Sepouh, Haroutiun, Raphael, Ishkhan, Vahan, Kotot, and Mihran.

** Ashot Melik Mousian, an Armenian revolutionary intellectual, played a large part in the defensive battles of Zangezour and Gorthan. Seeing the terrible suffering of his beloved people after the Sovietization of Armenia, he ended his life by suicide in Zangezour.

† Dali Ghazar was one of the most warlike figures of the Armenian military organization. Self-sacrificing through all his life, he fought at all our military positions during our last period. Severely wounded many times, he recovered and went back to the field each time. He finally died in action in a heroic charge during the battles of Karabagh.

all the plains and vales of Aikestan resound with three salutes from his cannon. The band played "Mer Hairenik" with thrilling accent. Perhaps never had Nalbandian's grand dream been so truly, so magnificently realized, as on May fifth in Van:

*Our Fatherland in chains,
So Many years has been enslaved;
With its brave sons' sacred blood,
It shall be freed.*

In the Caucasus and Vaspourakan, on the eastern and western borders of Armenia the whelps of our nation gained our first, actual freedom by spilling torrents of their blood!

The volunteer regiment was only several hundred paces away when the twenty-thousand roared their cheers! The regiment, wondering and tipsy with joy, in its turn gave its congratulations to Van and its people.

Thereafter kisses and prayers, songs and flowers flew from all lips, from all hearts. Flowers—the wonderful flowers of Van in May—red and white flowers which grow prettier and more abundantly in Aikestan than anywhere else bordering the sun decorated roads, crowned the brows of the volunteer warriors!

The victorious procession moved toward the Armenian section of Aikestan. All along the road beside the green leaves and the charred and blackened Turkish positions, armories, and lairs of oppression!

Dro, the courageous leader of the Armenian volunteers, and his lions also entered Van late that night. Before daylight other mounted and foot detachments of volunteers entered Aikestan from various directions. General Nicholaev, the Commander of the Russian Army, also came.

The Russian army that entered Van on May sixth was also greeted with joyous demonstrations and congratulations by the Armenian people. On the citadel the cannon captured from the Turks boomed out their

salutes; young girls spread flowers on the great square of Khatch Street, while old grandmothers prayed.

In a telegram of historical value General Nicholaev reported to the Russian command:

"Thanks to the armed Armenian populace and to the leadership of Russian citizen Aram, Van was defended for a month; and only three days ago did the Armenians begin to get the upper hand forcing the Turks to retreat. The city is burned; only the Armenian section and the Russian consular buildings have remained unharmed. A salute of welcome was fired from six cannon captured from the Turks as we approached the city. The Armenians presented me with the keys to the citadel. The people and the defenders organized pompous demonstrations under the leadership of their archbishop and clericals. Standing in a cordon they shouted cheers and threw flowers in our way.

"The Russian army did not enter Van until *three days after* the Turks had been chased out and the Armenians were entire lords and masters of their fate. Instead of Turkish shells, the Russian army was greeted by salutes, congratulations, and flowers. Instead of the ancient blood-thirsty enemy the Russian army and its command saw only the constructive, creative, and friendly Armenian people with their uncontrolled thirst for freedom."

Irrespective of their wishes the Russians were obliged to entrust the first government of Van to the Armenians. The Staff of the Russian Army Corps replied by telegram to General Nicholaev's communication:

From the Corps Staff.
To General Nicholaev.
Telegram No. 5452.

"In accordance with your appointment I confirm Aram in the office of Provisional Governor of Van, entrusting to him the government of the region around Van. He will form the administration only from Armen-

ians and will depend upon Armenian home guards. Concerning the appointment of a consul I have telegraphed to the commander of the army and to our consul at Tabriz to send a temporary envoy.

General Oganovski"

General Oganovski in his telegram No. 1709 said to General Nicholaev:

"The commander confirmed the appointment of Aram for Van only on the condition that he subject himself entirely to the military authorities, that is, to the head of the garrison who is to be appointed later. All the commands of the military authorities are to be carried out through Aram."

Major-General Nicholaev in his order No. 24 informed the Bayazed Division that:

"The commander of the Caucasian Army has appointed Aram the provisional governor of the province of Van on condition that he hold himself subject to the authorities, that is, to the head of the garrison force; all commands of the military authorities are to be fulfilled through Aram."

The Russian Command entrusted the administration of Van to the native people who had defended it, and to their great leader, Aram. While continuing their military organization, they began the founding of an altruistic, creative and free life.

On May eighth in his capacity of Governor of the Province of Van, Aram, issued the following proclamation to the people:
Citizens:

The advance of the victorious Russian army opens a new era and a new status to the people of our city and province who have heretofore been denied many rights. We are now enjoying the culmination of centuries of slavery and political oppression; we are now celebrating the birth of the constructive and creative spirit of the Armenian people.

The commander of the Russian troops, General Nicholaev, in appreciation of the heroic efforts of the Armenian people of Vaspourakan in nullifying the Turkish efforts

and policy to exterminate their nation, and approving of their cultural aspirations, condescended through Special Order No. 16, May 7, 1915, to appoint me governor of the city and its surroundings, and to organize the work in all its branches.

The police, judiciary, agricultural-economic, refugee, mayoral, and other administrations have already been organized today.

I hereby proclaim to all the people that since the new government has been organized it is strictly necessary to apply to its departments in order to bring about a normal state in the city and the surrounding country.

In the present days of responsibility the Armenian people are to have only one motto: to rally as enthusiastically as possible around the government in order to reorganize life in the city in all the region—in order to be worthy of the hopes and the memories of the heroes who fell in the struggle that has been waged for more than a quarter of a century—and always to remember the cultural mission of the Armenian race in this outlying province of Asia Minor.

It was with complete understanding of these hopes that the Russian general showed this great confidence in the Armenian people and in himself.

Citizens, it remains for you to justify completely the confidence of that victorious army which is advancing with these aspirations of ours, and meanwhile to be ready for still greater things, and be worthy of them.

The Governor of the
State of Van
ARAM

Aram's Administration

With his magnificent talent for organization, as Governor of Van, Aram was able all in a few hours to reconstruct from literal chaos a government of the people, setting into motion the creative energy of the people of Van.

In spite of its brief duration—seventy days in all—Aram's government with its creative and organizational momentum stands a historic phenomenon unprecedented in our history.

The following administrative institutions were founded during the very first days:

1. State administration, the principal executive body of Vaspourakan. Its members were: Aram, governor; Sirakan Tigranian, Vice-Governor; Pariur Levonian, assistant to the governor; Artak Darbinian, head of the council; Karapet Ajemian, accountant; Tigran Terlemezian, treasurer; and Onnig Mekhitarian, secretary.

2. Economic Committee, 3. Educational Directorship, 4. Political Administration, 5. Agricultural Committee, 6. Board of Health, 7. Board of Trade, 8. Court, 9. Police Department, 10. State Council. Aram was the president of the State Council too, and all the presidents of the other bodies were members. It managed the territorial, educational, law enforcement, border patrolling, taxational, and other matters of Vaspourakan, and was the supreme law-giving body.

These departments were manned by the best intellectuals, agents, and former state officials of Van and the Caucasus, as well as a number of well known merchants of Van, such as: Armenak Sargisian, Georg Tchideshian. Petros Mozian, Hakob Der Hakobian, Prof. Michael Minasian, Yeghiazar Rishduni, Mardiros Nalbandian, Davit Papazian, Mambreh Migirian, Dr. Ardashes Babalian, Hrand Galikian, and Ghevont Khantchian.

All the cantons were quickly organized and there the refugees who had fled to Van went to establish themselves and the Armenian warrior and revolutionary agent worked at state reconstruction at the same time they fought for liberation. Governments were organized in this way in fourteen cantons: Shatakh, Gavash, Arjesh, Althavash, Hayotz Tzor, Berkri, Artamet, Shah-

baghi, Aliur (Thimar), Tchanik (Thimar), Arjak, Khoshab, Moks, and Norduz. The governors of the cantons were likewise appointed without political discrimination, although the majority of them were provincial agents who either belonged to the Dashnak party or sympathized with it. Some examples are: Leon Shaghoian, Samuel Mesropian, Nalband Nishan, Hovhannes-of-Artamet, and Abel Aghavnian.

Each canton government had its own economic, judicial, mayoral, and police bodies. At the side of the District Administration there was organized a little institution called the *Canton Administration* to take care of the canton governments. Rural police were organized at this time. The total number of their force was three hundred and sixty, including forty corporals. Half of the force was mounted.

While the government was growing stronger from day to day, acquiring general authority and inspiring confidence, it received large donations from the Caucasus and even from the distant communities directly in its own name or in that of its governor. All the national people's organizations in the Caucasus considered Van and its infant government their star of hope.

The flood of volunteers continued to pour in. Within a few weeks Vardan, Keri, Hamazasp, and Sebouh followed Dro. A little later Andranik also entered Van to be given a magnificent reception in a beautiful garden in Van. Many days later General Nazarbekian, the great, elderly champion who crushed the enemy of the Armenian people, entered Van. When he met Aram, his eyes filled with tears and he barely managed to say: "Seeing you, your country and our people, I am proud to be an Armenian!"

The pick of the intelligentsia of the Caucasian Armenians flocked to Van. Rostom, the splendid leader of the Federation entered Van silently and unheralded. There came also his worthy comrades and collaborators

who were to be the best agents of INDEPENDENT ARMENIA in the future: Hamo Ohanjanian, S. Wratzian, N. Aghabalian, Sargis Araratian, and many others like them. There was among these intellectual elect also the second Aram of Van, Kosti Hambartzumian, who thereafter was never to leave his beloved Van and its people.*

Not only military and revolutionary agents came to Van, but also the type of intellectuals in whose ranks was the greatest of our new poets, Hovhannes Toumanian, who was now to sing of Aghtamar with a new spirit and of the revolt of the Armenian people with a new emphasis!

The native of Van himself was encouraged and vivified in those days. Resurrected from the ashes of centuries, the phoenix was singing its sacred dawn. Liberated from the enslaving chains of centuries, he had defeated the historic enemy, extended a hand to compatriots in the Caucasus, and wiped out the political boundary line that separated them. Full of deep faith and confidence toward his brighter future, the native of Van was devoted in the broadest conception of the word to the founding of a free and altruistic life.

As ever the A. R. Federation with its central and regional committees, its large and organized masses, its hundreds of altruistic agents, and its worthy leader, Aram, was the soul and the spirit of all these creative efforts of the people, of the era of renaissance, and of the first little Armenian government.

In spite of its tragic ending Aram's seventy days' rule in Vaspourakan was one of the most magnificent pages of our new history, full of boundless possibilities. In Vaspourakan, one of the historic cradles of Armenia, a part of our race, succeeding in crushing

* During the last retreat from Vaspourakan in the spring of 1918 he was killed in action near Sayin Kala in Persia.

our enemy, became master of its own land, wrested the right to govern itself from the mightily Russian army, and proved itself capable and worthy of free and independent life.

Migration

On July eighteenth the commanders of the Russian army ordered all the people to evacuate Vaspourakan. This was independent of the will of the people and of their government, and contrary to the latter's decisions. The Russians denied the request of the government and of the leaders of the volunteers to allow the latter to remain in Vaspourakan. They even refused to give one or two cannon to the men of Van who wanted to defend their city once again.

The mighty Russian army began to burn military supply dumps over a gigantic front. It began to withdraw along the line of Manazkert - Akhlakh - Alchabash - Arjesh - Datwan and of Sorph-Gavash-Van. The two hundred thousand Armenians of Vaspourakan had only three days' time to go through the pass of Berkri if they were not to fall into a new trap and find themselves again face to face with their enemy.

Aram and the people of Van did everything possible to turn aside that terrible, treacherous blow which was being dealt them by the principal command of the Russian army. But all their efforts were fruitless. The fateful moment came when the heroic people of Vaspourakan were forced to take to the merciless road.

They dragged themselves over more than two hundred Russian miles of heat-stricken, waterless roads. Fatigued, hungry, thirsty, left to their own devices, they suffered ten thousands of casualties from Kurdish attacks in the bloody pass of Berkri, and from starvation and epidemics in Igdir, Etchmiadzin, and Yerevan.

A black shroud descended on the history of Vaspourakan.

There was not a single doubt that this supreme treachery had been deliberately

planned and executed by the criminal Russian government. It was due to a policy of "Armenia without the Armenians" which had been inaugurated by the Armenophobe Lobanov. The most undeniable proof of this was the fact that while one wing of the Russian army was retreating by way of Janik, another wing entered Van two days later by way of Khoshab.

But neither the great historical Russian treachery nor the horrors of the migration were completely able to smother the longing of the great people of Vaspourakan for their paternal hearths and their boundless desire to dominate their native land and to reconstruct it. They had experienced numerous trials and horrors. The Russian army raised obvious obstacles directly and indirectly. The Russian soldiers stupidly stampeded under Lenin's motto: "Toward our homes!" But in spite of all this the Armenians of Vaspourakan came back to their native land ten times and in bands of ten-thousands. They knelt in prayer on their precious ruins and fallow fields, reconstructed and cultivated their land, made their orchards and gardens bloom, founded their own agricultural economy, schools, associations, and public institutions. Toward the close of the spring of 1918 they organized their own army and a second government with its own currency.

To this day despite the newer and heavier blows dealt the Armenian race and fatherland—despite all misfortune and bitter fate—the Armenians of Vaspourakan scattered in Yerevan, Mesopotamia, Syria, or America, cherish the sacred memories of THE DEFENSE OF VAN and of their FREE GOVERNMENT and are inspired by them. They dream of their beautiful and historic Vaspourakan and, whatever the circumstances, are ready to make newer sacrifices to reconquer and to reconstruct their Fatherland.

The publication of this book coincides with the fifteenth anniversary of the DEFENSE

OF VAN.*

Fifteen years have gone by and Vaspourakan, the historic cradle of the Armenian people, ruined and uninhabited, is still in the hands of the hangman. Its people, have been scattered to the four points of the world.

During the last fifteen years in the Armenian people have been subjected to flesh horrors and ravages, still they guard the memory of the DEFENSE OF VAN AND VASPOURAKAN as a sacred tradition, because it is the most magnificent demonstration of Armenian resistance and creative genius.

Deserted by the entire world, fighting a desperate historic enemy, Varpourakan was the only region in all Asia Minor which fought honorably and courageously, *and won in the end*. It saved itself from the tragic fate of Karin, Taron, Kharberd, Tigranakert, and the cities of the Black Sea District. The DEFENSE OF VAN saved more than two hundred thousand Armenians from the bloody Turk meanwhile dealing him a heavy blow.

The struggle of Vaspourakan created a manly generation which entirely fulfilled our hopes. For the first time an *entire people* took up arms. For the first time an entire people gave such an unprecedented lesson of *solidarity* to present and future generations. It was a solidarity wherein all passions were bridled, all factional interests were forgotten, and all personal desires gave way before the general will and for its good. For the first time an entire people *co-operated* in a *concerted, organized, resistance*, made willing sacrifices, and performed deeds of unexampled valor.

Self-sacrifice and deeds of valor! The gods above did not single out a few individuals alone to receive haloes from them. Vramian was not the only one to go voluntarily to be arrested. Ishkhan and his three comrades were not the only ones to sacrifice themselves for reconciliation. Nashkhounian was not

the only one to stop the first Turkish bullet. Ayazian, Berberian, Borozanchian, and hundreds of others who sacrificed their precious young lives in Aikestan, the Old City, Hayotz Tzor, Thimar, Phesandasht, and Shatakh were not unaccompanied. There were others beside Shirin Hakobian who deliberately and calmly sacrificed their ancient families, clans, wives, and children.

A new, god-like, voluntary spirit of self-sacrifice had descended upon an entire people—upon all its classes—its thousand warriors who looked unshrinkingly at death for all of thirty days—its military engineers who scorned the shells that imperilled their lives—ten-year-old boys who collected the Turkish shells and bullets in the hope of finding powder—students who preferred the trenches and bandages to books and desks—girls and women who wiped away the tears of their refugee compatriots and bound the wounds of their own brothers—artisans (both humble and famous), travelers, teachers, and intellectuals who supplied the warriors with shoes and clothing, rations, arms and ammunition, served as stretcher bearers, built trenches and emplacements, cast cannon, prepared powder, mixed and burned blockhouses, organized the relief which saved ten thousands of lives, and finally turned over an original state machine suited to the time.

Braves and heroes were legion. Even the simple listing of their names is impossible. Grigor Bulgarian** was an old revolutionary agent, a wonderful man to carry through schemes, self-denying, straight and modest, the soul of the military operations of Aikestan. Shirin Hakobian, a peasant and a venerable fighter, possessed personal courage and indisputable talent for organization; he was ever the guardian angel of the peasantry of his district. Kaidzah Arakel,† every

** Died in Constantinople in 1922 in extreme poverty.

†Died in Kamloun (Yerevan) after a lingering illness in 1919.

* The original Armenian of the book was published in 1930.—Ed.

inch of him a classic man-at-arms, had been for years the worthy companion-in-arms of Andranik, Sepouh, and the whelps of Taron; he encouraged the warriors of Van during the entire defense. Armenak Yekarian,† a brave and tried fighter, balanced, honored by the members of his political party, served on the Staff. Alex Barsamian was a silent and modest warrior who had pledged himself to the liberation of Van; he was perfect as a man and as a revolutionary. Panos Terlemezian, the talented painter, laid down his brush for a rifle and stoically scorned death and the enemy. Panos Jamgotchian, an artisan, was the peerless commandant of Sahak Bey's position and the sector of the same name; bold but discreet, fierce but disciplined, he was one of the most loved characters of the militant generation of Van. Melikseth Einatian, militant, wary and bold, was always ready to risk himself; he took part in all the charges at the Hainkuzes Sector. Nishan Jamagordzian proved himself to be cool-headed, prudent, keen-visioned, and inventive. Dayi, able and modest, was Nishan's peerless collaborator. Nazareth Pournouthian, a courageous and patriotic merchant, was always in dangerous positions. Karapet Shatakhtzian had a merry, clever, lively disposition and always knew how to scorn death. Nalband Nishan was an old revolutionary though he pretended to be a plain artisan; he cleverly directed the combats of the numerous positions

of his sector. Ruben Israelian, an artisan, directed the combats at Sahak Bey's position for a long time, and set an example of personal courage to many. Vagharshak Shirvanian was a clever and bold youth who frequently performed miracles. There were many others whose names alone would fill entire pages. Silent and modest, their courage and self-sacrifice made the DEFENSE OF VAN victorious and lasting.

The leader of all these heroes, humble and famous—of these thousand warriors—of all the military and civil organizations—of the entire population that was locked in an awful battle to the death, was Aram with his moral spirit—his indisputable authority—his rich background—his native talent for organization—his magnificent will power—his rare spiritual ability to fascinate and to direct men—his foresight—and his heart and mind that were ever working and beating tensely for his people.

The people of Van put up such a magnificent defense because of Aram's leadership and because of the decades of training they had received from the A. R. Federation. If heroism be courage combined with self-sacrifice for the sake of the public weal and an ideal, then we may say without exaggeration that the people of Van were all *heroes* during these historic thirty days.

For present and future generations THE DEFENSE OF VAN stands as a sacred inspiration against the mournful background of centuries of slavery, a million martyrs, and a desolate Armenia.

THE END

†Died in tragic and enforced exile in Egypt several years before the publication of this book.



CLASSIC BOOKS IN SERIAL FORM

SAMUEL

A Historical Novel
of Armenia 366-400 A. D.

By Raffi

Translated from the Armenian

BOOK ONE

CHAPTER XX

The Rushtounis



A SUMMARY OF WHAT HAS PRECEDED

The story begins in the latter half of the fourth century A.D. In his contest with Byzantium for the mastery of Armenia, King Sapor of Persia has treacherously seized King Arshak (Arsaces) of Armenia and his Commander-in-chief, Prince Vasak Mamikonian, and has confined them in the Fortress of Anoush. Sapor has killed Prince Vasak, stuffed his body with straw, and planted it in King Arshak's prison cell. Two powerful Armenian princes, Meroujan Artsrouni and Vahan Mamikonian, have gone over to the Persian side in return for promises. Meroujan is promised the throne of Armenia, while Vahan, the post of Commander-in-chief. Lady Mamikonian, the wife of Vahan, an ambitious woman of Persian sympathies, is a vigorous supporter of her husband's conspiracy. Samuel, her son, an intensely patriotic youth who is loyal to his king, is shocked, and feels disgraced at his parents' infamous conduct. Vahan and Meroujan who at the moment are in Ctesiphon, the capital of Persia, are preparing to return with an expeditionary force, to take over Armenia and to force the Persian religion on the people. Four youthful leaders who are loyal to the Armenian King, Sahak, the son of the High Priest, Mesrop, the future inventor of the Armenian alphabet, Prince Mushegh, the son of the slain Prince Mamikonian, and Samuel hold a secret council and form an interim government to organize the resistance against the foreign invader and the traitors. Mushegh is appointed commander of the armies, Sahak Parthey, High Priest, replacing his father Nerses, who is an exile on the Island of Patmos, and the Queen is the supreme authority, replacing her exiled husband. Samuel's parents do not know that he is aware of their conspiracy and their relations ostensibly are cordial. Accordingly, Samuel prepares to meet his father with the blessing of his mother. Meanwhile Mushegh secretly sets out to organize his armies. King Arshak has just received a surprise visit from his trusted servant and friend Drastamat, who is now in the service of King Sapor but who actually is an intelligence agent of King Arshak.

A week before, two cousins had come out of the Castle of Voghakan. One was Samuel Mamikonian, the other Mushegh Mamiko-

nian. Each took to different roads. The first was proceeding along the South-east coast of Lake Van, the second, along the west coast.

They were traveling through dangerous paths, full of terrors. The country was in a general turmoil, an agitation which bordered on madness. It is a terrible thing when a people get mad. It is like the madness of a bear who, foaming at the mouth, his eyes blind with fury, tramples upon her young first of all.

A whisper had made the rounds of the land of Armenia. Its silent indistinct voice was interpreted by each one according to his understanding; each explained it in his own way. But the more unintelligible, the more disturbing it became. Brother had raised his hand against his brother, the one did not understand the other. The whole country had been whipped into a maelstrom of misunderstanding, a misunderstanding which was dark, furious, and convulsive.

The people had come to repeat a new word — "apostate." Who was an apostate? Who was not? No one knew. But they pelted the suspect with stones. The servant looked askance at his master, and the master did not trust his servant. In places there were stirrings of the old paganism which, persecuted by Christianity, had gone underground. The old gods had risen against the new religion. Communications were practically at a standstill and traffic was impossible. Unarmed peasants, having deserted their huts, had assembled on the mountain heights and rolled rocks on passers below. The rolling rocks tore up the slopes of the mountain and buried entire caravans under their pile. But on whom were they rolling they themselves did not know. To them, everybody else was an apostate.

Armed companies roamed about hither and yon. The men folk were running to the fight, while the women, holding in their hands heavy clubs, stood in front of their huts and stopped all strangers from entering those very huts which formerly offered hospitality and comfort to all comers.

During this confusion and turmoil Sam-

uel's retinue was passing through Taron along the road to the land of the Rushtounis. The cavalcade was headed by the flag bearer of the Mamikonian House, the same banner which had always preserved its spotless record, had given its shelter, and was now betraying it. It was sheltering its spotlessness because every one was accustomed to regard it with respect; it was betraying the cause, because the chief representative of that flag was now the leader of those apostates. That man was Samuel's father, Vahan Mamikonian. And now the son was helpless. Who would believe him that he was not following the path of his renegade father? The furious mob had time to listen but it had no time to pass judgment.

It was three days now that his retinue had entered the mountainous country of the Rushtounis with its thick, dark woods. Those woods were a deep, labyrinthine abyss, full of all sort of terrors. Some of the most dreadful deeds from the oldest times had been enacted in these very woods. The mighty Barzabran who filled Armenia with Jewish prisoners came from here. The ruthless Manajihir who scourged Assyria in a blood bath came from these woods. Here was the mountain of the celebrated "iron-cutters," in whose bowels toiled an army of somber hermits, forging arrows and shields for the braves of the land. This country was flanked by the Sea of Aghtamar on the one side, and the towering inaccessible mountains of Mok on the other, with their deep gulches and dark abodes of the demons.

Samuel had come out of the Castle of Voghakan with 300 horsemen and lavish preparations. Only 43 were now left of this huge company. 257 had perished in the woods of the Rushtounis. These were terrible woods. In peace time they caused the disappearance of many a lonely traveler; but in times of confusion they swallowed up whole companies. It was a land of eternal

darkness with a dark people. He who passed through it saw only the narrow path before him covered with thickets, and above him the dark arch of thick foliage which stopped the sunrays from penetrating inside. To his right and left was an impenetrable web of centuries-old trees which, like a living wall, protected both sides of the path. He could see nothing else. Had he a hundred eyes, he again could not espy from which side the danger came. He could meet the enemy any moment, at any step. The enemy might be hidden in the hollow of a decaying tree, hurling his arrows from his ambush. Or he might be lurking like a snake in the gnarled coils of a tree root, suddenly appearing javelin in hand. He could climb like a monkey to the tangle of tall branches, and spread death from his high perch. He had grown up with, and was part of the mighty forest, his inaccessible shelter.

It was noon. Samuel's retinue was sluggishly wending its way through the forest. They had entered the forest at nightfall in order to come out of it before dawn and not to encounter any more ambushes. A vanguard of horsemen rode ahead, quite a little way off, to reconnoiter the ground. The youth Artavasd was riding on the flank of this company, while old Arpak, Houssik, and a few aides covered the rear. They were all tired, both the horses and the riders. But even then they did not feel the necessity of stopping for a few moments rest. They were in such a hurry to come out of the woods.

Samuel turned to Arpak and asked, "Have we got far to go yet?"

"If those Vureshiks don't block the road again we shall soon be out of the woods," the old man replied with his usual coolness. The old man called the Rushtounis "Vureshiks" which was both a derogatory and insulting name. "The woods end on the other side of the mountain," he added.

This satisfied Samuel, but it aroused youthful Artavazd's unrest.

"What mountain?" he asked angrily, "I see no mountain before me."

The old man said nothing. He looked around him with uncertain eyes. His pre-occupied face expressed the wounded vanity of a tested and tried man, as well as his impatience with children. "What devil tempted us into this?" he was thinking, "why did we have to go through this accursed country? Was it because there were no other roads? But they would not listen to me and now they are suffering the consequences."

The narrow trail along which they traveled would sometimes end in a stone wall, but these were wooden walls. They had cut down the trees, and without chopping off the branches, they had piled them up right in the middle of the path. It was with great difficulty that the cavalcade made its way through these impediments. Be that as it may, the surroundings did not look normal and this circumstance filled the heart of Samuel with dark forebodings which, steadily growing, assumed the proportions of fear. "If only we could see a living being," he thought, "we could at least ask some questions."

"No one in sight," he spoke out loud to himself.

"Do you want to see a man?" asked the old man with his customary kindly smile. "Just give a cry in the language of the Vureshiks — 'Haaaaay — Hoooy', and you shall hear the cry repeated from a thousand lips, echoing far into the depths of the forest. You will then see the wild mob rushing out from under the ground, from the hollows of the rocks, and through the thickets. These men are like the devils, hiding everywhere, but you can never see them."

Arpak's observation was not wrong. After they had emerged from the rocky defiles and the rugged slopes of Mount Undzak, the trees were sparser and much smaller. Up

above was a blue sky, while below was the dark violet mirror of the Sea of Aghtamar. The neighboring hills were now covered with short thickets which, like a green carpet, merged into the thick, luxuriant foliage of nature. It was considerably past midday when Samuel's party, now thoroughly fatigued, reached the landing at the bay which maintained a transport service with the Island of Aghtamar. The ardent hopes and fond desires which had drawn Samuel to this island were immediately changed to a feeling of sadness when he noticed that, not only was the place empty of men, but even the small group of row boats which always waited there to transport passengers was missing.

"What on earth has happened?" he asked himself hesitantly. He wanted to see this island at all cost. Without seeing it, he could neither be comfortable or happy. To see it, he had made a detour of his route and had entered the hazardous thick forests of the Rushtounis where he had sacrificed the greater part of his braves.

On the rocky heights of the Island of Aghtamar stood a fortress of the same name which had been the symbol of the might of the Rushtounis since antiquity. Its foundation had been laid by Barzabran the Chief-tain in the days of Tigranes the Great. As Samuel turned his grief-stricken face around him, his eyes espied the outer mansion of the princes of Rushtounis, standing there on the seashore, a little way off the harbour. He was utterly confused now. The fire had worked havoc there. The half-demolished mansion was still smoking.

"What smoke is that?" he exclaimed and his eyes were filled with a fiery anger.

—It's burning,—replied old Arpak, shaking his head sympathetically.—Run over and find out what devil started that fire.

The fire was devouring the beautiful buildings, but there was no one who dared stop its ravages. The entire company was

likewise deeply disturbed, they were all filled with intense anger. Even the youthful Artavazd who was always gay, was filled with deep sorrow. But Samuel was prostrated.

In the midst of this confusion, the form of a man loomed in the distance. At sight of him, Samuel took heart. Here was at least one man to whom he could talk. The stranger was headed straight for the company. He was lightly armed, holding a long lance in his hand, a short dagger in the folds of his belt, and a broad shield hanging from his waist. When he was quite close, he turned his sunburnt face to the company, as if to make certain who they were, then, sticking the end of his lance in the ground, he leaned against it, facing Samuel. The young prince was astounded, he could not believe his eyes.

—Is that you, Malkhas?—he asked in a deeply agitated voice.

The stranger was Samuel's messenger. Instead of replying, he looked around him uncertainly, then he pulled from the folds of his headgear a package and handed it to Samuel. Instantly the young prince paled. That closed tight little package told him more than he could hear from the stranger. That little package was the letter which he had given him to be delivered to someone. And now he was returning it to him. It followed that, the persons to whom it was to be delivered no longer existed, or he had not found them. Both conjectures were equally murderous to Samuel. A thousand and one griefs were churning his tormented heart. There were a thousand and one thoughts racking his brain. But he controlled himself, dismounted from his horse, and turning to his men he said:

—We'll stop here for a little rest.

—Right on those coals of fire?—asked old Arpak, shaking his head in surprise.

—Yes, right on those fires,—replied Samuel.

They all dismounted from their horses and pitched their camp near the seashore. A few days before, there had been another army on that spot. There were traces of trampled grass, there were round shaped fire places, with the vegetation all around burnt down, there were blood stained clumps,—was it the blood of animals, or men?

Samuel fell in line with Malkhas and walked to the harbour. When they arrived, he turned to his messenger and asked:

—Can we find a row boat here?

—No, my master, you see that they are all burnt.

The young prince looked around him and saw the wreckage of the boats and the paddles. He was too scared to ask the terrible reality. He was trembling with fear of the answer which would explain to him the terrible picture of what had happened.

—I must see the island by all means,—he said to the messenger.

—There is no one on the island, my master.

The island was an hour's distance by sea. Samuel peered intently in the direction. It was a bare rocky island, jutting out of the water like a gigantic obelisk, the formidable castle of the Rushtouni princes clearly etched on its inaccessible heights. It too was smouldering, its gray clouds of smoke being wafted by the gentle breezes of the sea. And there was Samuel's heart, likewise smouldering.

He could not stand it any longer. "Tell me the whole thing, Malkhas,—” he at last commanded.

—It's painful, my master, very painful. How can I tell it?"

—Tell me all that you know, hold nothing back.

The messenger again hesitated.

—Who destroyed all that?

—Your father, my master.

—My father?—thundered the son, as if

a lightning bolt had struck him on the forehead.

He seized his head in one hand and was silent for several minutes.

—Your father came with the Persians and destroyed everything,—added Malkhas. He told him how they had come by sea, from the direction of Van, how they had laid siege to the island when all were asleep. Had they come by the land route, they naturally would have encountered the Vureshiks and would have got their just deserts. To avoid it, they had invaded the island by the sea route and by night. By their surprise attack they had succeeded in seizing both the island and the fortress.

One point in the messenger's story attracted Samuel's attention. The expeditionary force had come from the direction of Van, which meant that Van was already in the hands of the enemy. "If you had delivered my letter in time," he reproached the messenger somewhat angrily, "this thing would not have happened."

—I was not late, my master. I arrived with the swiftness of the bird, my master. But by the time I got here all was over.

In his letter Samuel had warned against the impending danger, but, unfortunately, he himself had committed the greatest error in delaying his letter. The reader will recall that his step mother, Lady Vormizdoughkht, had bared to him the tragic situation. She had told him that his father would not invade Taron first, but the cities of Vaspourakan, and only after that he would enter the country of the Rushtounis.

—Where is Prince Garegin of the Rushtounis now? Did they take him prisoner?

—No, my Master. He went in search of the Lady of Rushtounis.

—Did they take her captive?

—It is not known, my Master. I only heard the men of the castle tell that during the confusion of the night the Lady was lost.

—What about the daughter of the Rusthounis?

In asking the last question the youth's lips trembled and his heart began to pound. On the answer to that question depended the ease of his heart or its permanent shattering. He was asking about the beautiful Ashkhen to whom he was devoted with all his being, whom he worshipped with all the warmth of his love. Malkhas noticed the youth's inner agitation and hastened to to reply: "let my Master rest easy; the daughter of the Rusthounis is saved."

Samuel's face was illuminated with a boundless joy at this reply.

—Is it true?—he asked eagerly,—don't deceive me, Malkhas. I conjure you by all the saints of heaven and earth, tell me the truth. Is she saved? Where is she now?

—She has taken shelter in her ancestral forests together with her braves.

—Which forests?

—I don't know, my Master. They never stay in one place. I only know that a few days ago they were on the inaccessible heights of Artos.

Samuel turned his ecstatic face to heaven. "I will go to her," he said, "I will find her. I will find her wherever she is."

—I would not advise it, my Master,—replied Malkhas with the air of an experienced man.

—What for, Malkhas? Why are you scaring me? I am willing to go as far as hell for her; I will go anywhere.

Malkhas was an intimate friend of the Prince; he was as wise as he was brave. He based his hesitation on the fact that the Rusthounis were so mad at the Mamikonians that they would wreak their vengeance on any one of them wherever they met him. And the heaviest blow of that revenge would fall on Samuel, because it was his father who had caused all that damage to their country.

—You are mad, Malkhas,—the youth re-

plied interrupting him. —Ashken? My beloved? She will revenge herself upon me? It's absurd.

—Ashken will not be vengeful, my Master, but the braves who surround her will be. She will scarcely be able to restrain their fury.

—You are wrong Malkhas. All the Rusthounis worship her as their goddess. One word from her and they will all be tamed.

Malkhas fell to thinking. So did Samuel. Two desires, one more intense than the other, were fighting in him. The first was the wish to see his betrothed; the second, his determined purpose, for the fulfillment of which he had set out, and which he had solemnly sworn before his conscience and his God. And now which way was he to turn? To his beloved lady, or his avowed aim? Both were precious to him, both were sacred. But the fire of love was even more burning in his heart. Although he did not renounce his vow, he postponed it.

—Listen Malkhas,—he turned to the messenger,—you must go look for the young lady, you must find her and bring me news of her whereabouts. Can you do it?

—I can, my Master.

—I will wait here at the shore and give my tired men a little respite until you return. If you think it necessary you can take a few of my men along.

—They will only hinder me, my Master. I will go alone.

—You must set out right this day.

—I will start right this minute. If God enables me to find her, shall I tell her that you want to see her?

—You may tell her.

—And if she will not believe me that I come from my Master?

—Show her this ring.

Samuel took off his ring and handed it to the messenger. Malkhas was on his way.

CHAPTER XXI

Artos

Artos is the monarch of Rushtouni mountains. In its awesome, deep and precipitous gulches a profound darkness reigns by day, and an impenetrable pitch black by night.

The night was cloudy.

On the flat summit of a towering cliff, in the red glow of a smouldering fire, several dark faces were dimly visible, huddled around the fire and warming themselves. Although it was a summer night, the cold in the bosom of that inhospitable mountain was enough to freeze the body. The men around the fire were conversing and polishing their weapons. One of them was sharpening the dull tip of his lance with a stone file, another was mending his arrow pouch, and still a third was fastening the strings of his moccasins. The rest of them, reclining on one side, were gazing at the fire with peculiar contentment.

A little way off, many others were lying on the ground, wrapped up in their heavy woolen overcoats. Through the darkness one also could discern a line of tents which looked very much like shepherds' tents. They were made of thick gray woolens which harden under the rain and prevent the water from soaking in. The women and the children were sleeping in these tents.

One of these tents attracted special attention. It was isolated from the others and dominated them all by its extraordinary size. Its flaps were lowered. The white of the surface, merging with the red of the inner lining, shone in delicate rosy colors. It was obvious that the light inside was still on.

Around the fire, the conversation was still continuing.

—There is not a drop of shame left on our faces,—spoke one, after all this we should discard our caps and cover our heads with the bonnets of our women.

—Why?, — asked another.

—You still ask why?, — demanded the first. — Because we are no longer men, we are women. We have lost our pride, we have lost our Lady. Their fortresses have been reduced to ashes and we could do nothing about it. Is it worth living after all this? How can we look the world in the face after all this? Every man will spit in our faces, every man will smear us.

—You are right, but how could we know? The enemy crept in like a thief while we were seated in our houses. If a stone should fall from heaven on our heads this minute, can we prevent it? That is how our peril fell. If we had known beforehand, if we had been warned, the enemy could never have set foot on our soil.

—Well, we know it now.

—Yes, we know it now and we shall have our revenge. We shall wipe off our insult with the enemy's blood.

—And that is just the beginning of our throes, yet, — intervened another who was older than all the rest and who, apparently, was well read,—the real storm will come tomorrow. After having robbed us of our princes, after having left us without a head, they have shut down our churches, have torn our Gospels, have trampled over all our sanctities, and now they say to us, "Come, worship the fire and the sun; these are your gods." They are forcing us to speak and pray in Persian, because that is the language of their gods. Our cottages have been plastered with cow dung because that is their sanctity. They have left our dead unburied because that is their custom. And they have polluted our temples with the smoke and the soot of their fire

—Provided we accept it,—replied the rest in unison.

—Oh, they will force you to accept it all right. They will force you with the whip,

—said the old man, shaking his head solemnly.

A young man who was reclining near the fire, raised his head, and opening wide his eyes, said,

—It goes without saying, if we fold our hands and sit tight in our houses they will seize us by the scruff of the neck, drag us near the fire, and will say, "Bow your head, this is you god." But I will not let them enter my house and seize me by the scruff of the neck.

—He has already entered our house, —replied the old man.—Who were those who took away our Lady?

—The renegades.

—The renegades are men of our houses and our country. They are of us. They are the ones who are leading us to the enemy.

—He who is a renegade is not of us, even if he should be our brother or our father. We will tear them apart.

—We will tear them apart,—repeated the others.

—We shall see,—said the old man.—But we must first think about our Lady. As long as our Lady is a prisoner of the Rushtounis, the Rushtounis are in disgrace.

—And in mourning,—added the others.

—But our chieftain is gone with many of our braves. God will help him. He will rescue our Lady and return her to us wherever she may be. Then our joy will be complete.

They were talking about the Lady of the Rushtounis, Lady Hamazaspouhi, who had disappeared during the siege of the Castle of Aghtamar. Her husband, the patriarch Garegin, had set out in search of his wife, together with a part of his troops. The conversation was interrupted by a distant sound which resembled the roaring of a tiger. The voice was repeated several times. Instantly the men picked up their weapons, rose to their feet, and started to look around in tense attention.

—Some men are approaching, said one.

—It is the voice of our night watchman,—said another.

There was a slight flurry in the camp. Even the dogs started to howl angrily. In less than half an hour, the watchman arrived, dragging along a prisoner whose hands were tied to his back, and a heavy rope around his neck. His face was black and blue from fist blows.

—He is a spy,—shouted his captors.

—Let us burn him in this fire,—spoke the men.

The condemned man was silent. He said nothing. With a withering look, he measured his captors and the men who surrounded the fire. His immobile face expressed the fearlessness of a self-confident man.

—Let us burn him,—shouted all in unison.

Some began to pile fresh logs on the fire. It was only then that the condemned man opened his lips.—Have you any right to burn me without the order of the Daughter of the Rushtounis? he asked.

They all looked at him astounded. Then he added:

—It is quite possible that I am innocent.

—An innocent man has no business in our camp by night,—they replied grimly.

—That is for you to know. Take me to the Younglady, let her be my judge.

—We cannot disturb the Younglady, at this hour; she is asleep.

—Hold me until morning, until the Younglady is up.

—Who are you? Where do you come from? What is your name?

—I am saying nothing.

The shouts of the men carried to the white tent, one of whose flaps was lifted and lowered again. They all looked in the direction and said to one another: "The Younglady is not asleep yet." A few moments later one of the Younglady's old servants approached the company and wanted to

know what was the matter. They told him what had happened and he retired. Before long, he again returned and told them that the Younglady wanted to see the prisoner. Thus, they led the bound prisoner to the white tent.

The white tent was a light moving palace with all the facilities. It consisted of several parts, each separated from the other by curtains. Each part was assigned to the Younglady's several servants, according to her rank. One part sheltered her handmaids, another her nurses and teachers, another was her sleeping room, and the fourth, her reception room.

She was still up, although it was long since past midnight. She was alone in her bedroom, still dressed, and sitting in a comfort chair. A brass lamp, hanging from the ceiling by a slender chain, was crackling, shedding its dim light on her pale face. She was sad, more sad than a mourning angel. Her golden hair, which is the chief pride of the mountain beauties of the Rushtounis, was flowing over her lovely sides in gentle curls. A deep grief was smouldering in her lustrous black eyes. What was the thing which was storming that tender heart which had been created to be eternally happy and gay? She was thoughtful, and it was these thoughts which had dispelled both her sleep and comfort. She was thinking about the ruin of her ancestral castles, of her lost and vanished mother whom she loved with all her filial affection. She was thinking of her suffering father who had gone forth to face the perils of a terrible war, in order to rescue his beloved spouse. And lastly, she was thinking of Samuel, of whom she had had no news for a long time. How to explain this long silence? On this question she trembled all over, especially as she recalled that the author of all these calamities was that youth's father, the very youth whom she loved so much, and in his love alone she considered herself perfectly happy and

lucky. And now he, Samuel was he changed too? How did he look upon his father's nefarious actions? These questions almost drove her to desperation. Lost in these doubts, her troubled heart could find no comfort. If Samuel was loyal to the girl he loved and to her family, he should have opposed his father who hated that family with all his being. He should have been willing to lose all that in order to win the girl he loved. But would he really make such a great sacrifice, a sacrifice which would completely wreck his fortune, and perhaps his future? On the other hand, how could she accept such a great sacrifice which would deprive the heir of the Mamikonians of his rich heritage? Was his love great enough to compensate for such a boundless loss, this unfortunate youth who had every right to be happy?

It was in the midst of these bitter meditations that the young lady's attention was attracted by the row in the camp. In her moments of loneliness sad thoughts could easily storm her sensitive heart, but when the occasion called for calm, cool judgement, she was capable of rising to the occasion. When they brought the prisoner before her tent, she got up from the chair and called her handmaidens. They came in and led her to the reception room. As one in mourning, she covered her head with a thin black crape, and stepped out of her bedroom.

She sat down on the gorgeous sofa, as her handmaids took their positions on either side of her, while the porters stood guard at the door. She ordered them to light the torches and raise the curtains. At sight of her, the entire multitude which stood in front of the tent bowed to the ground like one man. When the prisoner was brought before her, she asked him:

—Who are you?

—To hear my answer,—spoke the prisoner boldly,—let the august young lady of the Rushtounis command that they release

me of these bonds.

The crowd looked at him in utter bewilderment. They were surprised at the stranger's audacity. Was he likely to make an attempt on the Younglady's life? they thought.

—Untie him, commanded the Younglady.

One of the door guards observed:

—His tongue is free, my Lady, he can speak whatever he has to say to justify himself.

—Untie him,—repeated the Younglady.

The command was executed. The prisoner took his hand to his shirt and drew out some object wrapped in a piece of cloth. He held it out from a distance and said:

—My answer is in that little package. Will the august Younglady of the Rushtounis open and see it?

One of the door guards approached, took the package and handed it to the Younglady. She opened it with unique curiosity which at once delighted and disturbed her. It was a ring. That familiar object was familiar to her, as well as dear. She replaced it in the container and carefully deposited it in the folds of her dress. Then, turning to her men, she said:

—That man is not a spy, he is a messenger of good tidings; you have tortured him for nothing. Leave him alone with me and you may go.

They all withdrew in surprise. The stranger was led to the tent and the curtain was lowered. At a signal by Younglady, her attendants likewise withdrew and the two were left alone.

—What is your name?—asked the Younglady.

—Malkhas.

—Where is the Prince now?

—He is camped near the harbor of Aghtamar.

—Then he came to see me,—she thought with profound sadness,—but instead of me he saw the ruins of our castles. Then he knows what has happened.

—How many men has he with him?

—Scarcely fifty men.

—Why so few?

—I don't know, My Lady.

—Why did he send you?

—He sent me to search and find the august Younglady of the Rushtounis and report to him.

The Younglady became thoughtful. Samuel, her beloved, her joy and life, wanted to see her. Such an interview was as difficult as it was desirable. Where could they meet? Should she go to him, or should she give him an appointment to come and see her? Samuel had asked for the latter. But could she receive him in her camp? Might he not meet with some unexpected danger? How could she receive the son of a man who had ruined the fortresses of the Rushtounis, who had taken the Lady of the Rushtounis prisoner? She knew well how her men were infuriated against the Mamikonians and generally all the natives of Taron. What could she tell him, how could she appease her men?

She looked around her in deep hesitation. Her charming face was a picture of uncontrollable impatience. She was looking for a way out, but all the doors seemed shut to her. Malkhas was staring at her fascinated, he was staring and he was glad that his master enjoyed the love of the most beautiful and charming girl in the country.

Stepping down from the sofa, she approached the curtain, gently raised the tip, and looked into the sky. The night was still ahead. It was necessary to take advantage of the darkness. She decided she would go to Samuel. But she was going to meet him, not in the camp of the Mamikonians, but on a neutral spot.

She returned to the sofa and sat down. Then turning to Malkhas, she asked:

—Are you familiar with our country?

—Yes, my Lady.

—Have you ever seen Manakert?

—Yes, my Lady. It was from that spot that Manajihir threw the seven deacons of Saint Jacob, the Patriarch of Medzbin, into the sea. It is not very far from the capital of the Rushtounis.

—Do you know the spring at the base of Manakert?

—Yes, my Lady. That spring was formed by the tears of St. Jacob, the Patriarch of Medzbin, when his deacons were hurled into the sea. Near it is a wild pear tree from whose branches the women hang clothes, whenever there is a fever in the family.

—Good. How long will it take you to reach the Prince?

—If they don't arrest me again, I can make it by morning.

—They will not arrest you. You may go to the Prince and tell him to wait for me at the "Spring of Tears."

She gave the messenger her silk handkerchief, saying:

—Tie that symbol to the tip of your lance and no Rushtouni will raise a finger against you.

Then, calling one of the door guards, she commanded:

—Take this man, and tell my men to return his weapons and see him off at once.

Malhas knelt down, kissed the hem of the Younglady's robe, then stepped out of the tent.

The Younglady was left alone, exceedingly satisfied, and lucky. She again took out the ring and kept looking at it with deep delight. She was so enraptured by her emotions that she took the object to her burning lips. Her eyes were filled with tears of joy. From that mute, inarticulate object she was hearing the voice of the being who was so precious to her, so irreplaceable. From that cold, breathless object she felt the warmth of his breath, and her soul was merged into his unforgettable memory.

She sent for her captain and ordered:

—Have my steeds saddled, and order ten guards to accompany me.

—Right now?—asked the captain in surprise.

—Yes, this very minute.

Although the sun was up, the valley of the 'Spring of Tears' was still in deep darkness. The tall peaks of the mountains were just being bathed in the faint rose light of the first rays. The air was delightfully cool, scented with the perfume of the rich foliage. The surroundings were silent, as was the forest which extended as far as the blue shore. One could hear only the sad melody of the sacred fountain which disturbed the peace with its mournful sound. It could be heard like the bitter sobbings of the mournful heart. The tears of the afflicted Patriarch were weeping now.

Ashkhen was standing near the spring. She was looking thoughtfully at the mournful spring which, like a clear silvery streamlet, gushed forth from the side of a rock, kissing and embracing the colorful pebbles which adorned her path, rushing swiftly on, and, with her sad murmur, as if saying to her banks, "Good by, we shall never see each other again."

The younglady had come to say such a good bye.

She was armed. Being the first-born of her father, she took the place of both boy and girl. For this reason her parents gave her a manly training, although the daughters of the Rushtounis were not far behind their men folk in bravery.

In this armour she looked like Athenaspallas who, it seemed, had come to pay a visit to the spring which had been formed by the tears of the petrified Niobe. On her head glistened a golden helmet; her body was encased in steel armour; and in her hand she carried a short lance. A little way off, scarcely visible in the thick clumps of the trees, were a string of horses freely grazing. Near them, lying on the grass, were

several men. They were Younglady's escort.

Like impatience personified, and with deep heart throbs, the Younglady was still standing near the spring, gazing into the distance. She was looking longingly in the direction from which Samuel was to come. She was fully aware of the fatherland's turbulent condition. She knew that behind each rock, each tree of their mountains there was a man lurking. She was also well aware of Samuel's self-confidence. What all might happen, what perils he might encounter. And all this for whom? For herself, of course. The last thought, no matter how infinitely blissful, was equally frightening lest her beloved were sacrificed for the sake of her love.

Two horsemen loomed in the distance. A third, their forerunner, was running ahead on foot. The Younglady's face broke into a smile. By the time they came near, by the time she ascertained who they were, the moments seemed like an eternity to her.

They were driving faster now. Meanwhile, the Younglady's men who had been reclining under the trees, rose up, and seizing their bows, pointed the tips of their arrows toward the newcomers. Finally one of them challenged as they do when a stranger meets a stranger on the road, "Are you friends, or enemies?"

—We are friends,—came the answer.

The Younglady was still standing motionless near the spring. The horsemen drove full speed now, regardless of the rugged and tricky mountain path which might trip them any minute and hurl them down the precipice. When they were quite close, the Younglady ran to meet them. Just then one of the horsemen dismounted, embraced her, and exclaimed:

—Ah, Ashkhen, how can I comfort you?

—I am already being comforted in your arms.

During the trip, Samuel had been tormented with his thoughts. He had wond-

ered in what condition he would find his Ashkhen? How would he be able to comfort her? She had gone through a lot during the past few days. He had prepared in his mind a nice little speech with which to comfort her troubled heart. But none of these prepared words were necessary when he heard Ashkhen's answer. In her arms everything was forgotten.

Not far from the "Spring of Tears", under a thick shadowy canopy of sweet-smelling fir trees, there was a spread carpet. Samuel and Ashkhen walked over to the carpet, while the Prince's two escorts, Houssik and Malkhas, joined Younglady's men. Both Samuel and Ashkhen were silent, a silence which comes in times of deep inner agitation. Both were looking at each other, fascinated as if seeking for words with which to express their sentiments. Samuel was the first to break silence.

—Listen Ashkhen, I consider myself unfortunate that, after this long separation, as we meet again, instead of revelling in the sweetness of your love, instead of enjoying the inexhaustible bliss which a loving girl bestows on the youth she loves, I am obliged to speak to you in terms of grief and bitterness. We are meeting each other like two mourners. You have a lost mother, but I have lost my father. Your mother was lost because of her virtue; I lost my father because of his crime. In entering the land of your forefathers, I walked through fire and ashes. I saw the ruins of the formidable castles of your brave ancestors. I am mortified with shame as I contemplate that all this was done by the hand of my father. By the hand of the same man whose daughter-in-law you are to be.

—Why all the apologies, Samuel?—interrupted the Younglady,—One would think you had come to me like one guilty who wants to justify himself. If I had the slightest doubt about you, that day would mean my death.

—And I would be guilty indeed if I tried to justify myself. I know how good you are, Ashkhen, I know how much higher you are than common mortals. I very well know that, in your boundless love, every fault of mine vanishes like an inflammable object in the tongues of the consuming fire. But my conscience is not at rest, Ashkhen. I knew beforehand the impending peril. I could see the sinister black shadow which was hovering over your ancestral land. I hastened to warn both you and your father. But the calamity fell sooner than the arrival of my letter.

—Perhaps that was the way God ordained,—the Younglady replied calmly.

—Let us drop it, Samuel. Tell me now, why did you come? and where are you headed for now?

It was a direct question. Samuel was confused. He did not know how to answer it. After a moment's hesitation, he repeated:

—Why did I come? And where am I going now? That's an exceedingly sad question, dear Ashkhen, I am loath to answer it. It is still necessary to tear the veil before you can see those dreadful acts which are being perpetrated, and will continue to be perpetrated on the ruins of our fatherland. Then you will understand why I came and where I am going.

Having been limited to the confinement of her majestically beautiful ancestral mountains, Ashkhen knew very little of what was going on in the world. She had heard ominous voices, but those voices were so vague and obscure that she had been unable to form a definite idea of what evil men were intent on doing, the very men who had brought about the plight of the country. Samuel began to relate one by one all that had been done and what was about to be done. Bitterly he described the apostasy of his father and Meroujan Artzrouni, all their evil intentions, and their shameful

commitment to destroy Christianity and to impose the Persian religion on Armenia. He told her about their plot to destroy the throne of the Arshakounis and to found a new dynasty in Armenia under the supremacy of the Persians. He told her about their pact with King Sapor of Persia, their invasion of Armenia at the head of Persian troops in order to carry out Sapor's wishes. He described their barbaric methods, their brutalities, in order to reach their aim. In short, he told her everything, all that he knew and foresaw.

The Younglady listened to the story with deep emotion. Her burning eyes expressed both the pain and the indignation of her sensitive heart. By the time Samuel finished his story, her beautiful face changed color a thousand times.

—And what do the Armenian princes intend to do about all these evils?—she asked in a sad voice.

—Some have gone over to the renegades. But those who are loyal to the throne and the church have vowed like one man to do or die for the sake of the fatherland.

Then he told her about the preparations of the loyal princes, of Mushegh's appointment as Commander-in-chief, and about the call of Lady Pharantzem to take up arms against the enemy. He ended his story with the following words:

—And now I have told you, dear Ashkhen, why I came here and where I am going. Before me are two precious alternatives: one is the fatherland which is in danger, the other is the woman in distress,—you. Both are equally worshipful to me, both are equally priceless. The voices of both are calling me. I have been tormented long in my efforts to make a choice. I have sworn to sacrifice myself for both. But I have difficulty in determining to which I shall offer my first sacrifice. Behold, dear Ashkhen, these are my earnest wishes, my warmest desires. You must show me the way.

Which way I am to chose.

—To the call of the fatherland,—the Younglady replied in an animated voice.—You will not be worthy of me, Samuel, if you will not mingle your blood with those countless torrents which are being shed for the freedom of our country. And I will not be worthy of you if I don't do the same.

—You!—exclaimed Samuel, his sad face illuminated now with inexpressible joy.—Let me embrace my angel, my angel of vengeance and righteous indignation.

They embraced.

—All the happiness in the world could not have comforted me as much as those words which flew from your lips, dear Ashkhen. Those words fill my heart with a sacred pride, to know that I have the love of the choicest of Armenia's brave daughters.

—I will go, Samuel, I will surely go,—repeated the Younglady ardently.

—My mother is lost and my father has gone in search of her. I don't know if he will ever return or not. Our mountaineers are terribly excited and I can scarcely control their fury. They loved my mother. I will leave a part of them for the defense of the land, and I will take the rest and join the army which will rally around Lady Pharantzem. Let the Lady of Armenia have a girl commander alongside her braves. It will make her heart glad.

Samuel was more serious now in his approval of the Younglady's intentions. He explained to her the necessity of such action, saying:

—If you had not decided upon such a course, I myself would have urged you, dear Ashkhen. Both my father and Meroujan Artzrouni have received specific instructions from King Sapor to seize the women and the children of the princes and hold them as hostages until their husbands surrender. Your mother is such a hostage. By a stroke of luck, you have been saved that misfor-

tune, dear Ashkhen. If you had not gone hunting with your father, if you had been at your castle the night they besieged it, I no doubt would have had the misfortune of losing you too. The Armenian princes are well aware of Sapor's instruction and that is the reason why many of them are hastening their families to the shelter of the main army with Lady Pharantzem.

The last words apparently offended the vanity of Younglady who protested in a firm voice:

—I am not going to the camp of the Lady of Armenia in order to seek shelter or flight, Samuel. I am going to join the small forces of the Rushtounis with the general army. If I wanted to hide and save my skin, there are much safer places in our mountains. What instructions your father and Meroujan Artzrouni have received from King Sapor, that I do not know. I have only heard it from you. But I am sure of one thing that if they had come against us by land, instead of the sea, not only they would not have conquered us, but we would have made short shrift of their Persian soldiers right in our own mountains. As a matter of fact, that is what happened, but not completely.

The Younglady gave details of the enemy invasion which Samuel did not know. The night of the attack she and her father had gone hunting, thus escaping capture. The mother had remained in the castle with a small company of guards. The enemy had divided its forces into two, one part attacking by land, and the other by sea. The latter had laid siege to the island, had shattered the weak opposition, and had seized the castle. But the land forces had been massacred in the mountain passes with the exception of a few who had escaped to Van.

Only now did Samuel understand the causes of those war effects which he had encountered at every step of his way. He was

so carried away by his enthusiasm that he could not restrain himself from embracing the Younglady and exclaiming:

—I believe in your towering mountains, your dense forests, and the bravery of your mountaineers, dear Ashkhen, because I felt the effect of their prowess in my own person.

—How?—asked the Younglady, disengaging herself from his embrace.

—I set foot on your domain with 300 men, and now I have only 43 left.

The Younglady paled.

—How could you be so careless, Samuel?—she chided.—Why didn't you let me know that you were coming? Why did you lose your men?

—I told you a minute ago that I wrote you but my letter never reached you. But let's think no more of it—he changed the subject.—The remaining 43 are enough for me to proceed to my destination.

The last words were pronounced with such emphasis that the Younglady was obliged to ask:

—Where are you going?

—To my father.

—You still call him your father, Samuel?—the younglady exclaimed indignantly and turned her face away.

—Yes, Ashkhen. I still love him. I must see and talk to him, I must. I still think my tears can turn him away from his mad course. If I fail, then.

—Then what?

—Don't ask me what, dear Ashkhen, I beg of you.

The Younglady was worried. She had not expected such an answer, nor could she imagine there could be anything in the world which Samuel knew and would hide it from her. She regarded Samuel's heart as her heart, and his mind, her mind. Why then should he be secretive, especially to her?

—I don't insist that you tell me, Samuel,

she said in a grieved voice,—but I do say those words are loaded with dark thoughts.

She was even more irritated by Samuel's smile as he replied:

—If there are hidden thoughts in my words, dear Ashkhen, you may be sure they are not dark. On the contrary they are very clear. I can only say this to ease your mind that I never do anything which is ignoble. As to my meeting with my father, that is not only important, but is imperative.

—You'll be wasting your breath, Samuel. You still hope, as you have said, that your tears will turn your father away from his evil course. Don't you think he would try just as hard to win you over to his cause? I haven't the slightest doubt that, when you meet him, he will ask you to support him. You will of course refuse. In that case, he will surely remove you by holding you a prisoner. You will then have no opportunity to carry out your plans.

—He will not be so brutal as that.

—He will be even more brutal. He who did not spare my mother who is his flesh and blood, his own sister, surely he will not spare his own son.

"In that case I will not spare him",—Samuel thought, but he did not utter the words. Instead he said:

—You may rely on my discretion, dear Ashkhen. I will not carry matters so far that he will imprison me.

The Younglady was not satisfied yet.

—What will your mother do?—she asked.

—My mother is with my father heart and soul. You already know how vain she is, how she hates all the Arshakounis. Sapor has promised her brother Meroujan the kingdom of Armenia if he carries out the Persian wishes. That promise, which she hopes will be realized, has completely deprived my mother of her wits. She is prepared for everything now, both to accept the Persian religion, and to destroy Christianity. In short, she will do anything to

make her brother king of Armenia.

—And what did Sapor promise your father?

—The post of Commander-in-chief.

—Does your mother know you are going to see your father?

—How not? She herself arranged the trip, so magnificent and stately. She herself organized my entourage, the multitude of my fellow armbearers who perished in your woods. I am grateful to your mountaineers for lightening my weight.

The little glen was already bathed in the warm rays of the sun; it was getting late, but still they were talking. The role of the Younglady was decided upon, but Samuel's part was still in doubt. Ashkhen did not doubt his sincerity, she knew how noble and loyal he was. But she was worried about his life which was tied up with her own. She thought his venture was very risky, although she had great confidence in his discretion and courage. She would not deter him from his course, but only asked:

—When will you return?

—I cannot answer that one, dear Ashkhen, because I don't know where or when I shall find my father. However, I hope it will not be long.

—Where shall we meet?

—Right here. I will return to you, and together we will join the army of the Lady of Armenia.

—I would love to wait for you, Samuel, if

only I knew when you will return. But I must get ready to set out this week. We shall see each other at the camp of our Lady if it's God's will.

In pronouncing the last words her voice trembled. Samuel was moved, and taking her hands in his, he said:

—It is settled then. We shall meet at our Lady's camp. When we do, dear Ashkhen, I am hopeful that you will kiss my forehead and will say to me: "You are worthy of me." That will be my greatest reward for the dangerous venture which I am about to undertake for the fatherland. These are our final terms. I will not delay you longer, I know your mountaineers are anxiously waiting for you. Embrace me, dear Ashkhen, kiss me and give me your blessing. God will hear the prayer of innocent lips. I am going to the enemy's camp. Mine is both the path of death and glory. Your kiss will give me wings, and your blessing will dispel all fears. Embrace me, dear Ashkhen.

They embraced. Long silent tears flowed down their eyes, but they could not extinguish the fire which was burning in their hearts. The long silent sobs were rocking their hearts, and the "Spring of Tears", with its sad sighings, was sharing their bitter grief.

(To Be Continued)



HAZARAN BULBUL

(A Translation)

The following fairy tale, a sample of Armenian folklore, has been adapted from the classical Armenian into the modern Armenian by Bishop Servantziantz.

Once upon a time there was a king who built a church. It took seven years to build the church, and when it was completed and the ceremony of consecration was over, the king went in to pray, but lo and behold, what should he see? There was a terrific hurricane which nearly choked the king. Next thing, he saw there standing before him a hermit who said to him:

—Long Live, O King. You have built a beautiful church, still, one thing is lacking.

He said it and disappeared.

The king ordered the church torn down. He spent another seven years building a new church which was even more beautiful than the former. After the ceremony of consecration, the king went to church to pray, but again there was a terrific hurricane, and the same hermit appeared before the king and said:

—Long live, O King. You have built a beautiful church, still, one thing is lacking.

The king again ordered to tear the church down. "Work on it nine years", he said, "this time make it so there will be nothing like it in all the world." They built the new church and consecrated it. The king went in to pray, and presently, there was another hurricane, and the same hermit stood before the king and said:

—Long live, O king. The church you have built is peerless, but alas, it still lacks something. But this time the king took hold of the hermit by the scruff of the neck and demanded:

—Tell me,—he roared,—what is it that my church lacks? This is the third time you have made me tear down my church.

—This church, said the hermit,—needs a Hazaran Bulbul (the nightingale of a thousand voices.)

Having said it, the hermit disappeared and the king returned to his palace.

Now this king had three sons. The sons saw their father was troubled by something and they asked him:

—Father, what is the cause of your worry?

—I think, replied the king,—that I am getting old. Our church needs a Hazaran Bulbul, how can I go find him?

—We will go and find him,—the sons replied in unison.

The three sons mounted their horses. For one month they traveled and finally reached a point where the road forked into three branches.

There they stood undecided, not knowing which road to take. Just then, the hermit appeared and asked them:

—Whither are you bound, braves?

—We are going to find the Hazaran Bulbul and we don't know which road to take.

The hermit said: "The one who takes this broad path will return; the one who takes the middle road may or may not return, The one who takes the lower road will never return. There is no hope for him.

—Why?—asked the three brothers.

—As you keep on, The hermit said,—you will come across a river. The water is atrocious because the owner of the Hazaran Bulbul has turned it bitter, but you shall drink it and say: "Oh, this is the water of immortality." After you cross the river, you will come into a forest which is filled with thistles and thorns, but you will reap the thorns, will smell them, and will say: "Oh, this is the flower of paradise." When you come out of the woods, you will see a wolf which has been chained to a stake, and a little way off, a lamb which likewise is chained to a stake. Before the wolf there is a wisp of hay, and before the lamb a piece of steak. You will take the steak and place it before the wolf, and you will put the hay before the lamb. After that, you will keep on going until you reach a huge gate one of the shutters of which is open, and the other is closed. You will shut the open shutter, and you will open the other. When you get in, you will see that the owner of the Hazaran Bulbul is asleep. This owner sleeps seven days, and is awake seven days. If you do what I have told

you, you will succeed in bringing the Hazaran Bulbul; if not, you will neither be able to proceed or to return."

The elder brother took the broad road. He kept going and going until he reached a palace. Then he said to himself: "Why should I go on and get killed? I will enter this mansion and become a servant. I can at least make a living here."

The middle brother took the middle road. He reached the other side of the mountain where he saw a magnificent palace, brilliantly lit like a candle. He dismounted his horse, tied it to a stake, then he went into the garden and sat down on a lone green chair. Presently, he saw a black Arab who struck him with the whip in his hand. He turned into a round stone and rolled under the chair.

And now we come to the youngest brother. Mounting his horse, he took the lowest road and kept going. One after another, he came across the river, the forest, the wolf, the lamb, and the huge gate. He carried out all the instructions of the hermit. He got inside the palace, and lo and behold, what should he see? A young girl of passing beauty who was lying on her bed. The Hazaran Bulbul flew out of its cage, came near the girl, and started to warble. The girl went to sleep, the lad seized the Hazaran Bulbul, and after planting a sign on the girl's cheek with his lips, he returned exactly along the road which he had traveled.

When the girl woke up and saw that the Hazaran Bulbul was not there, she knew they had stolen it. "Quick," she cried, "thou gate, catch the thief." But the gate replied: "God be with him; he opened the closed shutter, and shut the open shutter." "You wolf, you lamb," she cried, "quick, catch the thief." But the wolf and the lamb said: "God be with him; he gave the hay to the lamb, and the steak to the wolf." "Quick, forest," she cried, "catch the thief." But the forest said: "God be with him; you turned me into thorn and thistles, but he made me the flower of paradise." Then she turned to the river. "Quick, river," she cried, "catch the thief." But the river said: "Why should I catch him? You made me bitter, but he made me the water of immortality. God be with him."

Discomfited, the girl mounted her horse. Now let us leave her on her horse and turn to the youngest brother.

The youngest brother kept going until he met the hermit. He greeted him and said: "Behold, I have brought your Hazaran Bulbul." And he handed the bird to him so he could keep it, while he himself kept going along the broad road. He reached a big city, and being hungry, he went to a tavern for a bite. He saw that his elder brother was a servant there. He talked to him secretly, then taking him along, he left him with the hermit, and resumed his search for his middle brother. He kept going across the mountain until he reached a palace which was lit like a candle. He dismounted his horse, tied it to a stake, entered the garden, and sat on the green chair. Presently, there loomed before him the black Arab who

shouted: "Hey you, do you think that chair has no owner that you have come and sat on it?" He raised his whip and was about to strike, but the lad was more agile than he. He wrenched the whip from the Arab's hand and smote him with it. Instantly, the Arab turned into a stone. The lad said to himself: "My brother must be here somewhere, among those killed." He struck the round stones with the whip in his hand, and lo and behold, all the stones turned into men and fled, but his brother was not among them. He saw that there was another stone under the green chair and struck it with his whip. And sure enough, it was his brother trying to run away. He called after him: "Brother, brother, don't run away. I am your brother." And together they went to the hermit.

Having got hold of the Hazaran Bulbul, the three brothers now set off for home. On the way they came upon a well, and being thirsty, they hoisted the younger brother down into the well to draw the water. After having their fill of the water, the two brothers left their younger brother stranded in the well. They said to each other: "How can we face our father if he is with us?" So, they scooped up the Hazaran Bulbul and went on their way. Finally, arriving at home, they said to their father: "Our younger brother was killed, but we brought the Hazaran Bulbul." They put the bird in a cage and hung it in the church, but the bird gave out nary a sound.

Mounted on her horse, the girl rode up to the king and demanded: "Who is the brave who captured my Hazaran Bulbul?" The two brothers said, "We did." "What did you see on the way?" the girl asked them. "We saw nothing", they said. "You did not capture my Hazaran Bulbul," she said indignantly, "you are liars and thieves." Then she seized the king and the two brothers and confined them in jail. She took possession of the city. "There will be no rescue for you," she said, "until the brave who brought my Hazaran Bulbul shows up."

Now we leave these here, and go take a peep at the young lad. Barley-gleaning women had pulled the lad out of the well and an old woman had adopted him. A few weeks later, there was a rumor that the man who had brought the Hazaran Bulbul was in the city, followed after by the owner. One day the lad said to the old woman: "Grandmother, let me go to the city; they have built a new church there; I will see it and return." He went to the palace of his father but neither his father or his brothers were there. To his inquiries, they said: "the owner of the Hazaran Bulbul has jailed them." The boy went to the prison and freed his father and his brothers. The girl said to him: "I am the owner of the Hazaran Bulbul, are you not afraid of me?" And the boy said: "I am the one who brought the Hazaran Bulbul, I am not afraid of you."

The girl asked him, "What did you see on the way?" And the boy told her all that he had done and seen. Then he added: "If you don't believe, look at the sign on your face. You are my betrothed now."

"You have earned it," the girl said," may the benediction of God be with you." So, they had a wedding, and the nuptials were held in the church. Thereupon, the Hazaran Bulbul started

to warble a thousand tunes.

Two apples fell from heaven, one for the newly-weds, and the other for the reader of this story.

(Translated by J. G. M.)

THE INFINITE DESIRE

*Deserted is the sea,
Upon its breast a mourning bell repines
And drunken is the sea
Like her who clasped upon my knee reclines.*

*With their white lips the waves are nearer rolled,
And at our feet cast up the sand like gold,
In golden dust the sand.
Like hills, waves from the mouth of darkness, from blue
furrows surge,
And like an oar an empty boat they urge,
That rocks as by their hand—
A shell washed on the land.*

*Now silent is the night.
Above, the silver moon, behind the sky,
Is kissing stars in close embrace while I,
Below, kiss her with body milky-white.*

* * *

*I am a wish, eternal child, eternal discontent,
That sits before the world in need of love of changing hue
And following there wherever rove my exiled dreams, I long
To give myself unto the passing breeze and waters' song.
I would become a light, throughout the universe be blent,
See of each land each beauty, ever new,
And blossom quickly in each heart and sigh
For love of each and then as quickly die.*

LOOF TI MINAS

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

H. KURDIAN, Reviewer

ARGAVANDAKOSNER. By Souren Manuelian, 1919, Boston, Cloth, 8° pp. 364, price \$3.00 (in Armenian).

Armenian story tellers somehow prefer the short story form as the medium of their debut. The style of this form, however, undoubtedly is the most difficult of all literary styles. First of all, the writer must be a master of the language which he uses; he must be concise, forceful, direct, and precise. He cannot take liberties with time and space. He must say a great deal in a minimum of space. Thus, he must be brave to avoid the usual forms, the commonplace expressions, and must carry such a pack as to stun his readers with surprise elements or to keep them in perpetual suspense.

Mr. Manuelian likes to mix a sort of dialect, however, which does not seem complete in as much as he is often obliged to use non-dialectic words and phrases. He has a predilection for recollecting old country customs and manner of life which, somehow, is not descriptive enough and sometimes not clear enough. Thus, even the average Armenian reader will have a hard time to understand the background, or make sense from the given dialect. The people in the stories mostly are unreal, in thinking, acting, and living. They seem to be overacting, overspeaking, and over-dramatic. In short, they are not convincing.

Undoubtedly, there are some bits of good old country description, some interesting characters, some valuable bits and parts, but all that unfortunately gets lost in the overcrowded, elaborate language, superficial details, and excessive dramatics. The author impresses us as having a lot to say, however, the short story is not the vehicle for its expression.

Somehow it seems to me Mr. Manuelian can, and should, do much better.

• • •
THE HISTORY OF THE ARMENIAN PEOPLE. By Jacques de Morgan. Translated from French by Ernest F. Barry. Printed, 1949, Hairenik Press, Boston 8° clothbound, illustrated with 296 maps, plans and sketches, pp. 430, price \$5.00.

Here is a truly good book in fine print. Jacques de Morgan's "The History of the Armenian People" is the best volume on the subject in our times. It is particularly useful for those who like to have a compact, concise history of the Armenians, unburdened with ponderous scholarly footnotes and documentations. It is a good, handy book on the subject which both Armenians and English-speaking readers will enjoy reading, or refreshing their memories from time to time with occasional glean-

ings from its closely packed pages.

Since 1916 when Mr. de Morgan completed and published his work, no doubt much has been unearthed by scientific research which will effect his narrative, nevertheless, in the main, it still remains the most solid and authentic version of the story of the Armenians. The work begins with the geography of Armenia and the origins of the people, and then traces their fortunes under various national dynasties until 1918 A.D. It casts a fleeting glimpse on the Armenians of the dispersion, the arts and sciences, the Armenian Question, and the Armenian martyrdom at the hands of the Turks, all of it, as we have said, in a scholarly and compact manner.

That there should have slipped some minor errors in the text there can be no question. For example, on page 283, it is stated: "The Catholicos Nahapet I had died, and his successor Essai (1702-1728)." As a matter of fact, Nahapet died in 1705 and his successor at Echmiadzin was Alexander Tchughayetsi, and not Essai who was Catholicos of Aghoson.

The dates of the activity of Israel Ori are not correct. The facts that Ousoun Hassan cherished the title of "King of Armenia", that in the 15th century a very feeble Armenian kingdom existed in Akhtamar, the various attempts of the Armenians to gain their freedom from the Turks or the Persians during the 16th century, etc., have been unnecessarily omitted in the work. It would have been better to use Adherbadakan in place of Aserbailjan to designate the part of the land between Armenia and Persia. It would have saved the reader some confusion.

We are extremely grateful for the various chronological tables appended at the end of the work. However, the book would have been perfect if it also had carried a useful index. An index is a "must" for all publications of this sort. There are very few typographical errors, such as the one on page 299. "Kakaria Markar Khodjents Amira" should read "Zakaria" etc.

The sparse omissions and the few slight but inevitable errors, I repeat, in no wise detract from the usefulness and the great value of this book. I heartily recommend it to all those who are interested in the history of the Armenians.

• • •
HISTOIRE D'ARMENIE. By Nicholas Adontz. Published in Paris, 1946, 8°, paper covers, pp. 442, large folding map and photo of Mr. Adontz. Price not marked; (in French).

The name Nicholas Adontz is sufficient recommendation of this book to those who would like to have a scholarly idea of the initial stages of the history of Armenia, for Adontz confines his work

to 10 to 6 centuries B.C., thus giving us a complete history of the Kingdom of Uratu or Ararat. While basically a scientific work, supported as it is with texts of Urartian inscriptions and prolific footnotes, nevertheless the work is written in a popular style and makes very interesting reading for the average student.

The late Professor Adontz, one of the most indefatigable and meticulous Armenian scholars, has done a great job with this work. Coupled with Jacques de Morgan's History of the Armenian People, we might say we now have a complete exposition of the subject, for Adontz brings his work up to where Jacques de Morgan starts his. It would indeed be splendid if Hairenik Press translated this work into English and published it in the same form as de Morgan's book, making the two sister volumes.

Published in France with the funds of the Melkonian Foundation which is in the custody of the Armenian General Benevolent Union, Prof. Adontz' book stands as one of the most outstanding and praiseworthy publications of the Foundation thus far. The volume has an index which is most essential. However, I find it difficult to digest some of the place names which appear on the map representing L'Empire D'Urartu. I cannot understand why such atrocious Turkish names as Karakillisseh, Alaskert, Delibaba, Yazlitas, etc. should appear alongside such names as Tupsa, Arzaakun, Alsini Musini and others. Every one of these names no doubt have an ancient form, if not Urartuan, at least Armenian which naturally are far more preferable to the stupid corruptions concocted from ancient names always by those ignorant nomadic Turks.

I wish to again urge the translation of this highly valuable work from the original French into English for the benefit of our English-speaking young generation, as well as our thousands of compatriots in the United States.

KEGHOUNI. *Armenian Illustrated Review.* Published in San Lazzaro, Venice, Italy. 1947. Large folio, pp. 86, paper bound, illustrated in color as well as in black and white. Price \$15.00. In Armenian.

Seldom the American press, or any other press for that matter, has ever put out such a splendid publication. Under the strained technical conditions which prevailed in war-torn Venice and Italy when this monumental work was launched, to conceive and produce a publication of this sort was no less than a miracle—a miracle which could have been inspired only by the deep devotion of the monastics of the enchanted island of San Lazzaro in the sunny lagoon of Venice to their beloved Armenian culture.

Keghouni has always been a gorgeous publication. But the special issue dedicated to the centennial anniversary of PAZMAVEB, the periodical which has been published by the same monks of the same monastery, is the most ambitious and gorgeous of them all. About thirty

reproductions in colors of old masters, Armenian miniatures and art objects, as well as the works of some modern Armenian painters adorn the work. These reproductions which represent the paintings of old and internationally famous masters, such as, O. Sommachini, E. Paolotti, G. B. Tiepolo, Palma il Giovane, Rosalba Carriera, etc., are sprinkled with contemporary Armenian painters such as Ayyazovsky, Ch. Atamian, K. Sciltian, Z. Mutafian, etc. To these are added colorful miniatures of Sarkis Pidzak (1331), Mkrtich Nagash (1418), and others. And all these reproductions in color are executed with skill and faithfulness which really deserve highest praise.

Unfortunately, space does not permit us here to divulge extensively the artistic merits of the publication, compelling us to list only the few brief titles of some of the articles which fill its broad pages.

Among the most informative articles I would like to mention the following: "Realistic Painting" by Kirkor Sciltian, "The Column in Armenian Architecture" by S. Gevahirjian, "Armenian Painters and Problems of Painting" by Mr. Barsamian, and literary works signed by well known writers such as Constant Zarian, Anayis, William Saroyan, Leon Surmelian, and many others.

This issue of Keghouni has a "Summary of Items", or table contents which is an English abbreviation of each article published herein. The price of \$15.00 no doubt is much too small for this issue of Keghouni. Any Armenian, or for that matter anyone else who has a love for the arts should possess a copy of this publication. It will be worth their while to examine and peruse the rich treasures of this unusual issue.

AKANAVOR HAYER EGIPTOSI METCH. (*Famous Armenians in Egypt*). Collected from the works of Magrizi and other famous historians by Gevorg Misirlian, published in Cairo, Egypt, 1947. 8°, pp. 183, paper bound. Price \$3.00. (In Armenian).

From Armenian and foreign scholars of Arabic we have always heard that voluminous Arabic historical literature has an important quantity and quality of material pertaining to Armenian history and the Armenians in general. Although for many centuries the Armenians and the Arabs have had close relations by virtue of their being more or less thrown together, and while many Armenian scholars of Arabic have flourished at various times, still until our times very little of that important material has been introduced into Armenian historical research.

There has been a great contribution by Armenians and from Armenia herself to the social, political, cultural, military, industrial, and even religious and literary life of the Arabs through many centuries. There can be no doubt about this. However, it is not just that that great contribution, in part or in whole, should not have

been accessible to the Armenians in particular, and the world in general. A knowledge of these contributions will undoubtedly forge a closer link between the Armenians and the Arabs, especially those in Syria, Iraq, and Egypt.

Kevoik Misirlian, an American scholar who resides in Egypt, has devoted his time, his linguistic mastery, and scholarly training, to amass a vast amount of valuable information about the Armenians and Armenia from the works of renowned Arab historians such as Maqrizi, Yacut, Ibn Khalkikan and many others. In this work he has mostly drawn from Maqrizi's "El Khitat." He has translated practically everything about the Armenian Wazirs of the Fatmide Khalifate: Amir el Jush Armenian Badr al-Jamali, his son Afdal Shahhshah, his son Ahmed, then Yanis the Armenian, Behram or Vahram the Armenian, Talye bin Rouzic, Badr bin Rouzic, Rouzic bin Salih and many others too tedious to catalogue.

Misirlian's translation is done clear to form. We are very much indebted to him for this his work and hope that other similar works will follow. The work is rendered useful with an index and various annotations.

ERZINKA. By K. Surmenian. Published in Cairo, Egypt. 1947, illustrated, paper bound 8°, pp. 112, one folding map. Price \$4.00 (In Armenian).

Erznka or Erzinjan of the present maps has been the cradle of Armenian religion for the past four thousand years. For many centuries before Christianity the Armenians worshipped the Golden Goddess of Virgin Motherhood, the Goddess of Anahid. Christianity revealed its glorious mysteries in the second half of the third century or thereabouts. Thus, the job of writing a history of Erznka, no matter how conservative in its aims, will be a taxing undertaking. The Armenian and foreign literature is rich with material pertaining to the history of this great city and its environs. Unfortunately, Mr. Surmenian has failed to take full account of the enormity of his task, and with undue carelessness he has barged into his subject, evidently trusting his luck, and depending on the charity of his readers.

It would have been more suitable if he had titled his work "My Memoirs of Erznka," or some such forgivable title. In that case, we naturally could have restrained ourselves from being too critical of his unscholarly work on a great Armenian city. The value of ancient history in this book is nil. The 19th century history is incomplete, contemporary description of the city, its sections, its environs, the villages and the monasteries, leaves much to be desired. Even the barbaric destruction of the city, and the extermination of the Armenian population by the infamous Turk in 1915 is incomplete and unauthentic. Mr. Surmenian has almost completely failed in his work, and the few odds and ends, and the few

interesting passages which are scattered in this voluminous work could have been cut down to a fraction of its present size, thus saving him a lot of expense as well as sparing the reader.

The book has no index, a great inconvenience to the student to use it as source material. The author does not introduce his reader to the sources of his information, a thing which makes the work worthless. Most of the illustrations are poor and of no importance whatsoever for publication.

ARMENIA AND THE BYZANTINE EMPIRE.
By Miss Sirarpie Der Nersessian. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1945, cloth bound, 8°, pp. 148 with XXXII plates. Price \$3.00.

This brief study of Armenian art is divided into five sections: 1. Historical Survey; 2. Religious Controversies; 3. Armenian Architecture; 4. Armenian Sculpture; and 5. Armenian Painting. The work has a preface in French by Henri Gregoire. In her foreword, Miss Nersessian informs us that the contents of this book are five lectures which she delivered in New York at the Pierpont Morgan Library in April and May of 1942. The material, although without any new material, is well arranged and presented. It is compact as lectures should be. It is highly recommendable to all those who are interested in Armeno-Byzantine relations as a handy, easily digestible handbook. Undoubtedly, there are parts in all five sections which could be the butt of some controversy, however, neither the lecture room nor this limited space would be the place for it. The work is equipped with an index, a brief chronological table, and a bibliography.

The publication of this volume was made possible through a grant from the Melkonian Fund of New York.

KIRKOR A. GUMUCHIAN

Sometime ago the Hairenik Daily carried an obscure item on page 2, announcing the passing in New York of an Armenian book dealer by the name of K. A. Gumuchian. Unfortunately, few knew that Gumuchian was one of those unusual Armenians who have built a fine reputation for themselves among the foreigners although they are scarcely known by their own nationals.

Gumuchian was born in March, 1887, in Manchester, England. It seems his first desire was to become a doctor, and with this aim, he even spent some years in England studying medicine. However, he changed his mind, and later went to Constantinople, to study at Robert College. From there he proceeded to Paris where he studied art. Finally, having come to the United States, he settled in New York where he was employed by The Tribune and Sun as an artist. Here he met and married the charming Edith Pearl Leeds. The nuptials took place in 1911, at the Plymouth Church of Brooklyn, N. Y. He returned to Paris and stayed there for twenty years. Just before the second world war he again returned to New York. He died here after a long illness. His

business of Rare Books and Prints was established at 9 West 56th Street, New York City.

I first met Kirkor A. Gumuchian in 1931 in Paris. One day, as I was visiting my good friend Hrant Samuel in his book shop and browsing over his rare collections, he suggested that I call on a "really great" Armenian dealer of rare books. He guided me to 112 Rue De Richelieu. A striking marquee bearing the title "Gumuchian and Co." signalized his establishment. As I stepped inside the neat shop which was in striking contrast with Hrant Samuel's chaotic dump, I saw two men who were busy with books neither of whom looked like an Armenian to me. However, one of them was Armenian. He was Krikor A. Gumuchian, not Gregory A. Gumuch or some such altered name, but the honest to goodness Armenian Krikor A. Gumuchian.

As far as I remember, he was a good looking, quiet type of man with smiling eyes. He welcomed me cordially and made us feel at home. After Hrant Samuel left us, Gumuchian and I talked about books and dealers. Of course then, as well as now, I was very proud of my collection of Orientalia and Armeniana in English, some thousand volumes, a few of which were very rare. He was interested in my collection of Armenian manuscripts and was well surprised that here was one Armenian who collected books not like a pack rat, but with some definite aim, and besides he studied them. He even volunteered to find and give me an Armenian manuscript which he had kept for a long time. I departed from his charming company with a stock of fine advice to a very young Armenian book collector such as I.

Later on, he sent me by mail a few of his splendid and highly valued "Rare and Curious" book catalogues which are veritable treasures of bibliography on children's books, on bindings, on French and English literature etc., all prepared with great care and with scholarly finish, profusely illustrated with color and plain cuts. Today his catalogues are rare objects, always on demand by book collectors, sometimes at good prices for old ones.

Mr. Gumuchian then informed me that he had established his business in Paris in 1925, and for years I heard nothing but words of highest praise from other book dealers everywhere, about the ability, integrity, and the high standards of Krikor Gumuchian. In his catalogue of May, 1936, he had an item which was dated "circa 1390-1410", highly illuminated and with many miniatures. The price 15,000 was too high for me. In 1937, during one of my trips to Europe and Asia, I stopped in Paris to see him and his manuscripts. He welcomed me graciously and showed me the manuscript I was interested in, and which I had suspected from the catalogue pictures could not have been older than the 16th century. I gave him my reasons. He listened to me attentively and he made the necessary correction. I do not know if he ever sold the manuscript.

We have not many real collectors of art objects among the Armenians, or collectors of rugs, books or manuscripts. We have however many dealers.

But even among the collectors and the dealers we have far too few connoisseurs like Mr. Gumuchian, and so I find it my duty not to pass lightly over his death. He was a dealer of rare books and prints. It would be a splendid tribute to his memory if we could give a little more detailed information about him, and perhaps a photograph or two. Mrs. Gumuchian has promised to do that some day.

K. KURDIAN

* * *

BICENTENARY OF ABBOT MEKHITAR

The Mekhitarist Congregation of San Lazzaro, Venice, Italy, is celebrating these days the bicentenary of the founder of that famous monastery. This celebration is by no means purely monastic or peculiar to that institution for Abbot Mekhitar the founder, was a national figure and the institution which he founded has generally been recognized as a mainspring of the recent Armenian renaissance.

During the darkest days of Armenian history, in the end of the 17th century when all possibility of Armenian freedom was a remote dream, when the plight of the Armenians in their fatherland was insufferable, and when the cultural and religious life of the people was at its lowest ebb, on February 7, 1676, in the City of Sebastia, Mekhitar was born of humble parents. In those days the Ottoman Empire had started on the road to decline. Costly wars, major defeats, internal mismanagement had created a chaotic state of affairs in the Empire. The Armenians, one of the most peace-loving nationality groups of the Empire, naturally were not immune to the effects of this internal unrest. Physical and economic oppressions had drained the vigor of the people, paving the way for social degeneracy. Blackguards had usurped the power in the Armenian Hierarchy with their bribes and high-handed methods. A vicious and mutually-exhausting factional struggle between the Armenian Apostolics and the Armenian Catholics had torn the community asunder. Acts of fratricide, motivated by an incredible and inveterate hatred, was decimating the ranks of the Armenian intellectuals, many of whom, although innocent, fell victims of the Turkish executioners.

Endowed with great ability and wisdom even in his childhood, Mekhitar aspired to achieve something which was considered impossible. Better to equip himself for his self-appointed task, he entered the ranks of the Armenian clergy. He traveled far and wide in his search for listeners to his plans and pleas. Unfortunately, no one listened to him, and the few who did resented him, misinterpreted his aims, and subjected him to a ruthless hounding until, in his desperation, he escaped to foreign lands where he found sympathetic ears. Thus, finally, he found a haven in the Island of San Lazzaro, in the Lagoon of Venice, Italy, where he brought to fruition his life dream.

For centuries that dream of Mekhitar became the lighthouse of Armenian renaissance. It was a miracle, a Mekhitarist miracle, to establish on a

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diver of Venetian sea mud a monastic order, a school which has turned out dozens of Armenian poets, writers, historians and scholars. A press which has turned out 4,000 various works to adorn many a public and private library and thus to impregnate fertile minds of all illustrious Armenians of the last two centuries. To establish a library with about 2,000 Armenian manuscripts and many many thousands of publications. To have a gallery of paintings and an interesting museum. This is no small miracle.

Without doubt, Mekhitar is one of the greatest benefactors of the Armenians of all time, and his work is one of the most important achievements to have benefitted the Armenian people. Armenians everywhere owe him and his work a great debt of gratitude, more than any Bicentenary celebration can ever pay. It should be a "must" for every Armenian who visits Europe and Italy to visit the enchanting Island of San Lazzaro, to see the magnificent treasures and relics of Armenian culture, to meet and converse with the venerable, scholarly monastic Armenian fathers who are gracious to all callers. And, not to forget to utter a short prayer in the little beautiful chapel of the monastery, at the tomb of Saint Mekhitar who, in his chaotic days, sought and created a peaceful sanctuary so that bedeviled souls of our days can find rest for a brief moment.

THE JUBILEE OF HAIRENIK DAILY

Fifty years ago a few young Armenians who had been driven from their homeland by the tyranny of the Turks settled in this far and strange land, and bewitched by the newly-found freedom and the light of knowledge, decided to share their newly-found wealth with their less fortunate compatriots across the ocean, and thus, with more daring than common sense, ventured into the idealistic enterprise of founding Hairenik.

Neither first editor Thomas Charshafian nor his associates could have ever dreamt that their frail creation could flourish and grow into the proportions of what Hairenik today is. A large press,

with a constant flow of books and publications of imposing quality and quantity. An Armenian Daily, an imposing Armenian Monthly, and English Weekly, and The Armenian Review. It is hard to believe that from such a small acorn such a great oak tree could have grown, still growing, and still prospering.

Fifty years ago only a handful of Armenians could depart from their relatively primitive homeland, across the immense Atlantic, and transplant themselves in a land of strange customs, language, and manner of life. They were far from being financial successes for that matter most of them worked far too hard and received far too little to meet their essential needs. However, even in these stringent circumstances, appreciative of their newly-found life and liberty, they responded to it with a zest and a vigor which was remarkable in newcomers. They took full advantage of their opportunities to improve themselves intellectually and spiritually. But above all, they were very happy with their newly-found freedom in the new fatherland, and almost intoxicated with it, forgot all caution and commonsense, and plunged into the founding of a periodical, The Hairenik, almost without funds, and with hope as their only capital. This was indeed nothing but sheer madness.

But lo and behold, the "foolish" attempt succeeded. The Hairenik grew beyond all imagination. The dream had been transformed into a reality. Today, with greater needs confronting the Armenians everywhere, Hairenik has more to do than ever before. Fortunately, it has more with which to do. Today Hairenik represents the most dependable Armenian publications throughout the world. All its publications come out of the press with clockwise regularity, exactly on the given date. Its files constitute the repository of the best Armenian literature, poetry, and research studies in English and Armenian during the last fifty years.

This is a worthy and proud achievement, unparalleled in the recent history of the Armenians, thanks to the courage, the vision, and the resolution of a few pioneering men, and the loyalty, the devotion, and the sacrifice of their faithful followers.



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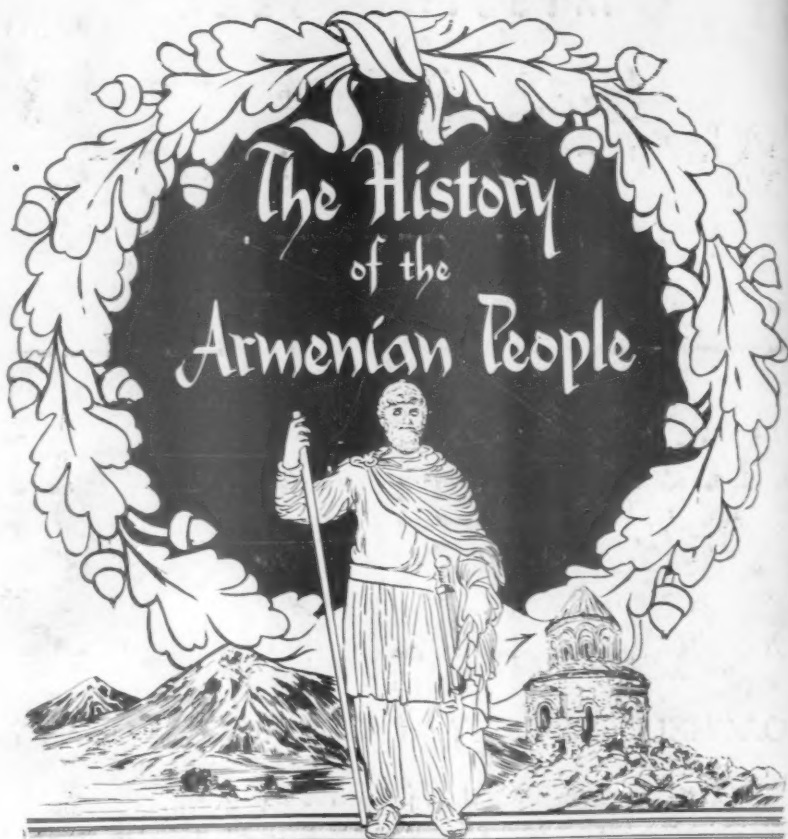
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